ORIGINAL POEMS,

AND

TRANSLATIONS,

IN TWO VOLUMES.

THE AUTHOR,

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TRANSLATIONS,	ELEGIES,
EPISTLES,	EPITAPHS,
PROLOGUES,	AND
EPILOGUES,	SONGS.

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TRANSLATIONS

FROM

HOMER, THEOCRITUS, LUCRETIUS, AND HORACE.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

HORACE, PHOCYLIDES,
LUCRETIUS, AND HORACE.

PREFACE

Concerning Mr Dryden's Tranſlations *.

FOR this laſt half-year, I have been troubled with the diſeaſe (as I may call it) of tranſlation. The cold proſe-fits of it, which are always the moſt tedious with me, were ſpent in the *Hiſtory of the League*; the hot, which ſucceeded them, in verſe miſcellanies. The truth is, I fancied to myſelf a kind of eaſe in the change of the paroxyſm; never ſuſpecting but that the humour would have waſted itſelf in two or three paſtorals of Theocritus, and as many odes of Horace. But finding, or at leaſt thinking I found, ſomething that was more pleaſing in them, than my ordinary productions, I encouraged myſelf to renew my old acquaintance with Lucretius and Virgil; and immediately fixed upon ſome parts of them, which had moſt affected me in the reading. Theſe were my natural impulſes for the undertaking. But there was an accidental motive, which was full as forcible. It was my Lord Roſecommon's *Eſſay on tranſlated verſe*; which made me uneaſy, till I tried whether or no I was capable of following his rules, and of reducing the ſpeculation into practice. For many a fair precept in poetry, is, like a ſeeming demonſtration in the mathematics, very ſpecious in the diagram, but failing in the mechanic operation. I think I have generally obſerved his inſtructions; I am ſure my reaſon is ſufficiently convinced, both of their truth and uſefulneſs; which, in other words, is to confeſs

* Prefixed to the firſt part of Miſcellany Poems, *&c.* publiſhed by Mr Dryden.

no leſs a vanity, than to pretend that I have, at leaſt in ſome places, made examples to his rules. Yet, withal, I muſt acknowledge, that I have many times exceeded my commiſſion: For I have both added and omitted, and even ſometimes very boldly made ſuch expoſitions of my authors, as no Dutch commentator will forgive me. Perhaps, in ſuch particular paſſages, I have thought that I diſcovered ſome beauty yet undiſcovered by thoſe pedants, which none but a poet could have found. Where I have taken away ſome of their expreſſions, and cut them ſhorter, it may poſſibly be on this conſideration, that what was beautiful in the Greek or Latin, would not appear ſo ſhining in the Engliſh. And where I have enlarged them, I deſire the falſe critics would not always think, that thoſe thoughts are wholly mine, but that either they are ſecretly in the poet, or may be fairly deduced from him; or, at leaſt, if both thoſe conſiderations ſhould fail, that my own is of a piece with his; and that if he were living, and an Engliſhman, they are ſuch as he would probably have written.

For, after all, a tranſlator is to make his author appear as charming as poſſibly he can, provided he maintains his character, and makes him not unlike himſelf. Tranſlation is a kind of drawing after the life; where every one will acknowledge there is a double ſort of likeneſs, a good one, and a bad. 'Tis one thing to draw the out-lines true, the features like, the proportions exact, the colouring itſelf perhaps tolerable; and another thing to make all theſe graceful, by the poſture, the ſhadowings, and chiefly by the ſpirit, which animates the whole. I cannot, without ſome indignation, look on an ill copy of an excellent original: Much leſs can I behold with patience, Virgil, Homer, and ſome others, whoſe beauties I have been endeavouring all my life to imitate, ſo abuſed, as I may ſay, to their faces, by a botching interpreter. What Engliſh readers, unacquainted with Greek or La-

tin, will believe me, or any other man, when we commend thoſe authors, and confeſs we derive all that is pardonable in us from their fountains, if they take thoſe to be the ſame poets, whom our Ogilby's have tranſlated? But I dare aſſure them, that a good poet is no more like himſelf, in a dull tranſlation, than his carcaſe would be to his living body. There are many who underſtand Greek and Latin, and yet are ignorant of their mother tongue. The proprieties and delicacies of the Engliſh are known to few: 'Tis impoſſible even for a good wit to underſtand and practiſe them, without the help of a liberal education, long reading, and digeſting of thoſe few good authors we have amongſt us, the knowledge of men and manners, the freedom of habitudes, and converſation with the beſt company of both ſexes; and, in ſhort, without wearing off the ruſt, which he contracted while he was laying in a ſtock of learning. Thus difficult it is to underſtand the purity of Engliſh, and critically to diſcern, not only good writers from bad, and a proper ſtyle from a corrupt, but alſo to diſtinguiſh that which is pure in a good author, from that which is vicious and corrupt in him. And for want of all theſe requiſites, or the greateſt part of them, moſt of our ingenious young men take up ſome cry'd-up Engliſh poet for their model, adore him, and imitate him, as they think, without knowing wherein he is defective, where he is boyiſh and trifling, wherein either his thoughts are improper to his ſubject, or his expreſſions unworthy of his thoughts, or the turn of both is unharmonious. Thus it appears neceſſary, that a man ſhould be a nice critic in his mother tongue, before he attempts to tranſlate a foreign language. Neither is it ſufficient that he be able to judge of words and ſtyle; but he muſt be a maſter of them too: He muſt perfectly underſtand his author's tongue, and abſolutely command his own. So that to be a thorough tranſlator, he muſt be a thorough poet. Neither is it enough to give his author's ſenſe, in good

English, in poetical expressions, and in musical numbers: For, though all these are exceeding difficult to perform, there yet remains an harder task; and it is a secret of which few translators have sufficiently thought. I have already hinted a word or two concerning it; that is, the maintaining the character of an author, which distinguishes him from all others, and makes him appear that individual poet, whom you would interpret. For example, not only the thoughts, but the style and versification, of Virgil and Ovid, are very different. Yet I see, even in our best poets, who have translated some parts of them, that they have confounded their several talents; and, by endeavouring only at the sweetness and harmony of numbers, have made them both so much alike, that, if I did not know the originals, I should never be able to judge, by the copies, which was Virgil, and which was Ovid. It was objected against a late noble painter *, that he drew many graceful pictures, but few of them were like. And this happened to him, because he always studied himself more than those who sat to him. In such translators I can easily distinguish the hand which performed the work, but I cannot distinguish their poet from another. Suppose two authors are equally sweet, yet there is a great distinction to be made in sweetness; as in that of sugar, and that of honey. I can make the difference more plain, by giving you (if it be worth knowing) my own method of proceeding, in my translations out of four several poets, Virgil, Theocritus, Lucretius, and Horace. In each of these, before I undertook them, I considered the genius and distinguishing character of my author. I looked on Virgil, as a succinct, grave, and majestic writer; one who weighed, not only every thought, but every word and syllable; who was still aiming to crowd his sense into as narrow a compass as possibly he could; for which reason he is so

* Sir P. Lely.

very figurative, that he requires (I may almoſt ſay) a grammar apart to conſtrue him. His verſe is every where ſounding the very thing in your ears, whoſe ſenſe it bears: Yet the numbers are perpetually varied, to increaſe the delight of the reader; ſo that the ſame ſounds are never repeated twice together. On the contrary, Ovid and Claudian, though they write in ſtyles differing from each other, yet have each of them but one ſort of muſic in their verſes. All the verſification, and little variety of Claudian, is included within the compaſs of four or five lines, and then he begins again in the ſame tenour; perpetually cloſing his ſenſe at the end of a verſe, and that verſe commonly which they call *golden*, or two ſubſtantives and two adjectives, with a verb betwixt them to keep the peace. Ovid, with all his ſweetneſs, has a little variety of numbers and ſounds as he: He is always, as it were, upon the hand-gallop, and his verſe runs upon carpet ground. He avoids, like the other, all ſynalœphas, or cutting off one vowel when it comes before another, in the following word. But to return to Virgil, though he is ſmooth where ſmoothneſs is required, yet he is ſo far from affecting it, that he ſeems rather to diſdain it; frequently makes uſe of ſynalœphas, and concludes his ſenſe in the middle of his verſe. He is every where above conceits of epigrammatic wit, and groſs hyperboles: He maintains majeſty in the midſt of plainneſs; he ſhines, but glares not; and is ſtately without ambition, which is the vice of Lucan. I drew my definition of poetical wit from my particular conſideration of him: For propriety of thoughts and words, are only to be found in him; and, where they are proper, they will be delightful. Pleaſure follows of neceſſity, as the effect does the cauſe; and therefore is not to be put into the definition. This exact propriety of Virgil, I particularly regarded as a great part of his character; but muſt confeſs, to my ſhame, that I have not been able to tranſlate any part of him ſo well,

as to make him appear wholly like himſelf. For where the original is cloſe, no verſion can reach it in the ſame compaſs. Hannibal Caro's, in the Italian, is the neareſt, the moſt poetical, and the moſt ſonorous of any tranſlation of the Æneid: Yet, though he takes the advantage of blank verſe, he commonly allows two lines for one of Virgil, and does not always hit his ſenſe. Taſſo tells us, in his letters, that Seprone Seproni, a great Italian wit, who was his contemporary, obſerved of Virgil and Tully, that the Latin orator endeavoured to imitate the copiouſneſs of Homer the Greek poet; and that the Latin poet made it his buſineſs to reach the conciſeneſs of Demoſthenes the Greek orator. Virgil, therefore, being ſo very ſparing of his words, and leaving ſo much to be imagined by the reader, can never be tranſlated, as he ought, in any modern tongue. To make him copious, is to alter his character; and to tranſlate him line for line is impoſſible, becauſe the Latin is naturally a more ſuccinct language, than either the Italian, Spaniſh, French, or even than the Engliſh, which, by reaſon of its monoſyllables, is far the moſt compendious of them. Virgil is much the cloſeſt of any Roman poet, and the Latin hexameter has more feet than the Engliſh heroic.

Beſides all this, an author has the choice of his own thoughts and words, which a tranſlator has not; he is confined, by the ſenſe of the inventor, to thoſe expreſſions which are the neareſt to it: So that Virgil, ſtudying brevity, and having the command of his own language, could bring thoſe words into a narrow compaſs, which a tranſlator cannot render without circumlocutions. In ſhort, they who have called him the torture of grammarians, might alſo have called him the plague of tranſlators; for he ſeems to have ſtudied not to be tranſlated. I own, that, endeavouring to turn his Niſus and Euryalus as cloſe as I was able, I have performed that epiſode too literally; that, giving more ſcope to Mezentius and Lauſus,

that version, which has more of the majesty of Virgil, has less of his conciseness; and all that I can promise for myself, is only that I have done better than Ogilby, and perhaps as well as Caro. By considering him so carefully as I did before my attempt, I have made some faint resemblance of him; and, had I taken more time, might possibly have succeeded better; but never so well as to have satisfied myself.

He who excels all other poets in his own language, were it possible to do him right, must appear above them in our tongue, which, as my Lord Rosecommon justly observes, approaches nearest to the Roman in its majesty: Nearest indeed, but with a vast interval betwixt them. There is an inimitable grace in Virgil's words, and in them principally consists that beauty, which gives so inexpressible a pleasure to him who best understands their force. This diction of his (I must once again say) is never to be copied; and, since it cannot, he will appear but lame in the best translation. The turns of his verse, his breakings, his propriety, his numbers, and his gravity, I have as far imitated, as the poverty of our language, and the hastiness of my performance, would allow. I may seem sometimes to have varied from his sense; but I think the greatest variations may be fairly deduced from him; and where I leave his commentators, it may be I understand him better: At least I write without consulting them in many places. But two particular lines in Mezentius and Lausus I cannot so easily excuse: They are indeed remotely allied to Virgil's sense; but they are too like the tenderness of Ovid, and were printed before I had considered them enough to alter them. The first of them I have forgotten, and cannot easily retrieve, because the copy is at the press. The second is this:

"When Lausus died, I was already slain."

This appears pretty enough at first sight; but I am convinced, for many reasons, that the expression is too bold; that Virgil would not have said it, though Ovid would. The reader may pardon it, if he please, for the freeness of the confession; and instead of that, and the former, admit these two lines, which are more according to the author:

"Nor ask I life, nor fought with that design;
"As I had us'd my fortune, use thou thine."

Having with much ado got clear of Virgil, I have in the next place to consider the genius of Lucretius, whom I have translated more happily in those parts of him which I undertook. If he was not of the best age of Roman poetry, he was at least of that which preceded it; and he himself refined it to that degree of perfection, both in the language and the thoughts, that he left an easy task to Virgil; who, as he succeeded him in time, so he copied his excellencies: For the method of the *Georgicks* is plainly derived from him. Lucretius had chosen a subject naturally crabbed; he therefore adorned it with poetical descriptions, and precepts of morality, in the beginning and ending of his books. Which you see Virgil has imitated with great success, in those four books, which, in my opinion, are more perfect in their kind, than even his divine Æneid. The turn of his verses he has likewise followed, in those places which Lucretius has most laboured; and some of his very lines he has transplanted into his own works, without much variation. If I am not mistaken, the distinguishing character of Lucretius, (I mean of his soul and genius), is a certain kind of noble pride, and positive assertion of his opinions. He is every where confident of his own reason, and assuming an absolute command, not only over his vulgar readers, but even his patron Memmius. For he is always bidding him attend,

as if he had the rod over him; and using a magisterial authority, while he instructs him. From his time to ours, I know none so like him, as our poet and philosopher of Malmsbury. This is that perpetual dictatorship, which is exercised by Lucretius; who, though often in the wrong, yet seems to deal *bona fide* with his reader, and tells him nothing but what he thinks: In which plain sincerity, I believe, he differs from our Hobbs, who could not but be convinced, or at least doubt, of some eternal truths, which he has opposed. But for Lucretius, he seems to disdain all manner of replies, and is so confident of his cause, that he is before-hand with his antagonists; urging for them whatever he imagined they could say, and leaving them, as he supposes, without an objection for the future: All this too with so much scorn and indignation, as if he were assured of the triumph, before he entered into the lists. From this sublime and daring genius of his, it must of necessity come to pass, that his thoughts must be masculine, full of argumentation, and that sufficiently warm. From the same fiery temper proceeds the loftiness of his expressions, and the perpetual torrent of his verse, where the barrenness of his subject does not too much constrain the quickness of his fancy. For there is no doubt to be made, but that he could have been every where as poetical, as he is in his descriptions, and in the moral part of his philosophy, if he had not aimed more to instruct, in his system of Nature, than to delight. But he was bent upon making Memmius a materialist, and teaching him to defy an invisible Power. In short, he was so much an atheist, that he forgot sometimes to be a poet. These are the considerations, which I had of that author, before I attempted to translate some parts of him. And accordingly, I laid by my natural diffidence and scepticism for a while, to take up that dogmatical way of his, which, as I said, is so much his character, as to make him that individual poet. As for

his opinions concerning the mortality of the soul, they are so absurd, that I cannot, if I would, believe them. I think a future state demonstrable even by natural arguments; at least, to take away rewards and punishments, is only a pleasing prospect to a man, who resolves before-hand, not to live morally. But on the other side, the thought of being nothing after death, is a burthen unsupportable to a virtuous man, even though a heathen. We naturally aim at happiness, and cannot bear to have it confined to the shortness of our present being; especially when we consider, that virtue is generally unhappy in this world, and vice fortunate. So that 'tis hope of futurity alone, that makes this life tolerable, in expectation of a better. Who would not commit all the excesses, to which he is prompted by his natural inclinations, if he may do them with security while he is alive, and be uncapable of punishment after he is dead? If he be cunning and secret enough to avoid the laws, there is no band of morality to restrain him: For fame and reputation are weak ties: Many men have not the least sense of them: Powerful men are only awed by them, as they conduce to their interest, and that not always when a passion is predominant: And no man will be contained within the bounds of duty, when he may safely transgress them. These are my thoughts abstractedly, and without entering into the notions of our Christian faith, which is the proper business of Divines.

But there are other arguments in this poem, (which I have turned into English), not belonging to the mortality of the soul, which are strong enough to a reasonable man, to make him less in love with life, and consequently in less apprehensions of death. Such as are the natural satiety, proceeding from a perpetual enjoyment of the same things; the inconveniencies of old age, which make him incapable of corporeal pleasures; the decay of understanding and memory, which render him contemptible and

uſeleſs to others. Theſe, and many other reaſons, ſo pathetically urged, ſo beautifully expreſſed, ſo adorned with examples, and ſo admirably raiſed by the *proſopopeia* of Nature, who is brought in ſpeaking to her children with ſo much authority and vigour, deſerve the pains I have taken with them, which I hope have not been unſucceſsful, or unworthy of my author. At leaſt I muſt take the liberty to own, that I was pleaſed with my own endeavours, which but rarely happens to me; and that I am not diſſatisfied, upon the review of any thing I have done in this author.

'Tis true, there is ſomething, and that of ſome moment, to be objected againſt my Engliſhing the *Nature of Love*, from the fourth book of Lucretius: And I can leſs eaſily anſwer why I tranſlated it, than why I thus tranſlated it. The objection ariſes from the obſcenity of the ſubject; which is aggravated by the too lively and alluring delicacy of the verſes. In the firſt place, without the leaſt formality of an excuſe, I own it pleaſed me: And let my enemies make the worſt they can of this confeſſion; I am not yet ſo ſecure from that paſſion, but that I want my author's antidotes againſt it. He has given the trueſt and moſt philoſophical account both of the diſeaſe and remedy, which I ever found in any author: For which reaſons I tranſlated him. But it will be aſked, why I turned him into this luſcious Engliſh? (for I will not give it a worſe word). Inſtead of an anſwer, I would aſk again of my ſupercilious adverſaries, whether I am not bound, when I tranſlate an author, to do him all the right I can, and to tranſlate him to the beſt advantage? If to mince his meaning, which I am ſatisfied was honeſt and inſtructive, I had either omitted ſome part of what he ſaid, or taken from the ſtrength of his expreſſion, I certainly had wronged him; and that, freeneſs of thought and words being thus caſhiered in my hands, he had no longer been Lucretius. If nothing of

this kind be to be read, physicians must not study Nature, anatomies must not be seen, and somewhat I could say of particular passages in books, which, to avoid prophaneness, I do not name. But the intention qualifies the act; and both mine and my author's, were to instruct as well as please. It is most certain, that bare-faced bawdery is the poorest pretence to wit imaginable. If I should say otherwise, I should have two great authorities against me. The one is the *Essay on Poetry*, which I publicly valued before I knew the author of it, and with the commendation of which my Lord Rosecommon so happily begins his *Essay on Translated Verse*: The other is no less than our admired Cowley, who says the same thing in other words. For in his ode concerning wit, he writes thus of it:

"Much less can that have any place,
"At which a virgin hides her face:
"Such dross the fire must purge away; 'tis just
"The author blush, there where the reader must."

Here indeed Mr Cowley goes farther than the *Essay*; for he asserts plainly, that obscenity has no place in wit. The other only says, it is a poor pretence to it, or an ill sort of wit which has nothing more to support it than bare-faced ribaldry; which is both unmannerly in itself, and fulsome to the reader. But neither of these will reach my case: For, in the first place, I am only the translator, not the inventor; so that the heaviest part of the censure falls upon Lucretius, before it reaches me: In the next place, neither he nor I have used the grossest words, but the cleanest metaphors we could find, to palliate the broadness of the meaning; and, to conclude, have carried the poetical part no farther, than the philosophical exacted.

This puts me in mind of what I owe to the ingenious and learned tranſlator of Lucretius. I have not here deſigned to rob him of any part of that commendation, which he has ſo juſtly acquired by the whole author, whoſe fragments only fall to my portion. What I have now performed, is no more than I intended above twenty years ago. The ways of our tranſlations are very different. He follows him more cloſely than I have done, which became an interpreter of the whole poem: I take more liberty, becauſe it beſt ſuited with my deſign, which was to make him as pleaſing as I could. He had been too voluminous, had he uſed my method in ſo long a work; and I had certainly taken his, had I made it my buſineſs to tranſlate the whole. The preference then is juſtly his; and I join with Mr Evelyn in the confeſſion of it, with this additional advantage to him, that his reputation is already eſtabliſhed in this poet, mine is to make its fortune in the world. If I have been any where obſcure, in following our common author, or if Lucretius himſelf is to be condemned, I refer myſelf to his excellent annotations, which I have often read, and always with ſome new pleaſure.

My preface begins already to ſwell upon me, and looks as if I were afraid of my reader, by ſo tedious a beſpeaking of him: And yet I have Horace and Theocritus upon my hands; but the Greek gentlemen ſhall quickly be diſpatched, becauſe I have more buſineſs with the Roman.

That which diſtinguiſhes Theocritus from all other poets, both Greek and Latin, and which raiſes him even above Virgil in his *Eclogues*, is the inimitable tenderneſs of his paſſions, and the natural expreſſion of them in words ſo becoming of a paſtoral. A ſimplicity ſhines through all he writes. He ſhews his art and learning, by diſguiſing both. His ſhepherds never riſe above their country education, in their complaints of love. There is

the ſame difference betwixt him and Virgil, as there is betwixt Taſſo's *Amynta* and the *Paſtor Fido* of Guarini. Virgil's ſhepherds are too well read, in the philoſophy of Epicurus, and of Plato; and Guarini's ſeem to have been bred in courts. But Theocritus and Taſſo have taken theirs from cottages and plains. It was ſaid of Taſſo, in relation to his ſimilitudes, that *he never departed from the woods*, that is, all his compariſons were taken from the country. The ſame may be ſaid of our Theocritus. He is ſofter than Ovid; he touches the paſſions more delicately, and performs all this out of his own fund, without diving into the arts and ſciences for a ſupply. Even his Doric dialect has an incomparable ſweetneſs in its clowniſhneſs, like a fair ſhepherdeſs in her country ruſſet, talking in a Yorkſhire tone. This was impoſſible for Virgil to imitate; becauſe the ſeverity of the Roman language denied him that advantage. Spencer has endeavoured it in his *Shepherd's Kalendar*: But neither will it ſucceed in Engliſh; for which reaſon I have forbore to attempt it. For Theocritus writ to Sicilians, who ſpoke that dialect; and I direct this part of my tranſlations to our ladies, who neither underſtand, nor will take pleaſure in ſuch homely expreſſions. I proceed to Horace.

Take him in parts, and he is chiefly to be conſidered in his three different talents, as he was a critic, a ſatiriſt, and a writer of odes. His morals are uniform, and run through all of them: For let his Dutch commentators ſay what they will, his philoſophy was *Epicurean*; and he made uſe of Gods and Providence, only to ſerve a turn in poetry. But ſince neither his criticiſms, which are the moſt inſtructive of any that are written in this art, nor his ſatires, which are incomparably beyond Juvenal's, if to laugh and rally is to be preferred to railing and declaiming, are no part of my preſent undertaking, I confine myſelf wholly to his *Odes*. Theſe are alſo of ſeveral ſorts: Some of them are panegyrical, others

moral, the reſt jovial, or (if I may call them) *Bacchanalian.* As difficult as he makes it, and as indeed it is, to imitate Pindar, yet, in his moſt elevated flights, and in the ſudden changes of his ſubject with almoſt imperceptible connections, that Theban poet is his maſter. But Horace is of the more bounded fancy, and confines himſelf ſtrictly to one ſort of verſe, or ſtanza, in every ode. That which will diſtinguiſh his ſtyle from all other poets, is the elegance of his words, and the numerouſneſs of his verſe. There is nothing ſo delicately turned in all the Roman language. There appears in every part of his diction, or (to ſpeak Engliſh) in all his expreſſions, a kind of noble and bold purity. His words are choſen with as much exactneſs as Virgil's; but there ſeems to be a greater ſpirit in them. There is a ſecret happineſs attends his choice, which in Petronius is called *curioſa felicitas*, and which I ſuppoſe he had from the *feliciter audere* of Horace himſelf. But the moſt diſtinguiſhing part of all his character, ſeems to me, to be his briſkneſs, his jollity, and his good humour: And thoſe I have chiefly endeavoured to copy. His other excellencies, I confeſs, are above my imitation. One ode, which infinitely pleaſed me in the reading, I have attempted to tranſlate in Pindaric verſe: 'Tis that which is inſcribed to the preſent Earl of Rocheſter, to whom I have particular obligations, which this ſmall teſtimony of my gratitude can never pay. 'Tis his darling in the Latin, and I have taken ſome pains to make it my maſter-piece in Engliſh: For which reaſon I took this kind of verſe, which allows more latitude than any other. Every one knows it was introduced into our language, in this age, by the happy genius of Mr Cowley. The ſeeming eaſineſs of it has made it ſpread: But it has not been conſidered enough, to be ſo well cultivated. It languiſhes in almoſt every hand but his, and ſome very few, whom (to keep the reſt in countenance) I do not name. He, indeed, has

brought it as near perfection, as was possible in so short a time. But if I may be allowed to speak my mind modestly, and without injury to his sacred ashes, somewhat of the purity of English, somewhat of more equal thoughts, somewhat of sweetness in the numbers; in one word, somewhat of a finer turn, and more lyrical verse, is yet wanting. As for the soul of it, which consists in the warmth and vigour of fancy, the masterly figures, and the copiousness of imagination, he has excelled all others in this kind. Yet if the kind itself be capable of more perfection, though rather in the ornamental parts of it, than the essential, what rules of morality or respect have I broken, in naming the defects, that they may hereafter be amended? Imitation is a nice point, and there are few poets who deserve to be models in all they write. Milton's *Paradise Lost* is admirable; but am I therefore bound to maintain, that there are no flats amongst his elevations, when 'tis evident he creeps along sometimes for above an hundred lines together? Cannot I admire the height of his invention, and the strength of his expression, without defending his antiquated words, and the perpetual harshness of their sound? 'Tis as much commendation as a man can bear, to own him excellent; all beyond it, is idolatry. Since Pindar was the prince of Lyric poets, let me have leave to say, that, in imitating him, our numbers should, for the most part, be lyrical. For variety, or rather where the majesty of thought requires it, they may be stretched to the English heroic of five feet, and to the French Alexandrine of six. But the ear must preside, and direct the judgment to the choice of numbers. Without the nicety of this, the harmony of Pindaric verse can never be compleat; the cadency of one line must be a rule to that of the next; and the sound of the former must slide gently into that which follows, without leaping from one extreme into another. It must be done like the shadowings of a picture, which

fall by degrees into a darker colour. I ſhall be glad, if I have ſo explained myſelf as to be underſtood; but if I have not, *quod nequeo dicere & ſentio tantum*, muſt be my excuſe. There remains much more to be ſaid on this ſubject; but, to avoid envy, I will be ſilent. What I have ſaid, is the general opinion of the beſt judges, and in a manner has been forced from me, by ſeeing a noble ſort of poetry ſo happily reſtored by one man, and ſo groſsly copied by almoſt all the reſt. A muſical ear, and a great genius, if another Mr Cowley could ariſe, in another age, may bring it to perfection. In the mean time,

——Fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exſors ipſa ſecandi.

To conclude, I am ſenſible that I have written this too haſtily, and too looſely: I fear I have been tedious, and, which is worſe, it comes out from the firſt draught, and uncorrected. This I grant is no excuſe: For it may be reaſonably urged, why did he not write with more leiſure? or, if he had it not (which was certainly my caſe) why did he attempt to write on ſo nice a ſubject? The objection is unanſwerable; but, in part of recompence, let me aſſure the reader, that, in haſty productions, he is ſure to meet with an author's preſent ſenſe, which cooler thoughts would poſſibly have diſguiſed. There is undoubtedly more of ſpirit, though not of judgment, in theſe uncorrect eſſays; and conſequently, though my hazard be the greater, yet the reader's pleaſure is not the leſs.

JOHN DRYDEN.

The Last Parting of HECTOR *and* ANDROMACHE.

From the Sixth Book of the Iliad.

ARGUMENT.

Hector, returning from the field of battle, to visit Helen his sister-in-law, and his brother Paris, who had fought unsuccessfully hand to hand with Menelaus, from thence goes to his own palace to see his wife Andromache, and his infant son Astyanax. The description of that interview, is the subject of this translation.

THUS having said, brave Hector went to see
His virtuous wife, the fair Andromache.
He found her not at home; for she was gone,
Attended by her maid and infant son,
To climb the steepy tow'r of Ilion:
From whence, with heavy heart, she might survey
The bloody business of the dreadful day.
Her mournful eyes she cast around the plain,
And sought the lord of her desires in vain.
But he, who thought his peopled palace bare,
When she, his only comfort, was not there,
Stood in the gate, and ask'd of ev'ry one,
Which way she took, and whither she was gone;
If to the court, or, with his mother's train,
In long procession to Minerva's fane?
The servants answer'd, neither to the court,
Where Priam's sons and daughters did resort,
Nor to the temple was she gone, to move
With prayers the blue-ey'd progeny of Jove;

But more ſolicitous for him alone,
Than all their ſafety, to the tow'r was gone,
There to ſurvey the labours of the field,
Where the Greeks conquer, and the Trojans yield:
Swiftly ſhe paſs'd, with fear and fury wild;
The nurſe went lagging after with the child.
This heard, the noble Hector made no ſtay;
Th' admiring throng divide, to give him way:
He paſs'd through every ſtreet, by which he came,
And at the gate he met the mournful dame.
His wife beheld him, and with eager pace
Flew to his arms, to meet a dear embrace:
His wife, who brought in dow'r Cilicia's crown,
And, in herſelf, a greater dow'r alone:
Action's heir, who on the woody plain
Of Hippoplacus did in Thebe reign.
Breathleſs ſhe flew, with joy and paſſion wild;
The nurſe came lagging after with her child.
The royal babe upon her breaſt was laid;
Who, like the morning ſtar, his beams diſplay'd.
Scamandrius was his name, which Hector gave,
From that fair flood which Ilion's wall did lave:
But him Aſtyanax the Trojans call,
From his great father, who defends the wall.
Hector beheld him with a ſilent ſmile;
His tender wife ſtood weeping by the while:
Preſs'd in her own, his warlike hand ſhe took,
Then ſigh'd, and thus prophetically ſpoke:
Thy dauntleſs heart (which I foreſee too late)
Too daring man, will urge thee to thy fate:
Nor doſt thou pity, with a parent's mind,
This helpleſs orphan, whom thou leav'ſt behind;
Nor me, th' unhappy partner of thy bed,
Who muſt in triumph by the Greeks be led:
They ſeek thy life, and, in unequal fight
With many, will oppreſs thy ſingle might:

Better it were for miſerable me
To die, before the fate which I foreſee.
For ah! what comfort can the world bequeath
To Hector's widow, after Hector's death?
Eternal ſorrow and perpetual tears
Began my youth, and will conclude my years:
I have no parents, friends, nor brothers left;
By ſtern Achilles all of life bereft.
Then when the walls of Thebes he overthrew,
His fatal hand my royal father ſlew;
He ſlew Aetion, but deſpoil'd him not;
Nor in his hate the funeral rites forgot;
Arm'd as he was, he ſent him whole below,
And reverenc'd thus the manes of his foe:
A tomb he rais'd; the mountain nymphs around
Inclos'd with planted elms the holy ground.
My ſeven brave brothers, in one fatal day,
To death's dark manſions took the mournful way;
Slain by the ſame Achilles, while they keep
The bellowing oxen and the bleating ſheep.
My mother, who the royal ſceptre ſway'd,
Was captive to the cruel victor made,
And hither led; but, hence redeemed with gold,
Her native country did again behold,
And but beheld: For ſoon Diana's dart,
In an unhappy chace, transfix'd her heart.
But thou, my Hector, art thyſelf alone
My parents, brothers, and my lord in one:
O kill not all my kindred o'er again,
Nor tempt the dangers of the duſty plain;
But in this tow'r, for our defence, remain.
Thy wife and ſon are in thy ruin loſt:
This is a huſband's and a father's poſt.
The Scæan gate commands the plains below;
Here marſhal all thy ſoldiers as they go;
And hence with other hands repel the foe.

By yon wild fig tree lies their chief aſcent,
And thither all their pow'rs are daily bent:
The two Ajaces have I often ſeen,
And the wrong'd huſband of the Spartan Queen;
With him his greater brother; and with theſe
Fierce Diomede and bold Meriones:
Uncertain if by augury, or chance,
But by this eaſy riſe they all advance;
Guard well that paſs, ſecure of all beſide.—
To whom the nobler Hector thus reply'd,
That and the reſt are in my daily care;
But ſhould I ſhun the dangers of the war,
With ſcorn the Trojans wou'd reward my pains,
And their proud ladies with their ſweeping trains
The Grecian ſwords and lances I can bear:
But loſs of honour is my only fear.
Shall Hector, born to war, his birth-right yield,
Belye his courage, and forſake the field?
Early in rugged arms I took delight,
And ſtill have been the foremoſt in the fight:
With dangers dearly have I bought renown,
And am the champion of my father's crown.
And yet my mind forebodes, with ſure preſage,
That Troy ſhall periſh by the Grecian rage.
The fatal day draws on, when I muſt fall;
And univerſal ruin cover all.
Not Troy itſelf, tho' built by hands divine,
Nor Priam, nor his people, nor his line,
My mother, nor my brothers of renown,
Whoſe valour yet defends th' unhappy town;
Not theſe, nor all their fates which I foreſee,
Are half of that concern I have for thee.
I ſee, I ſee thee, in that fatal hour,
Subjected to the victor's cruel pow'r;
Led hence a ſlave to ſome inſulting ſword,
Forlorn, and trembling at a foreign lord;

A ſpectacle in Argos, at the loom,
Gracing with Trojan fights a Grecian room;
Or from deep wells the living ſtream to take,
And on thy weary ſhoulders bring it back.
While, groaning under this laborious life,
They inſolently call thee Hector's wife;
Upbraid thy bondage with thy huſband's name;
And from my glory propagate thy ſhame.
This when they ſay, thy ſorrows will increaſe
With anxious thoughts of former happineſs;
That he is dead who cou'd thy wrongs redreſs.
But I, oppreſs'd with iron ſleep before,
Shall hear thy unavailing cries no more.
He ſaid———
Then, holding forth his arms, he took his boy,
The pledge of love and other hope of Troy.
The fearful infant turn'd his head away,
And on his nurſe's neck reclining lay,
His unknown father ſhunning with affright,
And looking back on ſo uncouth a ſight;
Daunted to ſee a face with ſteel o'er-ſpread,
And his high plume, that nodded o'er his head.
His ſire and mother ſmil'd with ſilent joy;
And Hector haſten'd to relieve his boy;
Diſmiſs'd his burniſh'd helm, that ſhone afar,
The pride of warriors, and the pomp of war:
Th' illuſtrious babe, thus reconcil'd, he took,
Hugg'd in his arms, and kiſs'd, and thus he ſpoke.
Parent of Gods and men, propitious Jove,
And you bright ſynod of the pow'rs above!
On this my ſon your gracious gifts beſtow;
Grant him to live, and great in arms to grow,
To reign in Troy, to govern with renown,
To ſhield the people, and aſſert the crown:
That, when hereafter he from war ſhall come,
And bring his Trojans peace and triumph home,

Some aged man, who lives this act to see,
And who in former times remember'd me,
May say, the son in fortitude and fame
Out-goes the mark, and drowns his father's name:
That at these words his mother may rejoice,
And add her suffrage to the public voice.

Thus having said,
He first with suppliant hands the Gods ador'd:
Then to the mother's arms the child restor'd:
With tears and smiles, she took her son, and press'd
Th' illustrious infant to her fragrant breast.
He, wiping her fair eyes, indulg'd her grief,
And eas'd her sorrows with this last relief.

My wife and mistress, drive thy fears away,
Nor give so bad an omen to the day:
Think not it lies in any Grecian's power,
To take my life before the fatal hour.
When that arrives, nor good nor bad can fly,
Th' irrevocable doom of destiny.
Return, and, to divert thy thoughts at home,
There task thy maids, and exercise the loom,
Employ'd in works that womankind become.
The toils of war, and feats of chivalry,
Belong to men, and most of all to me.

At this, for new replies he did not stay,
But lac'd his crested helm, and strode away.
His lovely consort to her house return'd,
And, looking often back, in silence mourn'd:
Home when she came, her secret woe she vents,
And fills the palace with her loud laments;
Those loud laments her echoing maids restore,
And Hector, yet alive, as dead deplore.

AMARYLLIS;

OR THE

THIRD IDYLLIUM of THEOCRITUS,

PARAPHRASED.

TO Amaryllis love compels my way,
My browzing goats upon the mountains ſtray:
O Tityrus! tend them well, and ſee them fed
In paſtures freſh, and to their watering led;
And 'ware the ridgling with his budding head.
Ah beauteous nymph! can you forget your love,
The conſcious grottos, and the ſhady grove;
Where ſtretch'd at eaſe your tender limbs were laid,
Your nameleſs beauties nakedly diſplay'd?
Then I was call'd your darling, your deſire,
With kiſſes ſuch as ſet my ſoul on fire:
But you are chang'd, yet I am ſtill the ſame;
My heart maintains for both a double flame;
Griev'd, but unmov'd, and patient of your ſcorn:
So faithful I, and you ſo much forſworn!
I die, and death will finiſh all my pain;
Yet, ere I die, behold me once again:
Am I ſo much deform'd, ſo chang'd of late?
What partial judges are our love and hate!
Ten wildings have I gather'd for my dear;
How ruddy like your lips their ſtreaks appear!
Far off you view'd them with a longing eye
Upon the topmoſt branch, (the tree was high):
Yet nimbly up, from bough to bough I ſwerv'd,
And for to-morrow have ten more reſerv'd.

Look on me kindly, and ſome pity ſhew,
Or give me leave at leaſt to look on you.
Some God transform me, by his heav'nly power,
Ev'n to a bee, to buzz within your bow'r,
The winding ivy-chaplet to invade,
And folded fern that your fair forehead ſhade.
Now to my coſt the force of love I find;
The heavy hand it bears on human kind.
The milk of tigers was his infant food,
Taught from his tender years the taſte of blood;
His brother whelps and he ran wild about the wood.
Ah nymph, train'd up in his tyrannic court,
To make the ſuff'rings of your ſlaves your ſport!
Unheeded ruin! treacherous delight!
O poliſh'd hardneſs ſoften'd to the ſight!
Whoſe radiant eyes your ebon brows adorn,
Like midnight thoſe, and theſe like break of morn!
Smile once again, revive me with your charms:
And let me die contented in your arms.
I would not aſk to live another day,
Might I but ſweetly kiſs my ſoul away.
Ah, why am I from empty joys debar'd?
For kiſſes are but empty, when compar'd.
I rave, and in my raging fit ſhall tear
The garland, which I wove for you to wear,
Of parſley, with a wreath of ivy bound,
And border'd with a roſy edging round.
What pangs I feel, unpity'd and unheard!
Since I muſt die, why is my fate defer'd?
I ſtrip my body of my ſhepherd's frock:
Behold that dreadful downfall of a rock,
Where yon old fiſher views the waves from high!
'Tis that convenient leap I mean to try.
You would be pleas'd to ſee me plunge to ſhore,
But better pleas'd if I ſhould riſe no more.

I might have read my fortune long ago,
When, ſeeking my ſucceſs in love to know,
I try'd th' infallible prophetic way,
A poppy-leaf upon my palm to lay:
I ſtruck, and yet no lucky crack did follow;
Yet I ſtruck hard, and yet the leaf lay hollow:
And, which was worſe, if any worſe could prove,
The with'ring leaf foreſhew'd your with'ring love.
Yet farther (ah, how far a lover dares!)
My laſt recourſe I had to ſieve and ſheers;
And told the witch Agreo my diſeaſe:
Agreo, that in harveſt us'd to leaſe;
But harveſt done, to chare-work did aſpire;
Meat, drink, and twopence was her daily hire.
To work ſhe went, her charms ſhe mutter'd o'er,
And yet the reſty ſieve wagg'd ne'er the more;
I wept for woe, the teſty beldame ſwore,
And, foaming with her god, foretold my fate;
That I was doom'd to love, and you to hate.
A milk-white goat for you I did provide;
Two milk-white kids run friſking by her ſide,
For which the nut brown laſs, Erithacis,
Full often offer'd many a ſavoury kiſs.
Her's they ſhall be, ſince you refuſe the price:
What madmen would o'erſtand his market twice?
My right eye itches, ſome good-luck is near,
Perhaps my Amaryllis may appear;
I'll ſet up ſuch a note as ſhe ſhall hear.
What nymph but my melodious voice would move?
She muſt be flint, if ſhe refuſe my love.
Hippomenes, who ran with noble ſtrife
To win his lady, or to loſe his life,
(What ſhift ſome men will make to get a wife?)
Threw down a golden apple in her way;
For all her haſte ſhe could not chooſe but ſtay:

Renown ſaid, run; the glitt'ring bribe cry'd, hold;
The man might have been hang'd, but for his gold.
Yet ſome ſuppoſe 'twas love (ſome few indeed)
That ſtopt the fatal fury of her ſpeed:
She ſaw, ſhe ſigh'd; her nimble feet refuſe
Their wonted ſpeed, and ſhe took pains to loſe.
A prophet ſome, and ſome a poet cry,
(No matter which, ſo neither of them lie)
From ſteepy Othrys' top to Pylus drove
His herd; and for his pains enjoy'd his love:
If ſuch another wager ſhould be laid,
I'll find the man, if you can find the maid.
Why name I men, when love extended finds
His pow'r on high, and in celeſtial minds?
Venus the ſhepherd's homely habit took,
And manag'd ſomething elſe beſides the crook;
Nay, when Adonis dy'd, was heard to roar,
And never from her heart forgave the boar.
How bleſt was fair Endymion with his moon,
Who ſleeps on Latmos' top from night to noon!
What Jaſon from Medea's love poſſeſt,
You ſhall not hear, but know 'tis like the reſt.
My aching head can ſcarce ſupport the pain;
This curſed love will ſurely turn my brain:
Feel how it ſhoots, and yet you take no pity;
Nay then 'tis time to end my doleful ditty.
A clammy ſweat does o'er my temples creep;
My heavy eyes are urg'd with iron ſleep:
I lay me down to gaſp my lateſt breath,
The wolves will get a breakfaſt by my death;
Yet ſcarce enough their hunger to ſupply,
For love has made me carrion ere I die.

THE EPITHALAMIUM OF HELEN AND MELENAUS.

From the 18th Idyllium of Theocritus.

TWELVE Spartan virgins, noble, young, and fair,
With violet wreaths adorn'd their flowing hair;
And to the pompous palace did resort,
Where Menelaus kept his royal court.
There hand in hand a comely choir they led;
To sing a blessing to his nuptial bed,
With curious needles wrought, and painted flowers bespread.
Jove's beauteous daughter now his bride must be:
And Jove himself was less a God than he:
For this their artful hands instruct the lute to sound,
Their feet assist their hands, and justly beat the ground.
This was their song: Why, happy bridegroom, why,
Ere yet the stars are kindled in the sky,
Ere twilight shades, or evening dews are shed,
Why dost thou steal so soon away to bed?
Has Somnus brush'd thy eye-lids with his rod,
Or do thy legs refuse to bear their load,
With flowing bowls of a more generous God?
If gentle slumber on thy temples creep,
(But, naughty man, thou dost not mean to sleep)
Betake thee to thy bed, thou drowzy drone,
Sleep by thyself, and leave thy bride alone:
Go, leave her with her maiden mates, to play
At sports more harmless, 'till the break of day:

Give us this evening; thou haſt morn and night,
And all the year before thee, for delight.
O happy youth! to thee among the crowd
Of rival princes, Cupid ſneez'd aloud;
And every lucky omen ſent before,
To meet thee landing on the Spartan ſhore.
Of all our heroes thou canſt boaſt alone,
That Jove, whene'er he thunders, calls thee ſon:
Betwixt two ſheets thou ſhalt enjoy her bare,
With whom no Grecian virgin can compare;
So ſoft, ſo ſweet, ſo balmy, and ſo fair.
A boy, like thee, would make a kingly line:
But oh, a girl, like her, muſt be divine.
Her equals, we, in years, but not in face,
Twelveſcore Virago's of the Spartan race,
While naked to Eurotas' banks we bend,
And there in manly exerciſe contend,
When ſhe appears, are all eclips'd and loſt,
And hide the beauties that we made our boaſt.
So, when the night and winter diſappear,
The purple morning, riſing with the year,
Salutes the ſpring, as her celeſtial eyes
Adorn the world, and brighten all the ſkies:
So beauteous Helen ſhines among the reſt,
Tall, ſlender, ſtraight, with all the graces bleſt.
As pines the mountains, or as fields the corn,
Or as Theſſalian ſteeds the race adorn;
So roſy-colour'd Helen is the pride
Of Lacedæmon, and of Greece beſide.
Like her no nymph can willing oſiers bend
In baſket-works, which painted ſtreaks commend:
With Pallas in the loom ſhe may contend.
But none, ah! none can animate the lyre,
And the mute ſtrings with vocal ſouls inſpire:
Whether the learn'd Minerva be her theme,
Or chaſte Diana bathing in the ſtream;

None can record their heavenly praiſe ſo well
As Helen, in whoſe eyes ten thouſand Cupids dwell.
O fair, O graceful! yet with maids inroll'd,
But whom to-morrow's ſun a matron ſhall behold!
Yet, ere to-morrow's ſun ſhall ſhew his head,
The dewy paths of meadows we will tread,
For crowns and chaplets to adorn thy head.
Where all ſhall weep, and wiſh for thy return,
As bleating lambs their abſent mother mourn.
Our nobleſt maids ſhall to thy name bequeath
The boughs of Lotos, form'd into a wreath.
This monument, thy maiden beauties due,
High on a plane-tree ſhall be hung to view:
On the ſmooth rind the paſſenger ſhall ſee
Thy name ingrav'd, and worſhip Helen's tree:
Balm, from a ſilver-box diſtill'd around,
Shall all bedew the roots, and ſcent the ſacred ground.
The balm, 'tis true, can aged plants prolong,
But Helen's name will keep it ever young.
Hail bride, hail bride-groom, ſon-in-law to Jove!
With fruitful joys Latona bleſs your love;
Let Venus furniſh you with full deſires,
Add vigour to your wills, and fuel to your fires:
Almighty Jove augment your wealthy ſtore,
Give much to you, and to his grandſons more.
From generous loins a generous race will ſpring,
Each girl, like her, a Queen; each boy, like you, a King.
Now ſleep, if ſleep you can; but, while you reſt,
Sleep cloſe, with folded arms, and breaſt to breaſt:
Riſe in the morn; but oh! before you riſe,
Forget not to perform your morning ſacrifice.
We will be with you ere the crowing cock
Salutes the light, and ſtruts before his feather'd flock.
Hymen, oh Hymen, to thy triumphs run,
And view the mighty ſpoils thou haſt in battle won.

THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

From the 23d Idyllium of Theocritus.

WITH inauſpicious love, a wretched ſwain
Purſu'd the faireſt nymph of all the plain;
Faireſt indeed, but prouder far than fair,
She plung'd him hopeleſs in a deep deſpair:
Her heav'nly form too haughtily ſhe priz'd,
His perſon hated, and his gifts deſpis'd;
Nor knew the force of Cupid's cruel darts,
Nor fear'd his awful pow'r on human hearts;
But either from her hopeleſs lover fled,
Or with diſdainful glances ſhot him dead.
No kiſs, no look, to cheer the drooping boy;
No word ſhe ſpoke, ſhe ſcorn'd ev'n to deny.
But, as a hunted panther caſts about
Her glaring eyes, and pricks her liſt'ning ears to ſcout,
So ſhe, to ſhun his toils, her cares employ'd,
And fiercely in her ſavage freedom joy'd.
Her mouth ſhe writh'd, her forehead taught to frown,
Her eyes to ſparkle fires to love unknown:
Her ſallow cheeks her envious mind did ſhew,
And ev'ry feature ſpoke aloud the curſtneſs of a ſhrew.
Yet cou'd not he his obvious fate eſcape;
His love ſtill dreſs'd her in a pleaſing ſhape;
And every ſullen frown, and bitter ſcorn,
But fann'd the fuel that too faſt did burn.
Long time, unequal to his mighty pain,
He ſtrove to curb it, but he ſtrove in vain:
At laſt his woes broke out, and beg'd relief
With tears, the dumb petitioners of grief:
With tears ſo tender, as adorn'd his love,
And any heart, but only her's, wou'd move.

Trembling before her bolted doors he ſtood,
And there pour'd out th' unprofitable flood:
Staring his eyes, and haggard was his look;
Then, kiſſing firſt the threſhold, thus he ſpoke.

Ah nymph, more cruel than of human race!
Thy tigreſs heart belies thy angel face:
Too well thou ſhew'ſt thy pedigree from ſtone;
Thy grandame's was the firſt by Pyrrha thrown:
Unworthy thou to be ſo long deſir'd;
But ſo my love, and ſo my fate requir'd.
I beg not now (for 'tis in vain) to live;
But take this gift, the laſt that I can give.
This friendly cord ſhall ſoon decide the ſtrife
Betwixt my ling'ring love and lothſome life:
This moment puts an end to all my pain;
I ſhall no more deſpair, nor thou diſdain.
Farewell, ungrateful and unkind! I go
Condemn'd by thee to thoſe ſad ſhades below.
I go th' extremeſt remedy to prove,
To drink oblivion, and to drench my love:
There happily to loſe my long deſires:
But ah! what draught ſo deep to queneh my fires?
Farewell, ye never-opening gates, ye ſtones,
And threſhold guilty of my midnight moans.
What I have ſuffer'd here, ye know too well;
What I ſhall do, the Gods and I can tell.
The roſe is fragrant, but it fades in time;
The violet ſweet, but quickly paſt the prime;
White lilies hang their heads, and ſoon decay,
And whiter ſnow in minutes melts away:
Such is your blooming youth, and withering ſo:
The time will come, it will, when you ſhall know
The rage of love; your haughty heart ſhall burn
In flames like mine, and meet a like return.
Obdurate as you are, oh! hear at leaſt
My dying prayers, and grant my laſt requeſt.

When first you ope your doors, and passing by
The sad ill-omen'd object meets your eye,
Think it not lost, a moment if you stay;
The breathless wretch, so made by you, survey:
Some cruel pleasure will from thence arise,
To view the mighty ravage of your eyes.
I wish (but oh! my wish is vain, I fear)
The kind oblation of a falling tear;
Then loose the knot, and take me from the place,
And spread your mantle o'er my grizly face;
Upon my livid lips bestow a kiss:
O envy not the dead, they feel not bliss!
Nor fear your kisses can restore my breath;
Even you are not more pitiless than death.
Then for my corpse a homely grave provide,
Which love and me from public scorn may hide.
Thrice call upon my name, thrice beat your breast,
And hail me thrice to everlasting rest.
Last let my tomb this sad inscription bear:
A wretch, whom love has kill'd, lies buried here;
O passengers! Amynta's eyes beware.
Thus having said, and furious with his love,
He heav'd with more than human force, to move
A weighty stone (the labour of a team)
And rais'd from thence, he reach'd the neighbouring beam:
Around its bulk a sliding knot he throws,
And fitted to his neck the fatal noose:
Then, spurning backward, took a swing, 'till death
Crept up, and stopt the passage of his breath.
The bounce burst ope the door; the scornful fair
Relentless look'd, and saw him beat his quivering feet in air:
Nor wept his fate, nor cast a pitying eye,
Nor took him down, but brush'd regardless by:
And, as she past, her chance or fate was such,
Her garments touch'd the dead, polluted by the touch:

Next to the dance, thence to the bath did move;
The bath was ſacred to the God of love;
Whoſe injur'd image, with a wrathful eye,
Stood threat'ning from a pedeſtal on high:
Nodding a while, and watchful of his blow,
He fell; and falling, cruſh'd th' ungrateful nymph below:
Her guſhing blood the pavement all beſmear'd;
And this her laſt expiring voice was heard:
Lovers farewell, revenge has reach'd my ſcorn;
Thus warn'd, be wiſe, and love for love return.

DAPHNIS.

From the 27th Idyllium of Theocritus.

DAPHNIS.

THE ſhepherd Paris bore the Spartan bride
By force away, and then by force enjoy'd:
But I by free conſent can boaſt a bliſs,
A fairer Helen, and a ſweeter kiſs.

CHLORIS.

Kiſſes are empty joys, and ſoon are o'er.

DAPHNIS.

A kiſs between the lips is ſomething more.

CHLORIS.

I wipe my mouth, and where's your kiſſing then?

DAPHNIS.

I ſwear you wipe it to be kiſs'd again.

CHLORIS.

Go, tend your herd, and kiſs your cows at home;
I am a maid, and in my beauty's bloom.

DAPHNIS.

'Tis well remember'd, do not waſte your time;
But wiſely uſe it ere you paſs your prime.

CHLORIS.

Blown roſes hold their ſweetneſs to the laſt,
And raiſins keep their luſcious native taſte.

DAPHNIS.

The ſun's too hot; thoſe olive ſhades are near;
I fain would whiſper ſomething in your ear.

CHLORIS.

'Tis honeſt talking where we may be ſeen;
God knows what ſecret miſchief you may mean;
I doubt you'll play the wag, and kiſs again.

DAPHNIS.

At leaſt beneath yon elm you need not fear;
My pipe's in tune, if you're diſpos'd to hear.

CHLORIS.

Play by yourſelf, I dare not venture thither:
You, and your naughty pipe, go hang together.

DAPHNIS.

Coy nymph, beware, leſt Venus you offend.

CHLORIS.

I ſhall have chaſte Diana ſtill to friend.

DAPHNIS.

You have a ſoul, and Cupid has a dart.

CHLORIS.

Diana will defend, or heal my heart.
Nay, fy, what mean you in this open place?
Unhand me, or, I ſwear, I'll ſcratch your face.
Let go, for ſhame! you make me mad for ſpite;
My mouth's my own; and if you kiſs, I'll bite.

DAPHNIS.

Away with your diſſembling female tricks:
What, wou'd you 'ſcape the fate of all your ſex?

CHLORIS.

I ſwear, I'll keep my maidenhead 'till death,
And die as pure as Queen Elizabeth.

DAPHNIS.

Nay, mum for that; but let me lay thee down;
Better with me, than with ſome nauſeous clown.

CHLORIS.

I'd have you know, if I were ſo inclin'd,
I have been woo'd by many a wealthy hind;
But never found a huſband to my mind.

DAPHNIS.

But they are abſent all; and I am here.

CHLORIS.

The matrimonial yoke is hard to bear;
And marriage is a woeful word to hear.

DAPHNIS.

A ſcarecrow, ſet to frighten fools away;
Marriage has joys; and you ſhall have aſſay.

CHLORIS.

Sour ſauce is often mix'd with our delight;
You kick by day more than you kiſs by night.

DAPHNIS.

Sham ſtories all; but ſay the worſt you can,
A very wife fears neither God nor man.

CHLORIS.

But child-birth is, they ſay, a deadly pain;
It coſts at leaſt a month to knit again.

DAPHNIS.

Diana cures the wound Lucina made;
Your goddeſs is a midwife by her trade.

CHLORIS.

But I ſhall ſpoil my beauty, if I bear.

DAPHNIS.

But Mam and Dad are pretty names to hear.

CHLORIS.

But there's a civil queſtion us'd of late;
Where lies my jointure, where your own eſtate?

DAPHNIS.

My flocks, my fields, my woods, my paſtures take,
With ſettlement as good as law can make.

CHLORIS.

Swear then you will not leave me on the common,
But marry me, and make an honeſt woman.

DAPHNIS.

I ſwear by Pan (tho' he wears horns you'll ſay)
Cudgell'd and kick'd, I'll not be forc'd away.

CHLORIS.

I bargain for a wedding bed at leaſt,
A houſe, and handſome lodging for a gueſt.

DAPHNIS.

A houſe well furniſh'd ſhall be thine to keep;
And, for a flock-bed, I can ſheer my ſheep.

CHLORIS.

What tale ſhall I to my old father tell?

DAPHNIS.

'Twill make him chuckle thou'r't beſtow'd ſo well.

CHLORIS.

But, after all, in troth I am to blame
To be ſo loving, ere I know your name.
A pleaſant ſounding name's a pretty thing!

DAPHNIS.

Faith mine's a very pretty name to ſing;
They call me Daphnis; Lycidas my Sire:
Both ſound as well as woman can deſire.
Nomæa bore me farmers in degree;
He a good huſband, a good houſewife ſhe.

CHLORIS.

Your kindred is not much amiſs, 'tis true;
Yet I am ſomewhat better born than you.

DAPHNIS.

I know your father and his family;
And without boaſting am as good as he,
Menalcas; and no maſter goes before.

CHLORIS.

Hang both our pedigrees; not one word more;
But if you love me, let me ſee your living,
Your houſe and home; for ſeeing is believing.

DAPHNIS.

See firſt yon cypreſs grove, a ſhade from noon.

CHLORIS.

Browze on my goats; for I'll be with you ſoon.

DAPHNIS.

Feed well my bulls, to whet your appetite,
That each may take a luſty leap at night.

CHLORIS.

What do you mean, uncivil as you are,
To touch my breaſts, and leave my boſom bare?

DAPHNIS.

Theſe pretty bubbies, firſt, I make my own.

CHLORIS.

Pull out your hand, I ſwear, or I ſhall ſwoon.

DAPHNIS.

Why does thy ebbing blood forſake thy face?

CHLORIS.

Throw me at leaſt upon a cleaner place:
My linen ruffled, and my waiſtcoat foiling;
What, do you think new cloaths were made for ſpoiling?

DAPHNIS.

Ill lay my lambkins underneath thy back.

CHLORIS.

My head-geer's off; what filthy work you make!

DAPHNIS.

To Venus, firſt, I lay theſe off'rings by.

CHLORIS.

Nay, firſt look round that no body be nigh:
Methinks I hear a whiſp'ring in the grove.

DAPHNIS.

The cypreſs trees are telling tales of love.

CHLORIS.

You tear off all behind me, and before me;
And I'm as naked as my mother bore me.

DAPHNIS.

I'll buy thee better cloaths than theſe I tear,
And lie ſo cloſe, I'll cover thee from air.

CHLORIS.

Y'are liberal now; but when your turn is ſped,
You'll wiſh me chock'd with every cruſt of bread.

DAPHNIS.

I'll give the more, much more than I have told;
Wou'd I cou'd coin my very heart to gold.

CHLORIS.

Forgive thy handmaid, huntreſs of the wood!
I ſee there's no reſiſting fleſh and blood!

DAPHNIS.

The noble deed is done; my herds I'll cull;
Cupid, be thine a calf; and, Venus, thine a bull.

CHLORIS.

A maid I came, in an unlucky hour;
But hence return without my virgin flow'r.

DAPHNIS.

A maid is but a barren name at beſt;
If thou canſt hold, I bid for twins at leaſt.

Thus did this happy pair their love diſpenſe
With mutual joys, and gratify'd their ſenſe;
The god of love was there a bidden gueſt,
And preſent at his own myſterious feaſt.
His azure mantle underneath he ſpread,
And ſcatter'd roſes on the nuptial bed;
While folded in each others arms they lay,
He blew the flames, and furniſh'd out the play,
And from their foreheads wip'd the balmy ſweat away.
Firſt roſe the maid, and with a glowing face,
Her down-caſt eyes beheld her print upon the graſs;
Thence to her herd ſhe ſped herſelf in haſte;
The bridegroom ſtarted from his trance at laſt,
And piping homeward jocundly he paſt.

The Beginning of the First Book of LUCRETIUS.

DElight of human kind, and gods above,
Parent of Rome, propitious queen of love,
Whose vital pow'r, air, earth, and sea supplies,
And breeds whate'er is born beneath the rowling skies:
For every kind, by thy prolific might,
Springs, and beholds the regions of the light.
Thee, goddess, thee the clouds and tempests fear,
And at thy pleasing presence disappear:
For thee the land in fragrant flow'rs is dress;
For thee the ocean smiles, and smoothes her wavy breast;
And Heav'n itself with more serene and purer light is blest.
For when the rising Spring adorns the mead,
And a new scene of Nature stands display'd,
When teeming buds, and chearful greens appear,
And western gales unlock the lazy year;
The joyous birds thy welcome first express,
Whose native songs thy genial fire confess:
Then savage beasts bound o'er their slighted food,
Struck with thy darts, and tempt the raging flood.
All Nature is thy gift; earth, air, and sea:
Of all that breathes, the various progeny,
Stung with delight, is goaded on by thee.
O'er barren mountains, o'er the flow'ry plain,
The leafy forest, and the liquid main,
Extends thy uncontroul'd and boundless reign.
Through all the living regions dost thou move,
And scatter'st where thou goest, the kindly seeds of love.
Since then the race of every living thing
Obeys thy pow'r; since nothing new can spring
Without thy warmth, without thy influence bear,
Or beautiful or lovesome can appear;

Be thou my aid, my tuneful ſong inſpire,
And kindle with thy own productive fire;
While all thy province, Nature I ſurvey,
And ſing to Memmius an immortal lay
Of Heav'n and earth, and every where thy wond'rous pow'r diſplay:
To Memmius, under thy ſweet influence born,
Whom thou with all thy gifts and graces doſt adorn,
The rather then aſſiſt my muſe and me,
Infuſing verſes worthy him and thee.
Mean-time on land and ſea let barb'rous diſcord ceaſe,
And lull the liſt'ning world in univerſal peace.
To thee mankind their ſoft repoſe muſt owe;
For thou alone that bleſſing canſt beſtow;
Becauſe the brutal buſineſs of the war
Is manag'd by thy dreadful ſervants care;
Who oft retires from fighting fields, to prove
The pleaſing pains of thy eternal love;
And, panting on thy breaſt, ſupinely lies,
While with thy heavenly form he feeds his famiſh'd eyes;
Sucks in with open lips thy balmy breath,
By turns reſtor'd to life, and plung'd in pleaſing death.
There while thy curling limbs about him move,
Involv'd and fetter'd in the links of love,
When, wiſhing all, he nothing can deny,
Thy charms in that auſpicious moment try;
With winning eloquence our peace implore,
And quiet to the weary world reſtore.

The Beginning of the Second Book of LUCRETIUS.

'TIS pleaſant, ſafely to behold from ſhore
The rowling ſhip, and hear the tempeſt roar:
Not that another's pain is our delight;
But pains unfelt produce the pleaſing ſight.
'Tis pleaſant alſo, to behold from far,
The moving legions mingled in the war.
But much more ſweet thy lab'ring ſteps to guide
To virtue's heights, with wiſdom well ſupply'd,
And all the magazines of learning fortify'd:
From thence to look below on human kind,
Bewilder'd in the maze of life, and blind:
To ſee vain fools ambitiouſly contend
For wit and pow'r; their laſt endeavours bend
T' outſhine each other, waſte their time and health
In ſearch of honour and purſuit of wealth.
O wretched man! in what a miſt of life,
Inclos'd with dangers and with noiſy ſtrife,
He ſpends his little ſpan; and overfeeds
His cramm'd deſires, with more than Nature needs!
For Nature wiſely ſtints our appetite,
And craves no more than undiſturb'd delight;
Which minds, unmixt with cares and fears, obtain;
A ſoul ſerene, a body void of pain.
So little this corporeal frame requires;
So bounded are our natural deſires,
That wanting all, and ſetting pain aſide,
With bare privation ſenſe is ſatisfy'd.
If golden ſconces hang not on the walls,
To light the coſtly ſuppers and the balls;
If the proud palace ſhines not with the ſtate
Of burniſh'd bowls, and of reflected plate;

If well-tun'd harps, nor the more pleaſing ſound
Of voices, from the vaulted roofs rebound;
Yet on the graſs, beneath a poplar ſhade,
By the cool ſtream, our careleſs limbs are lay'd;
With cheaper pleaſures innocently bleſt,
When the warm ſpring with gawdy flow'rs is dreſt.
Nor will the raging fever's fire abate,
With golden canopies and beds of ſtate:
But the poor patient will as ſoon be ſound
On the hard mattreſs, or the mother ground.
Then ſince our bodies are not eas'd the more
By birth, or pow'r, or fortune's wealthy ſtore,
'Tis plain, theſe uſeleſs toys of every kind
As little can relieve the lab'ring mind:
Unleſs we cou'd ſuppoſe the dreadful ſight,
Of marſhal'd legions, moving to the fight,
Cou'd, with their ſound and terrible array,
Expel our fears, and drive the thoughts of death away.
But, ſince the ſuppoſition vain appears,
Since clinging cares, and trains of inbred fears,
Are not with ſounds to be affrighted thence,
But in the midſt of pomp purſue the prince,
Not aw'd by arms, but in the preſence bold,
Without reſpect to purple, or to gold;
Why ſhould not we theſe pageantries deſpiſe,
Whoſe worth but in our want of reaſon lies?
For life is all in wand'ring errors led;
And juſt as children are ſurpriz'd with dread,
And tremble in the dark, ſo riper years
E'en in broad day-light are poſſeſs'd with fears;
And ſhake at ſhadows fanciful and vain,
As thoſe which in the breaſts of children reign.
Theſe bugbears of the mind, this inward hell,
No rays of outward ſunſhine can diſpel;
But Nature and right reaſon muſt diſplay
Their beams abroad, and bring the darkſome ſoul to day.

The latter Part of the Third Book of LUCRETIUS:

Againſt the Fear of Death.

WHAT has this bugbear death to frighten men,
If ſouls can die, as well as bodies can?
For, as before our birth we felt no pain,
When Puniek arms infeſted land and main,
When heav'n and earth were in confuſion hurl'd
For the debated empire of the world,
Which aw'd with dreadful expectation lay,
Sure to be ſlaves, uncertain who ſhould ſway:
So, when our mortal frame ſhall be disjoin'd,
The lifeleſs lump uncoupled from the mind,
From ſenſe of grief and pain we ſhall be free;
We ſhall not feel, becauſe we ſhall not *be*.
Though earth in ſeas, and ſeas in heav'n were loſt,
We ſhould not move, we only ſhould be toſt.
Nay, even ſuppoſe when we have ſuffer'd fate,
The ſoul could feel in her divided ſtate,
What's that to us? for we are only *we*,
While ſouls and bodies in one frame agree.
Nay, tho' our atoms ſhould revolve by chance,
And matter leap into the former dance;
Tho' time our life and motion could reſtore,
And make our bodies what they were before,
What gain to us would all this buſtle bring?
The new-made man would be another thing.
When once an interrupting pauſe is made,
That individual being is decay'd.
We, who are dead and gone, ſhall bear no part
In all the pleaſures, nor ſhall feel the ſmart,

Which to that other mortal ſhall accrue,
Whom of our matter time ſhall mould anew.
For backward if you look, on that long ſpace
Of ages paſt, and view the changing face
Of matter, toſt and variouſly combin'd
In ſundry ſhapes, 'tis eaſy for the mind
From thence t' infer, that ſeeds of things have been
In the ſame order as they now are ſeen:
Which yet our dark remembrance cannot trace,
Becauſe a pauſe of life, a gaping ſpace,
Has come betwixt, where memory lies dead,
And all the wandring motions from the ſenſe are fled.
For whoſoe'er ſhall in misfortunes live,
Muſt *be*, when thoſe misfortunes ſhall arrive;
And ſince the man, who is *not*, feels not woe,
(For death exempts him, and wards off the blow,
Which we, the living, only feel and bear)
What is there left for us in death to fear?
When once that pauſe of life has come between,
'Tis juſt the ſame as we had never been.
And therefore if a man bemoan his lot,
That after death his mould'ring limbs ſhall rot,
Or flames, or jaws of beaſts devour his maſs,
Know, he's an inſincere, unthinking aſs.
A ſecret ſting remains within his mind;
The fool is to his own caſt offals kind.
He boaſts no ſenſe can after death remain;
Yet makes himſelf a part of life again;
As if ſome *other he* could feel the pain.
If, while he live, this thought moleſt his head,
What wolf or vulture ſhall devour me dead?
He waſtes his days in idle grief, nor can
Diſtinguiſh twixt the body and the man;
But thinks himſelf can ſtill himſelf ſurvive;
And, what when dead he feels not, feels alive.
Then he repines that he was born to die,
Nor knows in death there is no other he,

No living he remains his grief to vent,
And o'er his ſenſeleſs carcaſe to lament.
If after death 'tis painful to be torn
By birds and beaſts, then why not ſo to burn,
Or drench'd in floods of honey to be ſoak'd,
Imbalm'd to be at once preſerv'd and choak'd:
Or on an airy mountain's top to lie,
Expos'd to cold, and heav'n's inclemency;
Or crowded in a tomb to be oppreſt
With monumental marble on thy breaſt?
But to be ſnatch'd from all thy houſhold joys,
From thy chaſte wife, and thy dear prattling boys,
Whoſe little arms about thy legs are caſt,
And climbing for a kiſs prevent their mother's haſte,
Inſpiring ſecret pleaſure thro' thy breaſt;
Ah! theſe ſhall be no more: Thy friends oppreſt
Thy care and courage now no more ſhall free:
Ah! wretch! thou cry'ſt, ah! miſerable me!
One woeful day ſweeps children, friends, and wife,
And all the brittle bleſſings of my life!
Add one thing more, and all thou ſay'ſt is true;
Thy want and wiſh of them is vaniſh'd too:
Which, well conſider'd, were a quick relief
To all thy vain imaginary grief.
For thou ſhalt ſleep, and never wake again,
And, quitting life, ſhalt quit thy living pain.
But we thy friends ſhall all thoſe ſorrows find,
Which in forgetful death thou leav'ſt behind;
No time ſhall dry our tears, nor drive thee from our mind.
The worſt that can befal thee, meaſur'd right,
Is a ſound ſlumber, and a long good night.
Yet thus the fools, that would be thought the wits,
Diſturb their mirth with melancholy fits:
When healths go round, and kindly brimmers flow,
'Till the freſh garlands on their foreheads glow,

They whine, and cry, let us make haſte to live,
Short are the joys that human life can give.
Eternal preachers, that corrupt the draught,
And pall the God, that never thinks, with thought;
Idiots with all that thought, to whom the worſt
Of death, is want of drink, and endleſs thirſt,
Or any fond deſire as vain as theſe.
For, ev'n in ſleep, the body wrapt in eaſe
Supinely lies, as in the peaceful grave;
And, wanting nothing, nothing can it crave.
Were that ſound ſleep eternal, it were death;
Yet the firſt atoms then, the ſeeds of breath,
Are moving near to ſenſe; we do but ſhake
And rouze that ſenſe, and ſtraight we are awake.
Then death to us, and death's anxiety
Is leſs than nothing, if a leſs could be.
For then our atoms, which in order lay,
Are ſcatter'd from their heap, and puff'd away,
And never can return into their place,
When once the pauſe of life has left an empty ſpace.
And laſt, ſuppoſe great Nature's voice ſhould call
To thee, or me, or any of us all,
What doſt thou mean, ungrateful wretch, thou vain,
Thou mortal thing, thus idly to complain,
And ſigh and ſob, that thou ſhalt be no more?
For if thy life were pleaſant heretofore,
If all the bounteous bleſſings, I could give,
Thou haſt enjoy'd, if thou haſt known to live,
And pleaſure not leak'd thro' thee like a ſieve;
Why doſt thou not give thanks as at a plenteous feaſt,
Cramm'd to the throat with life, and riſe and take thy reſt?
But if my bleſſings thou haſt thrown away,
If indigeſted joys paſs'd thro', and would not ſtay,
Why doſt thou wiſh for more to ſquander ſtill?
If life be grown a load, a real ill,
And I would all thy cares and labours end,
Lay down thy burden, fool, and know thy friend.

To pleaſe thee, I have empty'd all my ſtore,
I can invent, and can ſupply no more;
But run the round again, the round I ran before.
Suppoſe thou art not broken yet with years,
Yet ſtill the ſelf-ſame ſcene of things appears,
And would be ever, couldſt thou ever live;
For life is ſtill but life, there's nothing new to give.
What can we plead againſt ſo juſt a bill?
We ſtand convicted, and our cauſe goes ill.
But if a wretch, a man oppreſs'd by fate,
Should beg of Nature to prolong his date,
She ſpeaks aloud to him with more diſdain,
Be ſtill, thou martyr fool, thou covetous of pain.
But if an old decrepit ſot lament;
What thou (ſhe cries) who haſt out-liv'd content!
Doſt thou complain, who haſt enjoy'd my ſtore?
But this is ſtill th' effect of wiſhing more.
Unſatisfy'd with all that Nature brings;
Loathing the preſent, liking abſent things;
From hence it comes thy vain deſires, at ſtrife
Within themſelves, have tantaliz'd thy life,
And ghaſtly death appear'd before thy ſight,
Ere thou haſt gorg'd thy ſoul and ſenſes with delight.
Now leave thoſe joys, unſuiting to thy age,
To a freſh comer, and reſign the ſtage.
Is Nature to be blam'd if thus ſhe chide?
No ſure; for 'tis her buſineſs to provide
Againſt this ever-changing frame's decay,
New things to come, and old to paſs away.
One being, worn, another being makes;
Chang'd, but not loſt; for Nature gives and takes:
New matter muſt be found for things to come,
And theſe muſt waſte like thoſe, and follow Nature's doom.
All things, like thee, have time to riſe and rot;
And from each other's ruin are begot:
For life is not confin'd to him or thee;
'Tis giv'n to all for uſe, to none for property.

Conſider former ages paſt and gone,
Whoſe circles ended long ere thine begun.
Then tell me, fool, what part in them thou haſt?
Thus may'ſt thou judge the future by the paſt.
What horror ſeeſt thou in that quiet ſtate,
What bugbear dreams to fright thee after fate?
No ghoſt, no goblins, that ſtill paſſage keep;
But all is there ſerene, in that eternal ſleep.
For all the diſmal tales, that poets tell,
Are verify'd on earth, and not in hell.
No Tantalus looks up with fearful eye,
Or dreads th' impending rock to cruſh him from on high:
But fear of chance on earth diſturbs our eaſy hours,
Or vain imagin'd wrath of vain imagin'd powers.
No Tityus torn by vultures lies in hell;
Nor cou'd the lobes of his rank liver ſwell
To that prodigious maſs, for their eternal meal:
Not tho' his monſtrous bulk had cover'd o'er
Nine ſpreading acres, or nine thouſand more;
Not tho' the globe of earth had been the giant's floor.
Nor in eternal torments could he lie;
Nor could his corpſe ſufficient food ſupply.
But he's the Tityus, who, by love oppreſt,
Or tyrant paſſion preying on his breaſt,
And ever-anxious thoughts, is robb'd of reſt.
The Siſyphus is he, whom noiſe and ſtrife
Seduce from all the ſoft retreats of life,
To vex the government, diſturb the laws:
Drunk with the fumes of popular applauſe,
He courts the giddy crowd to make him great,
And ſweats and toils in vain, to mount the ſovereign ſeat.
For ſtill to aim at pow'r, and ſtill to fail,
Ever to ſtrive, and never to prevail,
What is it, but, in reaſon's true account,
To heave the ſtone againſt the riſing mount
Which urg'd, and labour'd, and forc'd up with pain,
Recoils, and rowls impetuous down, and ſmokes along the plain.

Then ſtill to treat thy ever-craving mind
With ev'ry bleſſing, and of ev'ry kind,
Yet never fill thy rav'ning appetite;
Though years and ſeaſons vary thy delight,
Yet nothing to be ſeen of all the ſtore,
But ſtill the wolf within thee barks for more;
This is the fable's moral, which they tell
Of fifty fooliſh virgins damn'd in hell
To leaky veſſels, which the liquor ſpill;
To veſſels of their ſex, which none could ever fill.
As for the dog, the furies, and their ſnakes,
The gloomy caverns, and the burning lakes,
And all the vain infernal trumpery,
They neither are, nor were, nor ere can be.
But here on earth the guilty have in view
The mighty pains to mighty miſchiefs due;
Racks, priſons, poiſons, the Tarpeian rock,
Stripes, hangman, pitch, and ſuffocating ſmoke;
And laſt, and moſt, if theſe were caſt behind,
Th' avenging horror of a conſcious mind,
Whoſe deadly fear anticipates the blow,
And ſees no end of puniſhment and woe;
But looks for more, at the laſt gaſp of breath:
This makes an hell on earth, and life a death.
Mean-time, when thoughts of death diſturb thy head;
Conſider, Ancus great and good is dead;
Ancus, thy better far was born to die;
And thou, doſt thou bewail mortality?
So many monarchs with their mighty ſtate,
Who rul'd the world, were over-rul'd by fate.
That haughty king, who lorded o'er the main,
And whoſe ſtupendous bridge did the wild waves reſtrain,
(In vain they foam'd, in vain they threat'ned wreck,
While his proud legions march'd upon their back:)
Him death, a greater monarch, overcame;
Nor ſpar'd his guards the more, for their immortal name.

The Roman chief, the Carthaginian dread,
Scipio, the thunder-bolt of war, is dead,
And, like a common ſlave, by fate in triumph led.
The founders of invented arts are loſt;
And wits, who made eternity their boaſt.
Where now is Homer, who poſſeſs'd the throne?
Th' immortal work remains, the mortal author's gone.
Democritus, perceiving age invade,
His body weaken'd, and his mind decay'd,
Obey'd the ſummons with a chearful face;
Made haſte to welcome death, and met him half the race.
That ſtroke ev'n Epicurus could not bar,
Though he in wit ſurpaſs'd mankind, as far
As does the mid-day ſun the mid-night ſtar.
And thou, doſt thou diſdain to yield thy breath,
Whoſe very life is little more than death?
More than one half by lazy ſleep poſſeſt;
And when awake, thy ſoul but nods at beſt,
Day-dreams and ſickly thoughts revolving in thy breaſt.
Eternal troubles haunt thy anxious mind,
Whoſe cauſe and cure thou never hop'ſt to find;
But ſtill uncertain, with thyſelf at ſtrife,
Thou wander'ſt in the labyrinth of life.
O, if the fooliſh race of man, who find
A weight of cares ſtill preſſing on their mind,
Could find as well the cauſe of this unreſt,
And all this burden lodg'd within the breaſt;
Sure they would change their courſe, nor live as now,
Uncertain what to wiſh, or what to vow.
Uneaſy both in country and in town,
They ſearch a place to lay their burden down.
One, reſtleſs in his palace, walks abroad,
And vainly thinks to leave behind the load:
But ſtraight returns; for he's as reſtleſs there;
And finds there's no relief in open air.
Another to his Villa would retire,
And ſpurs as hard as if it were on fire;

No ſooner enter'd at his country door,
But he begins to ſtretch, and yawn, and ſnore;
Or ſeeks the city which he left before.
Thus every man o'erworks his weary will,
To ſhun himſelf, and to ſhake off his ill;
The ſhaking fit returns, and hangs upon him ſtill.
No proſpect of repoſe, nor hope of eaſe;
The wretch is ignorant of his diſeaſe;
Which known would all his fruitleſs trouble ſpare;
For he would know the world not worth his care:
Then would he ſearch more deeply for the cauſe;
And ſtudy Nature well, and Nature's laws:
For in this moment lyes not the debate,
But on our future, fix'd, eternal ſtate;
That never-changing ſtate, which all muſt keep,
Whom death has doom'd to everlaſting ſleep.
Why are we then ſo fond of mortal life,
Beſet with dangers and maintain'd with ſtrife?
A life, which all our care can never ſave;
One fate attends us, and one common grave.
Beſides, we tread but a perpetual round;
We ne'er ſtrike out, but beat the former ground,
And the ſame maukiſh joys in the ſame track are found.
For ſtill we think an abſent bleſſing beſt
Which cloys, and is no bleſſing when poſſeſt;
A new ariſing wiſh expels it from the breaſt.
The fev'riſh thirſt of life increaſes ſtill;
We call for more and more, and never have our fill;
Yet know not what to-morrow we ſhall try,
What dregs of life in the laſt draught may lye:
Nor, by the longeſt life we can attain,
One moment from the length of death we gain;
For all behind belongs to his eternal reign.
When once the fates have cut the mortal thread,
The man as much to all intents is dead,
Who dies to-day, and will as long be ſo,
As he who dy'd a thouſand years ago.

The latter Part of the Fourth Book of LUCRETIUS.

Concerning the Nature of Love.

Beginning at this line,
Sic igitur Veneris qui telis accipit ictum, &c.

THUS, therefore, he, who feels the fiery dart
Of ſtrong deſire tranſfix his amorous heart,
Whether ſome beauteous boy's alluring face,
Or lovelier maid, with unreſiſted grace,
From her each part the winged arrow ſends,
From whence he firſt was ſtruck, he thither tends;
Reſtleſs he roams, impatient to be freed,
And eager to inject the ſprightly ſeed.
For fierce deſire does all his mind employ,
And ardent love aſſures approaching joy.
Such is the nature of that pleaſing ſmart,
Whoſe burning drops diſtil upon the heart,
The fever of the ſoul ſhot from the fair,
And the cold ague of ſucceeding care.
If abſent, her idea ſtill appears,
And her ſweet name is chiming in your ears.
But ſtrive thoſe pleaſing phantoms to remove,
And ſhun th' aerial images of love,
That feed the flame: When one moleſts thy mind,
Diſcharge thy loins on all the leaky kind;
For that's a wiſer way, than to reſtrain
Within thy ſwelling nerves that hoard of pain.
For ev'ry hour ſome deadlier ſymptom ſhows,
And by delay the gath'ring venom grows,

When kindly applications are not us'd;
The ſcorpion, love, muſt on the wound be bruis'd:
On that one object 'tis not ſafe to ſtay,
But force the tide of thought ſome other way:
The ſquander'd ſpirits prodigally throw,
And in the common glebe of Nature ſow.
Nor wants he all the bliſs, that lovers feign,
Who takes the pleaſure, and avoids the pain;
For purer joys in purer health abound,
And leſs affect the ſickly than the ſound.
When love its utmoſt vigour does employ,
Ev'n then, 'tis but a reſtleſs wand'ring joy:
Nor knows the lover, in that wild exceſs,
With hands or eyes, what firſt he would poſſeſs;
But ſtrains at all, and, faſt'ning where he ſtrains,
Too cloſely preſſes with his frantic pains;
With biting kiſſes hurts the twining fair,
Which ſhews his joys imperfect, unſincere:
For, ſtung with inward rage, he flings around,
And ſtrives t'avenge the ſmart on that which gave the wound.
But love thoſe eager bitings does reſtrain,
And mingling pleaſure mollifies the pain.
For ardent hope ſtill flatters anxious grief,
And ſends him to his foe to ſeek relief:
Which yet the nature of the thing denies;
For love, and love alone of all our joys,
By full poſſeſſion does but fan the fire;
The more we ſtill enjoy, the more we ſtill deſire.
Nature for meat and drink provides a ſpace,
And, when receiv'd, they fill their certain place:
Hence thirſt and hunger may be ſatisfy'd
But this repletion is to love deny'd:
Form, feature, colour, whatſoe'er delight ——
Provokes the lover's endleſs appetite,
Theſe fill no ſpace, nor can we thence remove
With lips, or hands, or all our inſtruments of love:

In our deluded graſp we nothing find,
But thin aerial ſhapes, that fleet before the mind.
As he, who in a dream with drought is curſt,
And finds no real drink to quench his thirſt;
Runs to imagin'd lakes his heat to ſleep,
And vainly ſwills and labours in his ſleep:
So love with phantoms cheats his longing eyes,
Which hourly ſeeing never ſatisfies:
Our hands pull nothing from the parts they ſtrain,
But wander o'er the lovely limbs in vain:
Nor when the youthful pair more cloſely join,
When hands in hands they lock, and thighs in thighs they twine,
Juſt in the raging ſeaſon of full deſire,
When both preſs on, both murmur, both expire,
They grip, they ſqueeze, their humid tongues they dart,
As each wou'd force their way t'other's heart:
In vain; they only cruize about the coaſt;
For bodies cannot pierce, nor be in bodies loſt;
As ſure they ſtrive to be, when both engage
In that tumultuous momentary rage;
So 'tangled in the nets of love they lie,
'Till man diſſolves in that exceſs of joy.
Then, when the gather'd bag has burſt its way,
And ebbing tides the ſlacken'd nerves betray,
A pauſe enſues; and Nature nods a while,
'Till with recruited rage new ſpirits boil;
And then the ſame vain violence returns;
With flames renew'd th' erected furnace burns.
Again they in each other wou'd be loſt,
But ſtill by adamantine bars are croſt.
All ways they try, ſucceſsleſs all they prove,
To cure the ſecret ſore of ling'ring love.
Beſides ———
They waſte their ſtrength in the venereal ſtrife,
And to a woman's will enſlave their life;

Th' eſtate runs out, and mortgages are made;
All offices of friendſhip are decay'd;
Their fortune ruin'd, and their fame betray'd.
Aſſyrian ointment from their temples flows,
And diamond buckles ſparkles in their ſhoes.
The chearful emerald twinkles on their hands
With all the luxury of foreign lands:
And the blue coat, that with embroid'ry ſhines,
Is drunk with ſweat of their o'er-labour'd loins.
Their frugal father's gains they miſemploy,
And turn to point, and pearl, and every female toy.
French faſhions, coſtly treats, are their delight;
The park by day, and plays and balls by night.
In vain:———
For in the fountain where their ſweats are ſought,
Some bitter bubbles up, and poiſons all the draught.
Firſt guilty conſcience does the mirrour bring,
Then ſharp remorſe ſhoots out her angry ſting;
And anxious thoughts, within themſelves at ſtrife,
Upbraid the long, miſ-ſpent, luxurious life.
Perhaps, the fickle fair-one proves unkind,
Or drops a doubtful word, that pains his mind,
And leaves a rankling jealouſy behind.
Perhaps, he watches cloſe her amorous eyes,
And in the act of ogling does ſurpriſe;
And thinks he ſees upon her cheeks the while
The dimpled tracks of ſome foregoing ſmile;
His raging pulſe beats thick, and his pent ſpirits boil.
This is the product e'en of proſp'rous love;
Think then what pangs diſaſtrous paſſions prove.
Innumerable ills; diſdain, deſpair,
With all the meager family of care.
Thus, as I ſaid, 'tis better to prevent,
Than flatter the diſeaſe, and late repent:
Becauſe to ſhun th' allurement is not hard
To minds reſolv'd, forewarn'd, and well prepar'd;

But wond'rous difficult, when once beſet,
To ſtruggle thro' the ſtraits, and break the involving net.
Yet thus inſnar'd thy freedom thou mayſt gain,
If, like a fool, thou doſt not hug thy chain;
If not to ruin obſtinately blind,
And wilfully endeavouring not to find
Her plain defects of body and of mind.
For thus the bedlam train of lovers uſe
T' inhance the value, and the faults excuſe.
And therefore 'tis no wonder if we ſee
They doat on dowdys and deformity:
E'en what they cannot praiſe, they will not blame,
But veil with ſome extenuating name:
The ſallow ſkin is for the ſwarthy put,
And love can make a ſlattern of a ſlut.
If cat-ey'd, then a Pallas is their love;
If freckled, ſhe's a party-colour'd dove:
If little, then ſhe's life and ſoul all o'er:
An Amazon, the large two-handed whore.
She ſtammers; oh what grace in liſping lies!
If ſhe ſays nothing, to be ſure ſhe's wiſe.
If ſhrill, and with a voice to drown a quire,
Sharp-witted ſhe muſt be, and full of fire.
The lean, conſumptive wench, with coughs decay'd,
Is call'd a pretty, tight, and ſlender maid,
Th' o'er-grown, a goodly Ceres is expreſt,
A bed-fellow for Bacchus at the leaſt.
Flat noſe the name of Satyr never miſſes,
And hanging blobber lips but pout for kiſſes.
The taſk were endleſs all the reſt to trace:
Yet grant ſhe were a Venus for her face
And ſhape, yet others equal beauty ſhare;
And time was, you could live without the fair:
She does no more, in that for which you woo,
Than homelier women full as well can do.
Beſides ſhe daubs, and ſtinks ſo much of paint,
Her own attendants cannot bear the ſcent,

But laugh behind, and bite their lips to hold;
Mean-time excluded, and expos'd to cold,
The whining lover ſtands before the gates,
And there with humble adoration waits:
Crowning with flow'rs the threſhold and the floor,
And printing kiſſes on th' obdurate door:
Who, if admitted in that nick of time,
If ſome unſav'ry whiff betray the crime,
Invents a quarrel ſtraight, if there be none,
Or makes ſome faint excuſes to be gone;
And calls himſelf a doating fool to ſerve,
Aſcribing more than woman can deſerve.
Which well they underſtand like cunning queens;
And hide their naſtineſs behind the ſcenes,
From him they have allur'd, and would retain;
But to a piercing eye 'tis all in vain:
For common ſenſe brings all their cheats to view,
And the falſe light diſcovers by the true:
Which a wiſe harlot owns, and hopes to find
A pardon for defects, that run thro' all the kind.
Nor always do they feign the ſweets of love, [move,
When round the panting youth their pliant limbs they
And cling, and heave, and moiſten ev'ry kiſs.
They often ſhare, and more than ſhare the bliſs:
From every part, e'en to their inmoſt ſoul, [goal.
They feel the trickling joys, and run with vigour to the
Stir'd with the ſame impetuous deſire,
Birds, beaſts and herds, and mares, their males require:
Becauſe the throbbing nature in their veins
Provokes them to aſſwage their kindly pains:
The luſty leap th' expecting female ſtands,
By mutual heat compell'd to mutual bands.
Thus dogs with lolling tongues by love are ty'd;
Nor ſhouting boys nor blows their union can divide:
At either end they ſtrive the link to looſe;
In vain, for ſtronger Venus holds the nooſe.

Which never would thoſe wretched lovers do,
But that the common heats of love they know;
The pleaſure therefore muſt be ſhar'd in common too:
And when the woman's more prevailing juice
Sucks in the man's, the mixture will produce
The mother's likeneſs; when the man prevails,
His own reſemblance in the ſeed he ſeals.
But when we ſee the new begotten race
Reflect the features of each parent's face,
Then of the father's and the mother's blood
The juſtly temper'd ſeed is underſtood:
When both conſpire, with equal ardour bent,
From every limb the due proportion ſent,
When neither party foils, when neither foil'd,
This gives the ſplendid features of the child.
Sometimes the boy the grandſire's image bears:
Sometimes the more remote progenitor he ſhares;
Becauſe the genial atoms of the ſeed
Lye long conceal'd ere they exert the breed;
And, after ſundry ages paſt, produce
The tardy likeneſs of the latent juice.
Hence families ſuch different figures take,
And repreſent their anceſtors in face, and hair, and make.
Becauſe of the ſame ſeed, and voice, and hair,
And ſhape, the face and other members are,
And the ſame antique mould the likeneſs does prepare.
Thus oft the father's likeneſs does prevail
In females, and the mother's in the male.
For ſince the ſeed is of a double kind,
From that, where we the moſt reſemblance find,
We may conclude the ſtrongeſt tincture ſent,
And that was inconception prevalent.
Nor can the vain decrees of pow'rs above
Deny production to the act of love,
Or hinder fathers of that happy name,
Or with a barren womb the matron ſhame;

As many think, who ſtain with victims blood
The mournful altars, and with incenſe load,
To bleſs the ſhow'ry ſeed with future life,
And to impregnate the well-labour'd wife.
In vain they weary heav'n with prayer, or fly
To oracles, or magic numbers try:
For barrenneſs of ſexes will proceed
Either from too condens'd or wat'ry ſeed:
The wat'ry juice too ſoon diſſolves away,
And in the parts projected will not ſtay:
The too condens'd, unſoul'd, unwieldly maſs,
Drops ſhort, nor carries to the deſtin'd place;
Nor pierces to the parts, nor, though injected home,
Will mingle with the kindly moiſture of the womb.
For nuptials are unlike in their ſucceſs:
Some men with fruitful ſeed ſome women bleſs;
And from ſome men ſome women fruitful are;
Juſt as their conſtitutions join or jar:
And many ſeeming barren wives have been,
Who, after match'd with more prolifick men,
Have fill'd a family with prattling boys:
And many, not ſupply'd at home with joys,
Have found a friend abroad, to eaſe their ſmart,
And to perform the ſapleſs huſband's part.
So much it does import, that ſeed with ſeed
Should of the kindly mixture make the breed;
And thick with thin, and thin with thick ſhould join,
So to produce and propagate the line.
Of ſuch concernment too is drink and food,
T' incraſſate, or attenuate the blood.
Of like importance is the poſture too,
In which the genial feat of love we do:
For as the females of the four-foot kind
Receive the leapings of their males behind;
So the good wives, with loins up-lifted high,
And leaning on their hands, the fruitful ſtroke may try:

For in that poſture will they beſt conceive;
Not when, ſupinely laid, they friſk and heave:
For active motions only break the blow;
And more of ſtrumpets than of wives they ſhow;
When, anſwering ſtroke with ſtroke, the mingled liquors flow.
Endearments eager, and too briſk a bound,
Throws off the plow-ſhare from the furrow'd ground.
But common harlots in conjunction heave,
Becauſe 'tis leſs their buſineſs to conceive
Than to delight, and to provoke the deed;
A trick which honeſt wives but little need.
Nor is it from the gods, or Cupid's dart,
That many a homely woman takes the heart;
But wives well humour'd, dutiful, and chaſte,
And clean, with-hold their wand'ring huſbands faſt;
Such are the links of love, and ſuch a love will laſt.
For what remains, long habitude, and uſe,
Will kindneſs in domeſtick bands produce:
For cuſtom will a ſtrong impreſſion leave.
Hard bodies, which the lighteſt ſtroke receive,
In length of time, will moulder and decay,
And ſtones with drops of rain are waſh'd away.

From the Fifth Book of LUCRETIUS.

Tum porro puer, &c.

THUS, like a ſailor by a tempeſt hurl'd
Aſhore, the babe is ſhipwreck'd on the world:
Naked he lies, and ready to expire;
Helpleſs of all that human wants require;
Expos'd upon unhoſpitable earth,
From the firſt moment of his hapleſs birth.
Straight with foreboding cries he fills the room;
Too true preſages of his future doom.
But flocks and herds, and every ſavage beaſt,
By more indulgent Nature are increas'd.
They want no rattles for their froward mood,
Nor nurſe to reconcile them to their food,
With broken words; nor winter blaſts they fear,
Nor change their habits with the changing year:
Nor, for their ſafety, citadels prepare,
Nor forge the wicked inſtruments of war:
Unlabour'd earth her bounteous treaſure grants,
And Nature's laviſh hand ſupplies their common wants.

The Third ODE of the First Book of

HORACE.

Inſcrib'd to the EARL *of* ROSECOMMON, *on his intended Voyage to* Ireland.

SO may th' auſpicious queen of love,
And the twin ſtars, the ſeed of Jove,
And he who rules the raging wind,
To thee, O ſacred ſhip, be kind;
And gentle breezes fill thy ſails,
Supplying ſoft Etеſian gales:
As thou, to whom the muſe commends
The beſt of poets and of friends,
Doſt thy committed pledge reſtore,
And land him ſafely on the ſhore;
And ſave the better part of me,
From periſhing with him at ſea.
Sure he, who firſt the paſſage try'd,
In harden'd oak his heart did hide,
And ribs of iron arm'd his ſide;
Or his at leaſt, in hollow wood
Who tempted firſt the briny flood:
Nor fear'd the winds contending roar,
Nor billows beating on the ſhore;
Nor Hyades portending rain;
Nor all the tyrants of the main.
What form of death cou'd him affright,
Who unconcern'd, with ſtedfaſt ſight,
Cou'd view the ſurges mounting ſteep,
And monſters rolling in the deep!

Cou'd thro' the ranks of ruin go,
With ſtorms above, and rocks below!
In vain did Nature's wiſe command
Divide the waters from the land,
If daring ſhips and men prophane
Invade th' inviolable main;
Th' eternal fences over-leap,
And paſs at will the boundleſs deep.
No toil, no hardſhip can reſtrain
Ambitious man inur'd to pain;
The more confin'd, the more he tries,
And at forbidden quarry flies.
Thus bold Prometheus did aſpire,
And ſtole from heav'n the ſeeds of fire:
A train of ills, a ghaſtly crew,
The robber's blazing track purſue;
Fierce famine with her meagre face,
And fevers of the fiery race,
In ſwarms th' offending wretch ſurround,
All brooding on the blaſted ground:
And limping death, laſh'd on by fate,
Comes up to ſhorten half our date.
This made not Dedalus beware,
With borrow'd wings to ſail in air:
To hell Alcides forc'd his way,
Plung'd through the lake, and ſnatch'd the prey.
Nay ſcarce the gods, or heav'nly climes,
Are ſafe from our audacious crimes;
We reach at Jove's imperial crown,
And pull th' unwilling thunder down.

The Ninth ODE of the Firſt Book of

HORACE.

I.

BEHOLD yon' mountain's hoary height
Made higher with new mounts of ſnow;
Again behold his winter's weight
Oppreſs the lab'ring woods below:
And ſtreams, with icy fetters bound,
Benumb'd and crampt to ſolid ground.

II.

With well heap'd logs diſſolve the cold,
And feed the genial hearth with fires;
Produce the wine, that makes us bold,
And ſprightly wit and love inſpires:
For what hereafter ſhall betide,
God, if 'tis worth his care, provide.

III.

Let him alone, with what he made,
To toſs and turn the world below;
At his command the ſtorms invade;
The winds by his commiſſion blow;
'Till with a nod he bids 'em ceaſe,
And then the calm returns, and all is peace.

IV.

To-morrow and her works defie,
Lay hold upon the preſent hour,
And ſnatch the pleaſures paſſing by,
To put them out of fortune's pow'r:
Nor love, nor love's delights diſdain;
Whate'er thou get'ſt to-day, is gain.

V.

Secure thoſe golden early joys,
That youth unſour'd with ſorrow bears,

Ere with'ring time the taſte deſtroys,
With ſickneſs and unwieldy years.
For active ſports, for pleaſing reſt,
This is the time to be poſſeſt;
The beſt is but in ſeaſon beſt.

VI.

Th' appointed hour of promis'd bliſs,
The pleaſing whiſper in the dark,
The half unwilling willing kiſs,
The laugh that guides thee to the mark,
When the kind nymph wou'd coyneſs feign,
And hides but to be found again;
Theſe, theſe are joys the Gods for youth ordain.

The Twenty-ninth ODE *of the Third Book of* HORACE.

Paraphras'd in Pindarick verſe, and inſcrib'd to the Right Honourable LAURENCE EARL *of* ROCHESTER.

I.

DESCENDED of an ancient line,
That long the Tuſcan ſcepter ſway'd,
Make haſte to meet the generous wine,
Whoſe piercing is for thee delay'd:
The roſy wreath is ready made;
And artful hands prepare
The fragrant Syrian oil, that ſhall perfume thy hair.

II.

When the wine ſparkles from afar,
And the well natur'd friend cries, come away;
Make haſte, and leave thy buſineſs and thy care:
No mortal int'reſt can be worth thy ſtay.

III.

Leave for a while thy coſtly country ſeat;
And, to be great indeed, forget
The nauſeous pleaſures of the great:
Make haſte and come:
Come, and forſake thy cloying ſtore;
Thy turret that ſurveys, from high,
The ſmoke, and wealth, and noiſe of Rome;
And all the buſy pageantry
That wiſe men ſcorn, and fools adore: [poor.
Come, give thy ſoul a looſe, and taſte the pleaſures of the

IV.

Sometimes 'tis grateful to the rich to try
A ſhort viciſſitude, and fit of poverty:
A ſavoury diſh, a homely treat,
Where all is plain, where all is neat,
Without the ſtately ſpacious room,
The Perſian carpet, or the Tyrian loom,
Clear up the cloudy foreheads of the great.

V.

The ſun is in the lion mounted high;
The Syrian ſtar
Barks from afar,
And with his ſultry breath infects the ſky;
The ground below is parch'd, the heav'ns above us fry.
The ſhepherd drives his fainting flock
Beneath the covert of a rock,
And ſeeks refreſhing rivulets nigh:
The Sylvans to their ſhades retire, [require,
Thoſe very ſhades and ſtreams new ſhades and ſtreams
And want a cooling breeze of wind to fan the raging fire.

VII.

Thou, what befits the new Lord Mayor,
And what the city factions dare,
And what the Gallick arms will do,
And what the quiver-bearing foe,
Art anxiously inquisitive to know:
But God has, wisely, hid from human sight
The dark degrees of future fate,
And sown their seeds in depth of night;
He laughs at all the giddy turns of state;
When mortals search too soon, and fear too late.

VII.

Enjoy the present smiling hour;
And put it out of fortune's pow'r:
The tide of business, like the running stream,
Is sometimes high, and sometimes low,
A quiet ebb, or a tempestuous flow,
And always in extreme.
Now with a noiseless gentle course
It keeps within the middle bed;
Anon it lifts aloft the head,
And bears down all before it with impetuous force:
And trunks of trees come rowling down,
Sheep and their folds together drown,
Both house and homested into seas are born;
And rocks are from their old foundations torn,
And woods, made thin with winds, their scatter'd ho-
[nours mourn.

VIII.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He, who can call to-day his own:
He who, secure within, can say,
To-morrow do thy worst, for I have liv'd to-day.
Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,
The joys I have possess'd, in spite of fate are mine.
Not Heav'n itself upon the past has pow'r;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.

IX.

Fortune, that, with malicious joy,
Does man her ſlave oppreſs,
Proud of her office to deſtroy,
Is ſeldom pleas'd to bleſs:
Still various, and unconſtant ſtill,
But with an inclination to be ill,
Promotes, degrades, delights in ſtrife,
And makes a lottery of life.
I can enjoy her while ſhe's kind;
But when ſhe dances in the wind,
And ſhakes her wings, and will not ſtay,
I puff the proſtitute away:
The little or the much ſhe gave, is quietly reſign'd;
Content with poverty, my ſoul I arm;
And virtue, tho' in rags, will keep me warm.

X.

What is't to me,
Who never ſail in her unfaithful ſea,
If ſtorms ariſe, and clouds grow black;
If the maſt ſplit, and threaten wreck?
Then let the greedy merchant fear
For his ill-gotten gain;
And pray to gods that will not hear,
While the debating winds and billows bear
His wealth into the main.
For me, ſecure from fortune's blows,
Secure of what I cannot loſe,
In my ſmall pinnace I can ſail,
Contemning all the bluſt'ring roar;
And running with a merry gale,
With friendly ſtars my ſafety ſeek
Within ſome little winding creek;
And ſee the ſtorm aſhore.

The Second Epode of HORACE.

HOW happy in his low degree,
How rich in humble poverty, is he,
Who leads a quiet country life;
Diſcharg'd of buſineſs, void of ſtrife,
And from the griping ſcrivener free!
Thus, ere the ſeeds of vice were ſown,
Liv'd men in better ages born,
Who plow'd with oxen of their own
Their ſmall paternal field of corn.
Nor trumpets ſummon him to war,
Nor drums diſturb his morning ſleep,
Nor knows he merchants gainful care,
Nor fears the dangers of the deep.
The clamours of contentious law,
And court and ſtate, he wiſely ſhuns,
Nor brib'd with hopes, nor dar'd with awe,
To ſervile ſalutations runs;
But either to the claſping vine
Does the ſupporting poplar wed,
Or with his pruning-hook disjoin
Unbearing branches from their head,
And grafts more happy in their ſtead:
Or, climbing to a hilly ſteep,
He views his herds in vales afar,
Or ſheers his overburden'd ſheep,
Or mead for cooling drink prepares,
Of virgin honey in the jars.
Or in the now declining year,
When bounteous Autumn rears his head,
He joys to pull the ripen'd pear,
And cluſt'ring grapes with purple ſpread.
The faireſt of his fruit he ſerves,
Priapus, thy rewards:

Sylvanus too his part deſerves,
Whoſe care the fences guards.
Sometimes beneath an ancient oak,
Or on the matted graſs he lies;
No God of ſleep he need invoke;
The ſtream that o'er the pebbles flies,
With gentle ſlumber crowns his eyes.
The wind that whiſtles through the ſprays,
Maintains the concert of the ſong;
And hidden birds, with native lays,
The golden ſleep prolong.
But when the blaſt of Winter blows,
And hoary froſt inverts the year,
Into the naked woods he goes,
And ſeeks the tuſky boar to rear,
With well-mouth'd hounds and pointed ſpear;
Or ſpreads his ſubtle nets from ſight
With twinkling glaſſes, to betray
The larks that in the meſhes light,
Or makes the fearful hare his prey.
Amidſt his harmleſs eaſy joys,
No anxious care invades his health,
Nor love his peace of mind deſtroys,
Nor wicked avarice of wealth.
But if a chaſte and pleaſing wife,
To eaſe the buſineſs of his life,
Divides with him his houſhold care,
Such as the Sabine matrons were,
Such as the ſwift Apulian's bride,
Sun-burnt and ſwarthy though ſhe be,
Will fire for winter nights provide,
And without noiſe will overſee
His children and his family;
And order all things 'till he come,
Sweaty and overlabour'd, home;
If ſhe in pens his flocks will fold,
And then produce her dairy ſtore,

With wine to drive away the cold,
And unbought dainties of the poor;
Not oyſters of the Lucrine lake
My ſober appetite would wiſh,
Nor turbot, or the foreign fiſh
That rowling tempeſts overtake,
And hither waft the coſtly diſh.
Not heathpout, or the rarer bird,
Which Phaſis or Ionia yields,
More pleaſing morſels wou'd afford
Than the fat olives of my fields;
Than ſhards or mallows for the pot,
That keep the looſen'd body ſound,
Or than the lamb, that falls by lot
To the juſt guardian of my ground.
Amidſt theſe feaſts of happy ſwains,
The jolly ſhepherd ſmiles to ſee
His flock returning from the plains;
The farmer is as pleas'd as he
To view his oxen, ſweating ſmoke,
Bear on their necks the looſen'd yoke;
To look upon his menial crew,
That ſit around his chearful hearth,
And bodies ſpent in toil renew
With wholeſome food and country mirth.
This Morecraft ſaid within himſelf,
Reſolv'd to leave the wicked town,
And live retir'd upon his own,
He call'd his money in;
But the prevailing love of pelf
Soon ſplit him on the former ſhelf,
He put it out again.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

OVID.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

OVID.

PREFACE

Concerning OVID's Epiſtles *.

THE life of Ovid being already written in our language before the tranſlation of his *Metamorphoſes*, I will not preſume ſo far upon myſelf, to think I can add any thing to Mr Sandys his undertaking. The Engliſh reader may there be ſatisfied, that he flouriſhed in the reign of Auguſtus Cæſar; that he was extracted from an ancient family of Roman knights; that he was born to the inheritance of a ſplendid fortune; that he was deſigned to the ſtudy of the law, and had made conſiderable progreſs in it, before he quitted that profeſſion, for this of poetry, to which he was more naturally formed. The cauſe of his baniſhment is unknown; becauſe he was himſelf unwilling further to provoke the Emperor, by aſcribing it to any other reaſon than what was pretended by Auguſtus; which was, the laſciviouſneſs of his *Elegies*, and his *Art of Love*. 'Tis true, they are not to be excuſed in the ſeverity of manners, as being able to corrupt a larger empire, if there were any, than that of Rome: Yet this may be ſaid in behalf of Ovid, that no man has ever treated the paſſion of love with ſo much delicacy of thought, and of expreſſion, or ſearched into the nature of it more philoſophically than he. And the Emperor, who condemned him, had as little reaſon as another man, to puniſh that fault with ſo much ſeverity, if at leaſt he

* Prefixed to Ovid's Epiſtles, *&c.* tranſlated into Engliſh verſe by the moſt eminent hands.

were the author of a certain *Epigram*, which is inſcribed to him, relating to the cauſe of the firſt civil war betwixt himſelf and Mark Antony the Triumvir, which is more fulſome than any paſſage I have met with in our poet. To paſs by the naked familiarity of his expreſſions to Horace, which are cited in that author's life, I need only mention one notorious act of his, in taking Livia to his bed, when ſhe was not only married, but with child by her huſband then living. But deeds, it ſeems, may be juſtified by arbitrary power, when words are queſtioned in a poet. There is another gueſs of the grammarians, as far from truth as the firſt is from reaſon: They will have him baniſhed for ſome favours, which, they ſay, he received from Julia the daughter of Auguſtus, whom they think he celebrates under the name of Corinna in his *Elegies*: But he who will obſerve the verſes which are made to that miſtreſs, may gather from the whole contexture of them, that Corinna was not a woman of the higheſt quality. If Julia were then married to Agrippa, why ſhould our poet make his petition to Iſis for her ſafe delivery, and afterwards condole her miſcarriage; which, for ought he knew, might be by her own huſband? Or, indeed, how durſt he be ſo bold to make the leaſt diſcovery of ſuch a crime, which was no leſs than capital, eſpecially committed againſt a perſon of Agrippa's rank? Or, if it were before her marriage, he would ſure have been more diſcreet, than to have publiſhed an accident which muſt have been fatal to them both. But what moſt confirms me againſt this opinion, is, that Ovid himſelf complains, that the true perſon of Corinna was found out by the fame of his verſes to her, which, if it had been Julia, he durſt not have owned; and, beſides, an immediate puniſhment muſt have followed. He ſeems himſelf more truly to have touched at the cauſe of his exile in thoſe obſcure verſes:

Cur aliquid vidi, cur noxia lumina feci? &c.

Namely, that he had either ſeen, or was conſcious to ſomewhat, which had procured him his diſgrace. But neither am I ſatisfied, that this was the inceſt of the Emperor with his own daughter: For Auguſtus was of a nature too vindicative, to have contented himſelf with ſo ſmall a revenge, or ſo unſafe to himſelf, as that of ſimple baniſhment; but would certainly have ſecured his crimes from public notice, by the death of him who was witneſs to them. Neither have hiſtories given us any ſight into ſuch an action of this Emperor: Nor would he (the greateſt politician of his time) in all probability, have managed his crimes with ſo little ſecrecy, as not to ſhun the obſervation of any man. It ſeems more probable, that Ovid was either the confident of ſome other paſſion, or that he had ſtumbled by ſome inadvertency upon the privacies of Livia, and ſeen her in a bath: For the words

Sine veſte Dianam

agree better with Livia, who had the fame of chaſtity, than with either of the Julia's, who were both noted for incontinency. The firſt verſes, which were made by him in his youth, and recited publicly, according to the cuſtom, were, as he himſelf aſſures us, to Corinna: His baniſhment happened not till the age of fifty: From which it may be deduced, with probability enough, that the love of Corinna did not occaſion it: Nay, he tells us plainly, that his offence was that of error only, not of wickedneſs; and in the ſame paper of verſes alſo, that the cauſe was notoriouſly known at Rome, though it be left ſo obſcure to after ages.

But to leave conjectures on a ſubject ſo uncertain, and to write ſomewhat more authentic of this poet, That he frequented the court of Auguſtus, and was well received in it, is moſt undoubted: All his poems bear the character of a Court, and appear to be written, as the French

call it, *cavalierment*: Add to this, that the titles of many of his Elegies, and more of his Letters in his banishment, are addressed to persons well known to us, even at this distance to have been considerable in that court.

Nor was his acquaintance less with the famous poets of his age, than with Noblemen and Ladies. He tells you himself, in a particular account of his own life, that Macer, Horace, Tibullus, Propertius, and many others of them, were his familiar friends, and that some of them communicated their writings to him; but that he had only seen Virgil.

If the imitation of nature be the business of a poet, I know no author who can justly be compared with ours, especially in the description of the passions. And, to prove this, I shall need no other judges, than the generality of the readers: For all passions being inborn with us, we are almost equally judges, when we are concerned in the representation of them. Now, I will appeal to any man who has read this poet, whether he finds not the natural emotion of the same passion in himself, which the poet describes in his feigned persons? His thoughts, which are the pictures and results of those passions, are generally such as naturally arise from those disorderly motions of our spirits. Yet, not to speak too partially in his behalf, I will confess, that the copiousness of his wit was such, that he often wrote too pointedly for his subject, and made his persons speak more eloquently than the violence of their passion would admit: So that he is frequently witty out of season; leaving the imitation of nature, and the cooler dictates of his judgment, for the false applause of fancy. Yet he seems to have found out this imperfection in his riper age: For why else should he complain, that his *Metamorphoses* was left unfinished? Nothing sure can be added to the wit of that poem, or of the rest: But many things ought to have been retrench-

ed; which, I ſuppoſe, would have been the buſineſs of his age, if his misfortunes had not come too faſt upon him. But take him uncorrected, as he is tranſmitted to us, and it muſt be acknowledged, in ſpite of his Dutch friends, the commentators, even of Julius Scaliger himſelf, that Seneca's cenſure will ſtand good againſt him:

Neſcivit quod bene ceſſit relinquere.

He never knew how to give over, when he had done well; but continually varying the ſame ſenſe an hundred ways, and taking up in another place, what he had more than enough inculcated before, he ſometimes cloys his readers, inſtead of ſatisfying them; and gives occaſion to his tranſlators, who dare not cover him, to bluſh at the nakedneſs of their father. This then is the allay of Ovid's writings, which is ſufficiently recompenſed by his other excellencies: Nay, this very fault is not without its beauties; for the moſt ſevere cenſor cannot but be pleaſed with the prodigality of his wit, though at the ſame time he could have wiſhed, that the maſter of it had been a better manager. Every thing, which he does, becomes him; and, if ſometimes he appears too gay, yet there is a ſecret gracefulneſs of youth which accompanies his writings, though the ſtaidneſs and ſobriety of age be wanting. In the moſt material part, which is the conduct, 'tis certain that he ſeldom has miſcarried: For if his Elegies be compared with thoſe of Tibullus and Propertius, his contemporaries, it will be found, that thoſe poets ſeldom deſigned before they writ: And though the language of Tibullus be more poliſhed, and the learning of Propertius, eſpecially in his fourth book, more ſet out to oſtentation; yet their common practice was, to look no further before them than the next line; whence it will inevitably follow, that they can drive to no certain point, but ramble from

one ſubject to another, and conclude with ſomewhat, which is not of a piece with their beginning:

Purpureus late qui ſplendeat unus & alter
Aſſuitur pannus,

as Horace ſays: Though the verſes are golden, they are but patched into the garment. But our poet has always the goal in his eye, which directs him in his race; ſome beautiful deſign, which he firſt eſtabliſhes, and then contrives the means which will naturally conduct him to his end. This will be evident to judicious readers in his Epiſtles, of which ſomewhat at leaſt, in general, will be expected.

The title of them in our late editions, is *Epiſtolæ Heroidum*, the Letters of the Heroines. But Heinſius has judged more truly, that the inſcription of our author was barely, Epiſtles; which he concludes from his cited verſes, where Ovid aſſerts this work as his own invention, and not borrow'd from the Greeks, whom (as the maſters of their learning) the Romans uſually did imitate. But it appears not from their writings, that any of the Grecians ever touched upon this way, which our poet therefore juſtly has vindicated to himſelf. I quarrel not at the word *Heroidum*, becauſe 'tis us'd by Ovid in his art of love:

Jupiter ad veteres ſupplex Heroidas *ibat.*

But, ſure, he could not be guilty of ſuch an overſight, to call his work by the name of Heroines, when there are divers men, or heroes, as, namely, Paris, Leander, and Acontius, joined in it. Except Sabinus, who writ ſome anſwers to Ovid's Letters,

(Quam celer e toto rediit meus orbe Sabinus.)

I remember not any of the Romans, who have treated on this ſubject, ſave only Propertius, and that but once, in his epiſtle of Arethuſa to Lycotas, which is written ſo near the ſtyle of Ovid, that it ſeems to be but an imitation, and therefore ought not to defraud our poet of the glory of his invention.

Concerning the Epiſtles, I ſhall content myſelf to obſerve theſe few particulars: Firſt, that they are generally granted to be the moſt perfect piece of Ovid, and that the ſtyle of them is tenderly paſſionate and courtly; two properties well agreeing with the perſons, which were Heroines, and Lovers. Yet, where the characters were lower, as in OEnone, and Hero, he has kept cloſe to Nature, in drawing his images after a country life, though, perhaps, he has Romaniz'd his Grecian dames too much, and made them ſpeak, ſometimes, as if they had been born in the city of Rome, and under the empire of Auguſtus. There ſeems to be no great variety in the particular ſubjects which he has choſen; moſt of the Epiſtles being written from Ladies, who were forſaken by their lovers: Which is the reaſon that many of the ſame thoughts come back upon us in divers letters. But of the general character of women, which is modeſty, he has taken a moſt becoming care: For his amorous expreſſions go no further than virtue may allow, and therefore may be read, as he intended them, by matrons without a bluſh.

Thus much concerning the poet: It remains, that I ſhould ſay ſomewhat of poetical tranſlations in general, and give my opinion (with ſubmiſſion to better judgments) which way of verſion ſeems to me moſt proper.

All tranſlation, I ſuppoſe, may be reduced to theſe three heads.

Firſt, that of Metaphraſe, or turning an author, word by word, and line by line, from one language into another. Thus, or near this manner, was Horace his Art

of Poetry tranſlated by Ben Johnſon. The ſecond way is that of Paraphraſe, or tranſlation with latitude, where the author is kept in view by the tranſlator, ſo as never to be loſt; but his words are not ſo ſtrictly followed as his ſenſe, and that too is admitted to be amplified, but not altered. Such is Mr Waller's tranſlation of Virgil's fourth Æneid. The third way is that of Imitation, where the tranſlator (if now he has not loſt that name) aſſumes the liberty, not only to vary from the words and ſenſe, but to forſake them both as he ſees occaſion; and, taking only ſome general hints from the original, to run diviſion on the ground-work, as he pleaſes. Such is Mr Cowley's practice, in turning two odes of Pindar, and one of Horace, into Engliſh.

Concerning the firſt of theſe methods, our maſter Horace has given us this caution:

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres———

"Nor word for word too faithfully tranſlate,"

as the Earl of Roſecommon has excellently render'd it. Too faithfully is, indeed, pedantically: 'Tis a faith like that which proceeds from ſuperſtition, blind and zealous. Take it in the expreſſion of Sir John Denham to Sir Rich. Fanſhaw, on his verſion of the *Paſtor Fido*.

"That ſervile path thou nobly doſt decline,
"Of tracing word by word, and line by line.
"A new and nobler way thou doſt purſue,
"To make tranſlations and tranſlators too:
"They but perſerve the aſhes, thou the flame,
"True to his ſenſe, but truer to his fame."

'Tis almoſt impoſſible to tranſlate verbally, and well, at the ſame time: For the Latin (a moſt ſevere and

compendious language) often expreſſes that in one word, which either the barbarity, or the narrowneſs, of modern tongues, cannot ſupply in more. 'Tis frequent alſo, that the conceit is couched in ſome expreſſion, which will be loſt in Engliſh.

Atque iidem venti vela fidemque ferent.

What poet of our nation is ſo happy as to expreſs this thought literally in Engliſh, and to ſtrike wit, or almoſt ſenſe, out of it?

In ſhort, the verbal copier is incumber'd with ſo many difficulties at once, that he can never diſintangle himſelf from all. He is to conſider, at the ſame time, the thought of his author, and his words, and to find out the counterpart to each in another language: And, beſides this, he is to confine himſelf to the compaſs of numbers, and the ſlavery of rhyme. 'Tis much like dancing on ropes with fetter'd legs: A man can ſhun a fall, by uſing caution; but the gracefulneſs of motion is not to be expected: And when we have ſaid the beſt of it, 'tis but a fooliſh taſk; for no ſober man would put himſelf into a danger, for the applauſe of eſcaping without breaking his neck. We ſee Ben Johnſon could not avoid obſcurity, in his literal tranſlation of Horace, attempted in the ſame compaſs of lines: Nay, Horace himſelf could ſcarce have done it to a Greek poet;

Brevis eſſe laboro, obſcurus fio:

Either perſpicuity or gracefulneſs will frequently be wanting. Horace has, indeed, avoided both theſe rocks, in his tranſlation of the three firſt lines of *Homer's Odyſſey*, which he has contracted into two.

Dic mihi, muſa, virum, captæ poſt tempora Trojæ,
Qui mores hominum multorum vidit & urbes.

" Muſe, ſpeak the man, who, ſince the ſiege of Troy,
" So many towns, ſuch change of manners ſaw."

ROSCOMMON.

But then the ſufferings of Ulyſſes, which are a conſiderable part of that ſentence, are omitted:

[Ος μαλα πολλα πλαγχθη:]

The conſideration of theſe difficulties, in a ſervile, literal, tranſlation, not long ſince made two of our famous wits, Sir John Denham, and Mr Cowley, to contrive another way of turning authors into our tongue, called, by the latter of them, *Imitation*. As they were friends, I ſuppoſe they communicated their thoughts on this ſubject to each other; and, therefore, their reaſons for it are little different, though the practice of one is much more moderate. I take imitation of an author, in their ſenſe, to be an endeavour of a later poet, to write like one who has written before him on the ſame ſubject: That is, not to tranſlate his words, or to be confined to his ſenſe, but only to ſet him as a pattern, and to write, as he ſuppoſes that author would have done, had he lived in our age, and in our country. Yet I dare not ſay, that either of them have carried this libertine way of rendering authors (as Mr Cowley calls it) ſo far as my definition reaches. For in the *Pindaric Odes*, the cuſtoms and ceremonies of ancient Greece are ſtill preſerved. But I know not what miſchief may ariſe hereafter from the example of ſuch an innovation, when writers of unequal parts to him ſhall imitate ſo bold an undertaking. To add, and to diminiſh what we pleaſe, which is the way avowed by him, ought only to be granted to Mr Cowley, and that too only in his tranſlation of Pindar, becauſe he alone was able to make him amends, by giving him better of his own, whenever he refuſed his author's thoughts. Pindar is generally known to be a dark writer, to want connexion, (I

mean as to underſtanding) to ſoar out of ſight, and leave his reader at a gaze. So wild and ungovernable a poet cannot be tranſlated literally; his genius is too ſtrong to bear a chain, and, Samſon-like, he ſhakes it off. A genius ſo elevated and unconfined as Mr Cowley's, was but neceſſary to make Pindar ſpeak Engliſh, and that was to be performed by no other way than imitation. But if Virgil, or Ovid, or any regular intelligible authors, be thus uſed, it is no longer to be called their work, when neither the thoughts, nor words, are drawn from the original: But inſtead of them, there is ſomething new produced, which is almoſt the creation of another hand. By this way, it is true, ſomewhat that is excellent may be invented, perhaps more excellent than the firſt deſign; though Virgil muſt be ſtill excepted, when that perhaps takes place. Yet he, who is inquiſitive to know an author's thoughts, will be diſappointed in his expectation. And it is not always that a man will be contented to have a preſent made him, when he expects the payment of a debt. To ſtate it fairly; Imitation of an author is the moſt advantageous way for a tranſlator to ſhew himſelf, but the greateſt wrong which can be done to the memory and reputation of the dead. Sir John Denham (who adviſed more liberty than he took himſelf) gives this reaſon for his innovation, in his admirable preface before the tranſlation of the ſecond Æneid: "Poetry is of ſo ſubtle a ſpirit, that, in pouring "out of one language into another, it will all evaporate; "and, if a new ſpirit be not added in the transfuſion, "there will remain nothing but a *caput mortuum*. I confeſs this argument holds good againſt a literal tranſlation; but who defends it? Imitation, and verbal verſion, are, in in my opinion, the two extremes which ought to be avoided: And therefore, when I have propoſed the mean betwixt them, it will be ſeen how far his argument will reach.

No man is capable of tranſlating poetry, who, beſides a genius to that art, is not a maſter both of his author's language, and of his own: Nor muſt we underſtand the language only of the poet, but his particular turn of thoughts, and expreſſion, which are the characters that diſtinguiſh, and, as it were, individuate him from all other writers. When we are come thus far, it is time to look into ourſelves, to conform our genius to his, to give his thought either the ſame turn, if our tongue will bear it, or, if not, to vary but the dreſs, not to alter or deſtroy the ſubſtance. The like care muſt be taken of the more outward ornaments, the words. When they appear (which is but ſeldom) literally graceful, it is an injury to the author that they ſhould be changed: But ſince every language is ſo full of its own proprieties, that what is beautiful in one, is often barbarous, nay, ſometimes nonſenſe in another, it would be unreaſonable to limit a tranſlator to the narrow compaſs of his author's words: 'Tis enough if he chooſe out ſome expreſſion which does not vitiate the ſenſe. I ſuppoſe he may ſtretch his chain to ſuch a latitude; but, by innovation of thoughts, methinks he breaks it. By this means the ſpirit of an author may be tranſfuſed, and yet not loſt: And thus it is plain, that the reaſon alledged by Sir John Denham, has no further force than to expreſſion. For thought, if it be tranſlated truly, cannot be loſt in another language; but the words that convey it to our apprehenſion, (which are the image and ornament of that thought), may be ſo ill choſen, as to make it appear in an unhandſome dreſs, and rob it of its native luſtre. There is, therefore, a liberty to be allowed for the expreſſion; neither is it neceſſary, that words and lines ſhould be confined to the meaſure of their original. The ſenſe of an author, generally ſpeaking, is to be ſacred and inviolable. If the fancy of Ovid be luxuriant, it is his character to be ſo; and, if I retrench it, he is no longer Ovid. It will be replied, that he receives advan-

tage by thus lopping off his ſuperfluous branches; but I rejoin, that a tranſlator has no ſuch right. When a Painter copies from the life, I ſuppoſe he has no privilege to alter features, and lineaments, under pretence that his picture will look better: Perhaps the face which he has drawn would be more exact, if the eyes or noſe were altered; but it is his buſineſs to make it reſemble the original. In two caſes, only, there may a ſeeming difficulty ariſe; that is, if the thought be notoriouſly trivial, or diſhoneſt. But the ſame anſwer will ſerve for both, that then they ought not to be tranſlated:

——— *Et quæ*
Deſperes tractata niteſcere poſſe, relinquas.

Thus I have ventured to give my opinion on this ſubject, againſt the authority of two great men, but I hope without offence to either of their memories; for I both loved them living, and reverence them now they are dead. But if, after what I have urged, it be thought by better judges, that the praiſe of a tranſlation conſiſts in adding new beauties to the piece, thereby to recompenſe the loſs which it ſuſtains by change of language, I ſhall be willing to be taught better, and to recant. In the meantime, it ſeems to me, that the true reaſon, why we have ſo few verſions which are tolerable, is not from the too cloſe purſuing of the author's ſenſe, but becauſe there are ſo few who have all the talents which are requiſite for tranſlation, and that there is ſo little praiſe, and ſo ſmall encouragement, for ſo conſiderable a part of learning.

CANACE to MACAREUS.

EPIST. xi.

ARGUMENT.

Macareus and Canace, ſon and daughter to Æolus god of the winds, loved each other inceſtuouſly: Canace was delivered of a ſon, and committed him to her nurſe, to be ſecretly conveyed away. The infant crying out, by that means was diſcovered to Æolus, who, enraged at the wickedneſs of his children, commanded the babe to be expoſed to wild beaſts on the mountains: And withal, ſent a ſword to Canace, with this meſſage, That her crimes would inſtruct her how to uſe it. With this ſword ſhe ſlew herſelf: But before ſhe died, ſhe writ the following letter to her brother Macareus, who had taken ſanctuary in the temple of Apollo.

IF ſtreaming blood my fatal letter ſtain,
Imagine, ere you read, the writer ſlain;
One hand the ſword, and one the pen employs,
And in my lap the ready paper lies.
Think in this poſture thou beholdſt me write:
In this my cruel father would delight.
O! were he preſent, that his eyes and hands
Might ſee, and urge, the death which he commands!
Than all the raging winds more dreadful, he,
Unmov'd, without a tear, my wounds would ſee.

Jove juſtly plac'd him on a ſtormy throne,
His people's temper is ſo like his own.
The *North* and *South*, and each contending blaſt,
Are underneath his wide dominion caſt:
Thoſe he can rule; but his tempeſtuous mind
Is, like his airy kingdom, unconfin'd.
Ah! what avail my kindred gods above,
That in their number I can reckon Jove!
What help will all my heav'nly friends afford,
When to my breaſt I lift the pointed ſword?
That hour, which join'd us, came before its time:
In death we had been one without a crime.
Why did thy flames beyond a brother's move?
Why lov'd I thee with more than ſiſter's love?
For I lov'd too; and knowing not my wound,
A ſecret pleaſure in thy kiſſes found;
My cheeks no longer did their colour boaſt,
My food grew lothſome, and my ſtrength I loſt:
Still ere I ſpoke, a ſigh would ſtop my tongue;
Short were my ſlumbers, and my nights were long.
I knew not from my love theſe griefs did grow,
Yet was, alas! the thing I did not know.
My wily nurſe by long experience found,
And firſt diſcover'd to my ſoul its wound.
'Tis love, ſaid ſhe; and then my down-caſt eyes,
And guilty dumbneſs, witneſs'd my ſurprize.
Forc'd at the laſt, my ſhameful pain I tell:
And, oh! what follow'd we both know too well.
" When half denying, more than half content,
" Embraces warm'd me to a full conſent.
" Then with tumultuous joys my heart did beat,
" And guilt that made them anxious made them great.
But now my ſwelling womb heav'd up my breaſt,
And riſing weight my ſinking limbs oppreſt.
What herbs, what plants, did not my nurſe produce,
To make abortion by their pow'rful juice?

What med'cines try'd we not, to thee unknown?
Our firſt crime common; this was mine alone.
But the ſtrong child, ſecure in his dark cell,
With Nature's vigour did our arts repel.
And now the pale-fac'd empreſs of the night
Nine times had fill'd her orb with borrow'd light:
Not knowing 'twas my labour, I complain
Of ſudden ſhootings, and of grinding pain:
My throes came thicker, and my cries increas'd,
Which with her hand the conſcious nurſe ſuppreſs'd,
To that unhappy fortune was I come,
Pain urg'd my clamours, but fear kept me dumb.
With inward ſtruggling I reſtrain'd my cries,
And drunk the tears that trickled from my eyes.
Death was in ſight, Lucina gave no aid;
And even my dying had my guilt betray'd.
Thou cam'ſt, and in thy count'nance ſate deſpair;
Rent were thy garments all, and torn thy hair:
Yet feigning comfort, which thou cou'd'ſt not give,
(Preſt in thy arms, and whiſp'ring me to live:)
For both our ſakes, (ſaidſt thou) preſerve thy life;
Live, my dear ſiſter, and my dearer wife.
Rais'd by that name, with my laſt pangs I ſtrove:
Such pow'r have words, when ſpoke by thoſe we love.
The babe, as if he heard what thou hadſt ſworn,
With haſty joy ſprung forward to be born.
What helps it to have weather'd out one ſtorm?
Fear of our father does another form.
High in his hall, rock'd in a chair of ſtate,
The king with his tempeſtuous council ſate.
Thro' this large room our only paſſage lay,
By which we cou'd the new-born babe convey.
Swath'd in her lap, the bold nurſe bore him out,
With olive branches cover'd round about;
And mutt'ring pray'rs, as holy rites ſhe meant,
Thro' the divided croud unqueſtion'd went.

Juſt at the door, th' unhappy infant cry'd:
The grandſire heard him, and the theft he ſpy'd.
Swift as a whirlwind to the nurſe he flies,
And deafs his ſtormy ſubjects with his cries.
With one fierce puff he blows the leaves away:
Expos'd the ſelf-diſcover'd infant lay,
The noiſe reach'd me, and my preſaging mind
Too ſoon its own approaching woes divin'd.
Not ſhips at ſea with winds are ſhaken more,
Nor ſeas themſelves, when angry tempeſts roar,
Than I, when my loud father's voice I hear:
The bed beneath me trembled with my fear.
He ruſh'd upon me, and divulg'd my ſtain;
Scarce from my murder could his hands refrain.
I only anſwer'd him with ſilent tears;
They flow'd: My tongue was frozen up with fears.
His little grand-child he commands away,
To mountain wolves and ev'ry bird of prey.
The babe cry'd out, as if he underſtood,
And begg'd his pardon with what voice he cou'd.
By what expreſſions can my grief be ſhown?
(Yet you may gueſs my anguiſh by your own)
To ſee my bowels, and, what yet was worſe,
Your bowels too, condemn'd to ſuch a curſe!
Out went the king; my voice its freedom found,
My breaſts I beat, my blubber'd cheeks I wound.
And now appear'd the meſſenger of death;
Sad were his looks, and ſcarce he drew his breath,
To ſay, *your father ſends you*—(with that word
His trembling hands preſented me a ſword:)
Your father ſends you this; and lets you know,
That your own crimes the uſe of it will ſhow.
Too well I know the ſenſe thoſe words impart:
His *preſent* ſhall be treaſur'd in my heart.
Are theſe the nuptial gifts a bride receives?
And this the fatal dow'r a father gives?

Thou God of marriage! ſhun thy own diſgrace,
And take thy torch from this deteſted place:
Inſtead of that, let furies light their brands,
And fire my pile with their infernal hands.
With happier fortune may my ſiſters wed;
Warn'd by the dire example of the dead.
For thee, poor babe! what crime could they pretend?
How could thy infant innocence offend?
A guilt there was; but, oh, that guilt was mine!
Thou ſuffer'ſt for a ſin that was not thine.
Thy mother's grief and crime! but juſt enjoy'd,
Shewn to my ſight, and born to be deſtroy'd!
Unhappy offſpring of my teeming womb!
Dragg'd headlong from thy cradle to thy tomb!
Thy unoffending life I could not ſave,
Nor weeping could I follow to thy grave:
Nor on thy tomb could offer my ſhorn hair;
Nor ſhew the grief which tender mothers bear.
Yet long thou ſhalt not from my arms be loſt;
For ſoon I will o'ertake thy infant ghoſt.
But thou, my love, and now my love's deſpair,
Perform his fun'rals with paternal care.
His ſcatter'd limbs with my dead body burn;
And once more join us in the pious urn.
If on my wounded breaſt thou drop'ſt a tear,
Think for whoſe ſake my breaſt that wound did bear;
And faithfully my laſt deſires fulfil,
As I perform my cruel father's will.

HELEN to PARIS*.

EPIST. xvii.

ARGUMENT.

HELEN, having received an † epiſtle from Paris, returns the following anſwer: Wherein ſhe ſeems at firſt to chide him for his preſumption in writing as he had done, which could only proceed from his low opinion of her virtue; then owns herſelf to be ſenſible of the paſſion which he had expreſſed for her, though ſhe much ſuſpected his conſtancy; and at laſt diſcovers her inclination to be favourable to him: The whole letter ſhewing the extreme artifice of woman-kind.

WHEN looſe epiſtles violate chaſte eyes,
She half conſents, who ſilently denies.
How dares a ſtranger, with deſigns ſo vain,
Marriage and hoſpitable rights prophane?
Was it for this, your fleet did ſhelter find
From ſwelling ſeas, and ev'ry faithleſs wind?
(For tho' a diſtant country brought you forth,
Your uſage here was equal to your worth.)
Does this deſerve to be rewarded ſo?
Did you come here a ſtranger, or a foe?
Your partial judgment may perhaps complain,
And think me barb'rous for my juſt diſdain.
Ill-bred then let me be, but not unchaſte,
Nor my clear fame with any ſpot defac'd.

* By the Earl of Mulgrave, and Mr Dryden.
† The foregoing, in Ovid.

Tho' in my face there's no affected frown,
Nor in my carriage a feign'd niceneſs ſhown,
I keep my honour ſtill without a ſtain,
Nor has my love made any coxcomb vain.
Your boldneſs I with admiration ſee;
What hope had you to gain a queen like me?
Becauſe a hero forc'd me once away,
Am I thought fit to be a ſecond prey?
Had I been won, I had deſerv'd your blame,
But ſure my part was nothing but the ſhame.
Yet the baſe theft to him no fruit did bear,
I 'ſcap'd unhurt by any thing but fear.
Rude force might ſome unwilling kiſſes gain;
But that was all he ever could obtain.
You on ſuch terms would ne'er have let me go;
Were he like you, we had not parted ſo.
Untouch'd the youth reſtor'd me to my friends,
And modeſt uſage made me ſome amends.
'Tis virtue to repent a vicious deed.
Did he repent, that Paris might ſucceed?
Sure 'tis ſome fate that ſets me above wrongs,
Yet ſtill expoſes me to buſy tongues.
I'll not complain; for who's diſpleas'd with love,
If it ſincere, diſcreet, and conſtant prove?
But that I fear; not that I think you baſe,
Or doubt the blooming beauties of my face;
But all your ſex is ſubject to deceive,
And ours, alas! too willing to believe.
Yet others yield; and love o'ercomes the beſt:
But why ſhould I not ſhine above the reſt?
Fair Leda's ſtory ſeems at firſt to be
A fit example ready form'd for me.
But ſhe was cozen'd by a borrow'd ſhape,
And under harmleſs feathers felt a rape.
If I ſhould yield, what reaſon could I uſe?
By what miſtake the loving crime excuſe?

Her fault was in her powerful lover loſt;
But of what Jupiter have I to boaſt?
Tho' you to heroes and to kings ſucceed,
Our famous race does no addition need;
And great alliances but uſeleſs prove
To one that comes herſelf from mighty Jove.
Go then, and boaſt in ſome leſs haughty place
Your Phrygian blood, and Priam's ancient race;
Which I would ſhew I valu'd, if I durſt;
You are the fifth from Jove, but I the firſt.
The crown of Troy is pow'rful, I confeſs;
But I have reaſon to think ours no leſs.
Your letter fill'd with promiſes of all
That men can good, and women pleaſant call,
Gives expectation ſuch an ample field,
As wou'd move goddeſſes themſelves to yield.
But if I e'er offend great Juno's laws,
Yourſelf ſhall be the dear, the only cauſe:
Either my honour I'll to death maintain,
Or follow you, without mean thoughts of gain.
Not that ſo fair a preſent I deſpiſe;
We like the gift when we the giver prize.
But 'tis your love moves me, which made you take
Such pains, and run ſuch hazards for my ſake.
I have percejv'd (tho' I diſſembled too)
A thouſand things that love has made you do.
Your eager eyes would almoſt dazzle mine,
In which (wild man) your wanton thoughts wou'd ſhine.
Sometimes you'd ſigh, ſometimes diſorder'd ſtand,
And with unuſual ardour preſs my hand;
Contrive juſt after me to take the glaſs,
Nor would you let the leaſt occaſion paſs:
When oft I fear'd, I did not mind alone,
And bluſhing ſate for things which you have done:
Then murmur'd to myſelf, he'll for my ſake
Do any thing; I hope 'twas no miſtake.

Oft have I read within this pleaſing grove,
Under my name, thoſe charming words, *I love.*
I, frowning, ſeem'd not to believe your flame;
But now, alas! am come to write the ſame.
If I were capable to do amiſs,
I could not but be ſenſible of this.
For oh! your face has ſuch peculiar charms,
That who can hold from flying to your arms!
But what I ne'er can have without offence,
May ſome bleſt maid poſſeſs with innocence.
Pleaſure may tempt, but virtue more ſhould move;
O learn of me to want the thing you love.
What you deſire is ſought by all mankind:
As you have eyes, ſo others are not blind.
Like you they ſee, like you my charms adore;
They wiſh not leſs, but you dare venture more.
Oh! had you then upon our coaſts been brought,
My virgin-love when thouſand rivals ſought,
You had I ſeen, you ſhould have had my voice;
Nor cou'd my huſband juſtly blame my choice.
For both our hopes, alas! you come too late;
Another now is maſter of my fate.
More to my wiſh I cou'd have liv'd with you,
And yet my preſent lot can undergo.
Ceaſe to ſolicit a weak woman's will,
And urge not her you love to ſo much ill.
But let me live contented as I may,
And make not my unſpotted fame your prey.
Some right you claim ſince naked to your eyes
Three goddeſſes diſputed beauty's prize:
One offer'd valour, t' other crowns; but ſhe
Obtain'd her cauſe, who ſmiling promis'd me.
But firſt I am not of belief ſo light,
To think ſuch nymphs wou'd ſhew you ſuch a ſight:
Yet granting this, the other part is feign'd;
A bribe ſo mean your ſentence had not gain'd.

With partial eyes I ſhou'd myſelf regard,
To think that Venus made me her reward:
I humbly am content with human praiſe;
A goddeſs's applauſe wou'd envy raiſe.
But be it as you ſay; for, 'tis confeſt,
The men who flatter higheſt pleaſe us beſt.
That I ſuſpect it, ought not to diſpleaſe;
For miracles are not believ'd with eaſe.
One joy I have, that I had Venus' voice;
A greater yet, that you confirm'd her choice;
That proffer'd laurels, promis'd ſovereignty,
Juno and Pallas you contemn'd for me.
Am I your empire then, and your renown?
What heart of rock, but muſt by this be won?
And yet bear witneſs, O you pow'rs above!
How rude I am in all the arts of love!
My hand is yet untaught to write to men:
This is th' eſſay of my unpractis'd pen.
Happy thoſe nymphs, whom uſe has perfect made!
I think all crime, and tremble at a ſhade.
E'en while I write, my fearful conſcious eyes
Look often back, miſdoubting a ſurpriſe.
For now the rumour ſpreads among the croud,
At court in whiſpers, but in town aloud;
Diſſemble you, whate'er you hear 'em ſay:
To leave off loving were your better way;
Yet if you will diſſemble it, you may.
Love ſecretly: The abſence of my lord
More freedom gives, but does not all afford:
Long is his journey, long will be his ſtay;
Call'd by affairs of conſequence away.
To go, or not, when unreſolv'd he ſtood,
I bid him make what ſwift return he cou'd:
Then kiſſing me, he ſaid, I recommend
All to thy care, but moſt my Trojan friend.
I ſmil'd at what he innocently ſaid,
And only anſwer'd, you ſhall be obey'd.

Propitious winds have born him far from hence,
But let not this ſecure your confidence.
Abſent he is, yet abſent he commands:
You know the proverb, *Princes have long hands.*
My fame's my burden; for the more I'm prais'd,
A juſter ground of jealouſy is rais'd.
Were I leſs fair, I might have been more bleſt:
Great beauty thro' great danger is poſſeſt.
To leave me here his venture was not hard,
Becauſe he thought my virtue was my guard.
He fear'd my face, but truſted to my life,
The beauty doubted, but believ'd the wife.
You bid me uſe th' occaſion while I can,
Put in our hands by the good eaſy man.
I wou'd, and yet I doubt, 'twixt love and fear;
One draws me from you, and one brings me near,
Our flames are mutual, and my huſband's gone:
The nights are long; I fear to lie alone.
One houſe contains us, and weak walls divide,
And you're too preſſing to be long deny'd.
Let me not live, but ev'ry thing conſpires
To join our loves, and yet my fear retires.
You court with words, when you ſhou'd force employ:
A rape is requiſite to ſhame-fac'd joy.
Indulgent to the wrongs which we receive,
Our ſex can ſuffer what we dare not give,
What have I ſaid? for both of us 'twere beſt,
Our kindling fire if each of us ſuppreſt.
The faith of ſtrangers is too prone to change,
And, like themſelves, their wand'ring paſſions range.
Hypſipile, and the fond Minonian maid,
Were both by truſting of their gueſts betray'd.
How can I doubt that other men deceive,
When you yourſelf did fair OEnone leave?
But leſt I ſhou'd upbraid your treachery,
You make a merit of that crime to me.

Yet grant you were to faithful love inclin'd,
Your weary Trojans wait but for a wind.
Should you prevail; while I aſſign the night,
Your ſails are hoiſted, and you take your flight:
Some bawling mariner our love deſtroys,
And breaks aſunder our unfiniſh'd joys.
But I with you may leave the Spartan port,
To view the Trojan wealth and Priam's court:
Shown while I ſee, I ſhall expoſe my fame,
And fill a foreign country with my ſhame.
In Aſia what reception ſhall I find?
And what diſhonour leave in Greece behind?
What will your brothers, Priam, Hecuba,
And what will all your modeſt matrons ſay?
E'en you, when on this action you reflect,
My future conduct juſtly may ſuſpect;
And whate'er ſtranger lands upon your coaſt,
Conclude me, by your own example, loſt.
I from your rage a ſtrumpet's name ſhall hear,
While you forget what part in it you bear.
You, my crime's author, will my crime upbraid:
Deep under ground, oh, let me firſt be laid!
You boaſt the pomp and plenty of your land,
And promiſe all ſhall be at my command:
Your Trojan wealth, believe me, I deſpiſe;
My own poor native land has dearer ties.
Shou'd I be injur'd on your Phrygian ſhore,
What help of kindred could I there implore?
Medea was by Jaſon's flattery won:
I may, like her, believe, and be undone.
Plain honeſt hearts, like mine, ſuſpect no cheat,
And love contributes to its own deceit.
The ſhips, about whoſe ſides loud tempeſts roar,
With gentle winds were waſted from the ſhore.
Your teeming mother dream'd a flaming brand,
Sprung from her womb, conſum'd the Trojan land.

To second this, old prophecies conspire,
That Ilium shall be burnt with Grecian fire.
Both give me fear; nor is it much allay'd,
That Venus is oblig'd our loves to aid.
For they, who lost their cause, revenge will take;
And for one friend two enemies you make.
Nor can I doubt, but, shou'd I follow you,
The sword would soon our fatal crime pursue.
A wrong so great my husband's rage would rouze,
And my relations would his cause espouse.
You boast your strength and courage; but, alas!
Your words receive small credit from your face.
Let heroes in the dusty field delight,
Those limbs were fashion'd for another fight.
Bid Hector sally from the walls of Troy;
A sweeter quarrel shou'd your arms employ.
Yet fears like these shou'd not my mind perplex,
Were I as wise as many of my sex.
But time and you may bolder thoughts inspire;
And I perhaps may yield to your desire.
You last demand a private conference;
These are your words, but I can guess your sense.
Your unripe hopes their harvest must attend:
Be rul'd by me, and time may be your friend.
This is enough to let you understand;
For now my pen has tir'd my tender hand:
My woman knows the secret of my heart,
And may hereafter better news impart.

DIDO to ÆNEAS.

EPIST. vii.

ARGUMENT.

ÆNEAS, the ſon of Venus and Anchiſes, having, at the deſtruction of Troy, ſaved his Gods, his father, and ſon Aſcanius, from the fire, put to ſea with twenty ſail of ſhips; and, having been long toſt with tempeſts, was at laſt caſt upon the ſhore of Libya, where Queen Dido (flying from the cruelty of Pygmalion her brother, who had killed her huſband Sichæus) had lately built Carthage. She entertained Æneas and his fleet with great civility, fell paſſionately in love with him, and in the end denied him not the leaſt favours. But Mercury admoniſhing Æneas to go in ſearch of Italy, (a kingdom promiſed him by the Gods) he readily prepared to obey him. Dido ſoon perceived it; and having in vain try'd all other means to engage him to ſtay, at laſt in deſpair writes to him as follows.

SO, on Mæander's banks, when death is nigh,
The mournful ſwan ſings her own elegy.
Not that I hope (for, oh! that hope were vain!)
By words your loſt affection to regain:
But having loſt whate'er was worth my care,
Why ſhould I fear to loſe a dying pray'r?
'Tis then reſolv'd poor Dido muſt be left,
Of life, of honour, and of love bereft!
While you, with looſen'd ſails, and vows, prepare
To ſeek a land that flies the ſearcher's care.

Nor can my riſing tow'rs your flight reſtrain,
Nor my new empire, offer'd you in vain.
Built walls you ſhun, unbuilt you ſeek; that land
Is yet to conquer; but you this command.
Suppoſe you landed where your wiſh deſign'd,
Think what reception foreigners would find.
What people is ſo void of common ſenſe,
To vote ſucceſſion from a native prince?
Yet there new ſceptres and new loves you ſeek;
New vows to plight, and plighted vows to break.
When will your tow'rs the height of Carthage know?
Or when your eyes diſcern ſuch crowds below?
If ſuch a town and ſubjects you cou'd ſee,
Still wou'd you want a wife who lov'd like me.
For, oh! I burn, like fires with incenſe bright:
Not holy tapers flame with purer light:
Æneas is my thought's perpetual theme;
Their daily longing, and their nightly dream.
Yet he's ungrateful and obdurate ſtill!
Fool that I am to place my heart ſo ill!
Myſelf I cannot to myſelf reſtore:
Still I complain, and ſtill I love him more.
Have pity, Cupid, on my bleeding heart,
And pierce thy brother's with an equal dart.
I rave: Nor canſt thou Venus' offspring be,
Love's mother could not bear a ſon like thee.
From harden'd oak, or from a rock's cold womb,
At leaſt thou art from ſome fierce tigreſs come;
Or on rough ſeas, from their foundation torn,
Got by the winds, and in a tempeſt born:
Like that which now thy trembling ſailors fear;
Like that whoſe rage ſhould ſtill detain thee here.
Behold how high the foamy billows ride!
The winds and waves are on the juſter ſide.
To winter weather and a ſtormy ſea
I'll owe, what rather I would owe to thee.

Death thou deſerv'ſt from Heav'n's avenging laws;
But I'm unwilling to become the cauſe.
To ſhun my love, if thou wilt ſeek thy fate,
'Tis a dear purchaſe, and a coſtly hate.
Stay but a little, 'till the tempeſt ceaſe,
And the loud winds are lull'd into a peace.
May all thy rage, like theirs, unconſtant prove!
And ſo it will, if there be pow'r in love.
Know'ſt thou not yet what dangers ſhips ſuſtain?
So often wreck'd, how dar'ſt thou tempt the main?
Which were it ſmooth, were ev'ry wave aſleep,
Ten thouſand forms of death are in the deep.
In that abyſs the Gods their vengeance ſtore,
For broken vows of thoſe who falſely ſwore.
There winged ſtorms on ſea-born Venus wait,
To vindicate the juſtice of her ſtate.
Thus I to thee the means of ſafety ſhow;
And, loſt myſelf, would ſtill preſerve my foe.
Falſe as thou art, I not thy death deſign:
O rather live, to be the cauſe of mine!
Should ſome avenging ſtorm thy veſſel tear,
(But Heav'n forbid my words ſhould omen bear!)
Then in thy face thy perjur'd vows would fly;
And my wrong'd ghoſt be preſent to thy eye.
With threat'ning looks think thou behold'ſt me ſtare,
Gaſping my mouth, and clotted all my hair.
Then, ſhou'd fork'd light'ning and red thunder fall,
What cou'dſt thou ſay, but, I deſerv'd 'em all?
Leſt this ſhou'd happen, make not haſte away;
To ſhun the danger will be worth thy ſtay.
Have pity on thy ſon, if not on me:
My death alone is guilt enough for thee.
What has his youth, what have thy Gods deſerv'd,
To ſink in ſeas, who were from fires preſerv'd?
But neither Gods nor parent didſt thou bear;
Smooth ſtories all to pleaſe a woman's ear,

False as the tale of thy romantic life.
Nor yet am I thy first deluded wife:
Left to pursuing foes Creusa stay'd,
By thee, base man, forsaken and betray'd.
This, when thou told'st me, struck my tender heart,
That such requital follow'd such desert.
Nor doubt I but the Gods, for crimes like these,
Seven Winters kept thee wand'ring on the seas.
Thy starv'd companions, cast ashore, I fed,
Thyself admitted to my crown and bed.
To harbour strangers, succour the distrest,
Was kind enough; but, oh! too kind the rest!
Curst be the cave which first my ruin brought,
Where, from the storm, we common shelter sought!
A dreadful howling echo'd round the place:
The mountain nymphs, thought I, my nuptials grace.
I thought so then, but now too late I know
The furies yell'd my fun'rals from below.
O chastity, and violated fame!
Exact your dues to my dead husband's name:
By death redeem my reputation lost,
And to his arms restore my guilty ghost.
Close by my palace, in a gloomy grove,
Is rais'd a chapel to my murder'd love;
There, wreath'd with boughs and wool, his statue stands,
The pious monument of artful hands.
Last night, methought, he call'd me from the dome,
And thrice, with hollow voice, cry'd, Dido, come.
She comes; thy wife thy lawful summons hears;
But comes more slowly, clogg'd with conscious fears.
Forgive the wrong I offer'd to thy bed;
Strong were his charms, who my weak faith misled.
His goddess mother, and his aged sire
Born on his back, did to my fall conspire.
O! such he was, and is, that, were he true,
Without a blush I might his love pursue.

But cruel ſtars my birth-day did attend;
And as my fortune open'd, it muſt end.
My plighted lord was at the altar ſlain,
Whoſe wealth was made my bloody brother's gain.
Friendleſs, and follow'd by the murd'rer's hate,
To foreign countries I remov'd my fate;
And here, a ſuppliant, from the natives hands,
I bought the ground on which my city ſtands,
With all the coaſt that ſtretches to the ſea;
E'en to the friendly port that ſhelter'd thee:
Then rais'd theſe walls, which mount into the air,
At once my neighbours wonder, and their fear.
For now they arm; and round me leagues are made,
My ſcarce eſtabliſh'd empire to invade.
To man my new-built walls I muſt prepare,
An helpleſs woman, and unſkill'd in war.
Yet thouſand rivals to my love pretend;
And for my perſon wou'd my crown defend:
Whoſe jarring votes in one complaint agree,
That each unjuſtly is diſdain'd for thee.
To proud Hyarbas give me up a prey;
(For that muſt follow, if thou goeſt away.)
Or to my huſband's murd'rer leave my life,
That to the huſband he may add the wife.
Go then, ſince no complaints can move thy mind:
Go, perjur'd man, but leave thy Gods behind.
Touch not thoſe Gods, by whom thou art forſworn,
Who will to impious hands no more be born:
Thy ſacrilegious worſhip they diſdain,
And rather wou'd the Grecian fires ſuſtain.
Perhaps my greateſt ſhame is ſtill to come,
And part of thee lies hid within my womb.
The babe unborn muſt periſh by thy hate.
And periſh guiltleſs in his mother's fate.
Some God, thou ſay'ſt, thy voyage does command:
Won'd the ſame God had ban'd thee from my land!

The ſame, I doubt not, thy departure ſteers,
Who kept thee out at ſea ſo many years:
While thy long labours were a price ſo great,
As thou to purchaſe Troy would'ſt not repeat.
But Tyber now thou ſeek'ſt, to be at beſt,
When there arriv'd, a poor precarious gueſt.
Yet it deludes thy ſearch: Perhaps it will
To thy old age lie undiſcover'd ſtill,
A ready crown and wealth in dow'r I bring,
And without conqu'ring, here thou art a king.
Here thou to Carthage may'ſt transfer thy Troy:
Here young Aſcanius may his arms employ:
And, while we live ſecure in ſoft repoſe,
Bring many laurels home from conquer'd foes,
By Cupid's arrows, I adjure thee ſtay;
By all the Gods, companions of thy way.
So may thy Trojans, who are yet alive,
Live ſtill, and with no future fortune ſtrive;
So may thy youthful ſon old age attain,
And thy dead father's bones in peace remain:
As thou haſt pity on unhappy me,
Who knew no crime, but too much love of thee.
I am not born from fierce Achilles' line,
Nor did my parents againſt Troy combine.
To be thy wife if I unworthy prove,
By ſome inferior name admit my love.
To be ſecur'd of ſtill poſſeſſing thee,
What wou'd I do, and what won'd I not be!
Our Lybian coaſts their certain ſeaſons know,
When free from tempeſts paſſengers may go:
But now with northern blaſts the billows roar,
And drive the floating ſea-weed to the ſhore.
Leave to my care the time to ſail away;
When ſafe, I will not ſuffer thee to ſtay,
Thy weary men wou'd be with eaſe content;
Their ſails are tatter'd, and their maſts are ſpent.

If by no merit I thy mind can move,
What thou deny'ſt my merit, give my love.
Stay, 'till I learn my loſs to undergo;
And give me time to ſtruggle with my woe.
If not, know this, I will not ſuffer long;
My life's too lothſome, and my love too ſtrong.
Death holds my pen, and dictates what I ſay,
While croſs my lap the Trojan ſword I lay.
My tears flow down; the ſharp edge cuts their flood,
And drinks my ſorrows that muſt drink my blood.
How well thy gift does with my fate agree!
My fun'ral pomp is cheaply made by thee.
To no new wounds my boſom I diſplay:
The ſword but enters where love made the way.
But thou, dear ſiſter, and yet dearer friend,
Shalt my cold aſhes to their urn attend.
Sichæus' wife let not the marble boaſt,
I loſt that title, when my fame I loſt,
This ſhort inſcription only let it bear:
" Unhappy Dido lies in quiet here.
" The cauſe of death, and ſword by which ſhe dy'd,
" Æneas gave: The reſt her arm ſupply'd.

From OVID'S AMOURS,

Book i. Eleg. 1.

FOR mighty wars I thought to tune my lute,
And make my meaſures to my ſubject ſuit.
Six feet for ev'ry verſe the muſe deſign'd:
But Cupid, laughing, when he ſaw my mind,
From ev'ry ſecond verſe a foot purloin'd.

Who gave thee, boy, this arbitrary ſway,
On ſubjects, not thy own, commands to lay,
Who Phœbus only and his laws obey?
'Tis more abſurd than if the Queen of Love
Shou'd in Minerva's arms to battle move;
Or manly Pallas from that Queen ſhou'd take
Her torch, and o'er the dying lover ſhake.
In fields as well may Cynthia ſow the corn,
Or Ceres wind in woods the bugle-horn.
As well may Phœbus quit the trembling ſtring,
For ſword and ſhield; and Mars may learn to ſing.
Already thy dominions are too large;
Be not ambitious of a foreign charge.
If thou wilt reign o'er all, and ev'ry where,
The God of muſic for his harp may fear.
Thus when with ſoaring wings I ſeek renown,
Thou pluck'ſt my pinions, and I flutter down.
Cou'd I on ſuch mean thoughts my muſe employ,
I want a miſtreſs or a blooming boy,
Thus I complain'd: His bow the ſtripling bent,
And choſe an arrow fit for his intent.
The ſhaft his purpoſe fatally purſues;
Now, poet, there's a ſubject for thy muſe.
He ſaid: Too well, alas! he knows his trade;
For in my breaſt a mortal wound he made.
(Far hence, ye proud hexameters remove;)
My verſe is pac'd and trammel'd into love.
With myrtle wreaths my thoughtful brows incloſe,
While in unequal verſe I ſing my woes.

From OVID'S AMOURS,

Book i. Eleg. 4.

To his miſtreſs, whoſe huſband is invited to a feaſt with them. The poet inſtructs her how to behave herſelf in his company.

YOUR huſband will be with us at the treat,
May that be the laſt ſupper he ſhall eat.
And am poor I a gueſt invited there,
Only to ſee, while he may touch the fair?
To ſee you kiſs and hug your nauſeous lord,
While his lewd hand deſcends below the board?
Now wonder not that Hippodamia's charms,
At ſuch a ſight, the Centaurs urg'd to arms;
That in a rage they threw their cups aſide,
Aſſail'd the bridegroom, and wou'd force the bride.
I am not half a horſe, (I wou'd I were)
Yet hardly can from you my hands forbear.
Take then my counſel; which, obſerv'd, may be
Of ſome importance both to you and me.
Be ſure to come before your man be there;
There's nothing can be done; but come howe'er.
Sit next him (that belongs to decency)
But tread upon my foot in paſſing by.
Read in my looks what ſilently they ſpeak,
And ſlily, with your eyes, your anſwer make.
My lifted eye-brow ſhall declare my pain;
My right hand to his fellow ſhall complain;
And on the back a letter ſhall deſign;
Beſides a note that ſhall be writ in wine.
Whene'er you think upon our laſt embrace,
With your fore-finger gently touch your face.

If any word of mine offend my dear,
Pull, with your hand, the velvet off your ear.
If you are pleas'd with what I do or ſay,
Handle your rings, or with your fingers play.
As ſuppliants uſe at altars, hold the board,
Whene'er you wiſh the devil may take your lord.
When he fills for you, never touch the cup,
But bid th' officious cuckold drink it up.
The waiter on thoſe ſervices employ;
Drink you, and I will ſnatch it from the boy;
Watching the part where your ſweet mouth hath been,
And thence with eager lips will ſuck it in.
If he, with clowniſh manners, thinks it fit
To taſte, and offer you the naſty bit,
Reject his greaſy kindneſs, and reſtore
Th' unſav'ry morſel he had chew'd before.
Nor let his arms embrace your neck, nor reſt
Your tender cheek upon his hairy breaſt.
Let not his hand within your boſom ſtray,
And rudely with your pretty bubbies play.
But above all, let him no kiſs receive;
That's an offence I never can forgive.
Do not, O do not that ſweet mouth reſign,
Leſt I riſe up in arms, and cry 'tis mine.
I ſhall thruſt in betwixt, and void of fear
The manifeſt adult'rer will appear.
Theſe things are plain to ſight; but more I doubt
What you conceal beneath your petticoat.
Take not his leg between your tender thighs,
Nor, with your hand, provoke my foe to riſe.
How many love-inventions I deplore,
Which I myſelf have practis'd all before?
How oft have I been forc'd the robe to lift
In company; to make a homely ſhift
For a bare bout, ill huddled o'er in haſte,
While o'er my ſide the fair her mantle caſt.

You to your husband shall not be so kind;
But, lest you shou'd, your mantle leave behind.
Encourage him to tope; but kiss him not,
Nor mix one drop of water in his pot.
If he be fuddled well, and snores apace,
Then we may take advice from time and place.
When all depart, when compliments are loud,
Be sure to mix among the thickest crowd:
There I will be, and there we cannot miss,
Perhaps to grubble, or at least to kiss.
Alas! what length of labour I employ,
Just to secure a short and transient joy!
For night must part us; and when night is come,
Tuck'd underneath his arm he leads you home.
He locks you in; I follow to the door,
His fortune envy, and my own deplore.
He kisses you, he more than kisses too;
Th' outrageous cuckold thinks it all his due.
But add not to his joy by your consent,
And let it not be giv'n, but only lent.
Return no kiss, nor move in any sort;
Make it a dull and a malignant sport.
Had I my wish, he should no pleasure take,
But slubber o'er your business for my sake.
And whate'er fortune shall this night befal,
Coax me to-morrow, by forswearing all.

The First Book of

OVID's ART of LOVE.

IN Cupid's ſchool whoe'er wou'd take degree,
Muſt learn his Rudiments, by reading me.
Seamen with ſailing arts their veſſels move;
Art guides the chariot; Art inſtructs to love.
Of ſhips and chariots others know the rule;
But I am maſter in Love's mighty ſchool.
Cupid indeed is obſtinate and wild,
A ſtubborn God; but yet the God's a child:
Eaſy to govern in his tender age,
Like fierce Achilles in his pupillage:
That hero, born for conqueſt, trembling ſtood
Before the Centaur, and receiv'd the rod.
As Chiron mollify'd his cruel mind
With art, and taught his warlike hands to wind
The ſilver ſtrings of his melodious lyre:
So love's fair goddeſs does my ſoul inſpire,
To teach her ſofter arts; to ſoothe the mind,
And ſmooth the rugged breaſts of human-kind.
Yet Cupid and Achilles, each with ſcorn
And rage were fill'd; and both were goddeſs born.
The bull, reclaim'd and yok'd, the burden draws:
The horſe receives the bit within his jaws;
And ſtubborn Love ſhall bend beneath my ſway,
Tho' ſtruggling oft he ſtrives to diſobey.
He ſhakes his torch, he wounds me with his darts;
But vain his force, and vainer are his arts.
The more he burns my ſoul, or wounds my ſight,
The more he teaches to revenge the ſpite.

I boaſt no aid the Delphian God affords,
Nor auſpice from the flight of chattering birds;
Nor Clio, nor her ſiſters have I ſeen;
As Heſiod ſaw them on the ſhady green:
Experience makes my work; a truth ſo try'd
You may believe; and Venus be my guide.

Far hence, ye veſtals, be, who bind your hair;
And wives, who gowns below your ancles wear.
I ſing the brothels looſe and unconfin'd,
Th' unpuniſhable pleaſures of the kind;
Which all alike, for love, or money, find.

You, who in Cupid's rolls inſcribe your name,
Firſt ſeek an object worthy of your flame;
Then ſtrive, with art, your lady's mind to gain:
And, laſt, provide your love may long remain.
On theſe three precepts all my work ſhall move:
Theſe are the rules and principles of love.

Before your youth with marriage is oppreſt,
Make choice of one who ſuits your humour beſt:
And ſuch a damſel drops not from the ſky;
She muſt be ſought for with a curious eye.

The wary angler, in the winding brook,
Knows what the fiſh, and where to bait his hook.
The fowler and the huntſman know by name,
The certain haunts and harbour of their game.
So muſt the lover beat the likelieſt grounds;
Th' aſſembly where his quarry moſt abounds.
Nor ſhall my novice wander far aſtray;
Theſe rules ſhall put him in the ready way.
Thou ſhalt not ſail around the continent,
As far as Perſeus, or as Paris went:
For Rome alone affords thee ſuch a ſtore,
As all the world can handly ſhew thee more.
The face of heav'n with fewer ſtars is crown'd,
Than beauties in the Roman ſphere are found.

Whether thy love is bent on blooming youth,
On dawning ſweetneſs in unartful truth;

Or courts the juicy joys of riper growth;
Here mayſt thou find thy full deſires in both.
Or if autumnal beauties pleaſe thy light
(An age that knows to give, and take delight;)
Millions of matrons of the graver ſort,
In common prudence, will not balk the ſport.
In Summer heats thou need'ſt but only go
To Pompey's cool and ſhady portico;
Or Concord's fane; or that proud edifice,
Whoſe turrets near the baudy ſuburb riſe:
Or to that other portico, where ſtands
The cruel father urging his commands,
And fifty daughters wait the time of reſt,
To plunge their poniards in the bridegrooms breaſt;
Or Venus' temple; where, on annual nights,
They mourn Adonis with Aſſyrian rites.
Nor ſhun the Jewiſh walk, where the ſoul drove,
On Sabbaths, reſt from ev'ry thing but love:
Nor Iſis' temple; for that ſacred whore
Makes others, what to Jove ſhe was before.
And if the hall itſelf be not bely'd,
E'en there the cauſe of love is often try'd;
Near it at leaſt, or in the palace yard,
From whence the noiſy combatants are heard.
The crafty counſellors, in formal gown,
There gain another's cauſe, but loſe their own.
There eloquence is nonplus'd in the ſuit;
And lawyers, who had words at will, are mute.
Venus, from her adjoining temple, ſmiles,
To ſee them caught in their litigious wiles.
Grave ſenators lead home the youthful dame,
Returning clients, when they patrons came.
But, above all, the play-houſe is the place;
There's choice of quarry in that narrow chace.
There take thy ſtand, and ſharply looking out,
Soon may'ſt thou find a miſtreſs in the rout,
For length of time, or for a ſingle bout.

The theatres are berries for the fair:
Like ants on mole-hills, thither they repair;
Like bees to hives, so numerously they throng,
It may be said, they to that place belong.
Thither they swarm, who have the public voice:
There choose, if plenty not distracts thy choice.
To see, and to be seen, in heaps they run;
Some to undo, and some to be undone.

From Romulus the rise of plays began,
To his new subjects a commodious man,
Who, his unmarried soldiers to supply,
Took care the commonwealth should multiply:
Providing Sabin women for his braves,
Like a true king, to get a race of slaves.
His play-house not of Parian marble made,
Nor was it spread with purple sails for shade.
The stage with rushes, or with leaves they strew'd:
No scenes in prospect, no machining God.
On rows of homely turf they sat to see,
Crown'd with the wreaths of ev'ry common tree.
There, while they sat in rustic majesty,
Each lover had his mistress in his eye;
And whom he saw most suiting to his mind,
For joys of matrimonial rape design'd.
Scarce cou'd they wait the *plaudit* in their haste;
But, ere the dances and the song were past,
The monarch gave the signal from his throne;
And, rising, bade his merry men fall on.
The martial crew, like soldiers ready prest,
Just at the word (the word too was, the best)
With joyful cries each other animate;
Some choose, and some at hazard seize their mate.
As doves from eagles, or from wolves the lambs,
So from their lawless lovers fly the dames.
Their fear was one, but not one face of fear;
Some rend the lovely tresses of their hair;
Some shriek, and some are struck with dumb despair.

Her abſent mother one invokes in vain;
One ſtands amaz'd, not daring to complain;
The nimbler truſt their feet, the ſlow remain.
But nought availing, all are captives led,
Trembling and bluſhing, to the genial bed.
She who too long reſiſted, or deny'd,
The luſty lover made by force a bride;
And, with ſuperior ſtrength, compell'd her to his ſide.
Then ſooth'd her thus:—My ſoul's far better part,
Ceaſe weeping, nor afflict thy tender heart:
For what thy father to thy mother was,
That faith to thee, that ſolemn vow I paſs.
Thus Romulus became ſo popular;
This was the way to thrive in peace and war;
To pay his army, and freſh whores to bring:
Who wou'd not fight for ſuch a gracious king?
Thus love in theatres did firſt improve;
And theatres are ſtill the ſcenes of love.
Nor ſhun the chariot's, and the courſer's race;
The circus is no inconvenient place.
No need is there of talking on the hand;
Nor nods, nor ſigns, which lovers underſtand.
But boldly next the fair your ſeat provide;
Cloſe as you can to her's, and ſide by ſide.
Pleas'd or unpleas'd, no matter; crouding ſit:
For ſo the laws of public ſhows permit.
Then find occaſion to begin diſcourſe;
Inquire, whoſe chariot this, and whoſe that horſe?
To whatſoever ſide ſhe is inclin'd,
Suit all your inclinations to her mind;
Like what ſhe likes; from thence your court begin;
And whom ſhe favours, wiſh that he may win.
But when the ſtatues of the deities,
In chariots roll'd, appear before the prize;
When Venus comes, with deep devotion riſe.
If duſt be on her lap, or grains of ſand,
Bruſh both away with your officious hand.

If none be there, yet bruſh that nothing thence;
And ſtill to touch her lap make ſome pretence.
Touch any thing of her's; and if her train
Sweep on the ground, let it not ſweep in vain;
But gently take it up, and wipe it clean;
And while you wipe it, with obſerving eyes,
Who knows but you may ſee her naked thighs!
Obſerve, who ſits behind her; and beware,
Leſt his incroaching knee ſhould preſs the fair.
Light ſervice takes light minds: For ſome can tell
Of favours won, by laying cuſhions well:
By fanning faces ſome their fortune meet;
And ſome by laying footſtools for their feet.
Theſe overtures of love the circus gives;
Nor at the ſword-play leſs the lover thrives:
For there the ſon of Venus fights his prize;
And deepeſt wounds are oft receiv'd from eyes.
One, while the crowd their acclamations make,
Or while he bets, and puts his ring to ſtake,
Is ſtruck from far, and feels the flying dart;
And of the ſpectacle is made a part.
  Cæſar wou'd repreſent a naval fight
For his own honour, and for Rome's delight.
From either ſea the youths and maidens come;
And all the world was then contain'd in Rome.
In this vaſt concourſe, in this choice of game,
What Roman heart but felt a foreign flame?
Once more our prince prepares to make us glad;
And the remaining eaſt to Rome will add.
Rejoice, ye Roman ſoldiers, in your urns;
Your enſigns from the Parthians ſhall return;
And the ſlain Craſſi ſhall no longer mourn.
A youth is ſent thoſe trophies to demand;
And bears his father's thunder in his hand:
Doubt not th' imperial boy in wars unſeen;
In childhood all of Cæſar's race are men.

Celeſtial ſeeds ſhoot out before their day,
Prevent their years, and brook no dull delay.
Thus infant Hercules the ſnakes did preſs,
And in his cradle did his ſire confeſs.
Bacchus, a boy, yet like a hero fought,
And early ſpoils from conquer'd India brought.
Thus you your father's troops ſhall lead to fight,
And thus ſhall vanquiſh in your father's right.
Theſe Rudiments you to your lineage owe;
Born to increaſe your titles, as you grow.
Brethren you had, revenge your brethren ſlain;
You have a father, and his rights maintain.
Arm'd by your country's parent, and your own,
Redeem your country, and reſtore his throne.
Your enemies aſſert an impious cauſe;
You fight both for divine and human laws.
Already in their cauſe they are o'ercome:
Subject them too, by force of arms, to Rome.
Great father Mars with greater Cæſar join,
To give a proſp'rous omen to your line:
One of you is, and one ſhall be divine.
I propheſy you ſhall, you ſhall o'ercome:
My verſe ſhall bring you back in triumph home.
Speak in my verſe, exhort to loud alarms:
O were my numbers equal to your arms!
Then would I ſing the Parthians overthrow;
Their ſhot averſe ſent from a flying bow:
The Parthians, who already flying fight,
Already give an omen of their flight.
O when will come the day, by Heav'n deſign'd,
When thou, the beſt and faireſt of mankind,
Drawn by white horſes ſhalt in triumph ride,
With conquer'd ſlaves attending on thy ſide;
Slaves, that no longer can be ſafe in flight;
O glorious object, O ſurpriſing ſight,
O day of public joy; too good to end in night!

On ſuch a day, if thou, and, next to thee,
Some beauty ſits, the ſpectacle to ſee:
If ſhe inquire the names of conquer'd kings,
Of mountains, rivers, and their hidden ſprings,
Anſwer to all thou know'ſt; and, if need be,
Of things unknown ſeem to ſpeak knowingly:
This is Euphrates crown'd with reeds; and there
Flows the ſwift Tigris with his ſea-green hair.
Invent new names of things unknown before;
Call this Armenia, that the Caſpian ſhore;
Call this a Mede, and that a Parthian youth;
Talk probably; no matter for the truth.
In feaſts, as at our ſhows, new means abound;
More pleaſure there, than that of wine, is found.
The Paphian goddeſs there her ambuſh lays;
And love betwixt the horns of Bacchus plays:
Deſires increaſe at ev'ry ſwilling draught;
Briſk vapours add new vigour to the thought.
There Cupid's purple wings no flight afford;
But, wet with wine, he flutters on the board.
He ſhakes his pinions, but he cannot move;
Fix'd he remains, and turns a maudlin love.
Wine warms the blood, and makes the ſpirits flow;
Care flies, and wrinkles from the forehead go:
Exalts the poor, invigorates the weak;
Gives mirth and laughter, and a roſy cheek.
Bold truths it ſpeaks; and ſpoken, dares maintain;
And brings our old ſimplicity again.
Love ſparkles in the cup, and fills it higher:
Wine feeds the flames, and fuel adds to fire.
But chooſe no miſtreſs in thy drunken fit;
Wine gilds too much their beauties and their wit.
Nor truſt thy judgment when the tapers dance;
But ſober, and by day, thy ſuit advance.
By day-light, Paris judg'd the beauteous three;
And for the faireſt did the prize decree.

Night is a cheat, and all deformities
Are hid, or leſſen'd in her dark diſguiſe.
The ſun's fair light each error will confeſs,
In face, in ſhape, in jewels, and in dreſs.
Why name I ev'ry place where youths abound?
'Tis loſs of time, and a too fruitful ground.
The Baian baths, where ſhips at anchor ride,
And wholſome ſtreams from ſulphur fountains glide;
Where wounded youths are by experience taught,
The waters are leſs healthful than they thought.
Or Dian's fane, which near the ſuburb lyes,
Where prieſts, for their promotion, fight a prize.
That maiden goddeſs is love's mortal foe,
And much from her his ſubjects undergo.
Thus far the ſportful muſe, with myrtle bound,
Has ſung where lovely laſſes may be found.
Now let me ſing, how ſhe who wounds your mind,
With art, may be to cure your wounds inclin'd.
Young nobles, to my laws attention lend;
And all you vulgar of my ſchool attend.
Firſt then believe, all women may be won;
Attempt with confidence, the work is done.
The graſhhopper ſhall firſt forbear to ſing
In ſummer ſeaſon, or the birds in ſpring;
Than woman can reſiſt your flatt'ring ſkill:
E'en ſhe will yield, who ſwears ſhe never will.
To ſecret pleaſure both the ſexes move;
But women moſt, who moſt diſſemble love.
'Twere beſt for us, if they wou'd firſt declare,
Avow their paſſion, and ſubmit to pray'r.
The cow, by lowing, tells the bull her flame:
The neighing mare invites her ſtallion to the game.
Man is more temp'rate in his luſt than they,
And, more than woman, can his paſſion ſway.
Biblis, we know, did firſt her love declare,
And had recourſe to death in her deſpair.

Her brother ſhe, her father Myrrha ſought,
And lov'd, but lov'd not as a daughter ought.
Now from a tree ſhe ſtills her od'rous tears,
Which yet the name of her who ſhed 'em bears.
In Ida's ſhady vale a bull appear'd,
White as the ſnow, the faireſt of the herd;
A beauty-ſpot of black there only roſe,
Betwixt his equal horns and ample brows:
The love and wiſh of all the Cretan cows.
The queen beheld him as his head he rear'd;
And envy'd ev'ry leap he gave the herd.
A ſecret fire ſhe nouriſh'd in her breaſt,
And hated ev'ry heifer he careſs'd.
A ſtory known, and known for true, I tell;
Nor Crete, though lying, can the truth conceal.
She cut him graſs; (ſo much can love command)
She ſtrok'd, ſhe fed him with her royal hand:
Was pleas'd in paſtures with the herd to roam;
And Minos by the bull was overcome.
Ceaſe, queen, with gems t' adorn thy beauteous brows;
The monarch of thy heart no jewel knows.
Nor in thy glaſs compoſe thy looks and eyes:
Secure from all thy charms thy lover lies:
Yet truſt thy mirrour, when it tells thee true;
Thou art no heifer to allure his view.
Soon wou'dſt thou quit thy royal diadem
To thy fair rivals, to be horn'd like them.
If Minos pleaſe, no lover ſeek to find;
If not, at leaſt ſeek one of human-kind.
The wretched queen the Cretan court forſakes;
In woods and wilds her habitation makes:
She curſes ev'ry beauteous cow ſhe ſees;
Ah, why doſt thou my lord and maſter pleaſe!
And think'ſt, ungrateful creature as thou art,
With friſking awkwardly, to gain his heart!
She ſaid, and ſtraight commands, with frowning look,
To put her, undeſerving, to the yoke;

Or feigns ſome holy rites of ſacrifice,
And ſees her rival's death with joyful eyes:
Then, when the bloody prieſt has done his part,
Pleas'd, in her hand ſhe holds the beating heart;
Nor from a ſcornful taunt can ſcarce refrain;
Go, fool, and ſtrive to pleaſe my love again.
Now ſhe wou'd be *Europa*, *Io* now;
(One bore a bull, and one was made a cow.)
Yet ſhe at laſt her brutal bliſs obtain'd,
And in a wooden cow the bull ſuſtained;
Fill'd with his ſeed, accompliſhed her deſire:
Till by his form the ſon betray'd the ſire.
If Atreus' wife to inceſt had not run,
(But, ah, how hard it is to love but one!)
His courſers Phœbus had not driv'n away,
To ſhun that ſight, and interrupt the day.
Thy daughter, Niſus, pull'd thy purple hair,
And barking ſea-dogs yet her bowels tear.
At ſea and land Atrides ſav'd his life,
Yet fell a prey to his adult'rous wife.
Who knows not what revenge Medea ſought,
When the ſlain offſpring bore the father's fault?
Thus Phœnix did a woman's love bewail;
And thus Hippolytus by Phædra fell.
Theſe crimes revengeful matrons did commit:
Hotter their luſt, and ſharper is their wit.
Doubt not from them an eaſy victory;
Scarce of a thouſand dames will one deny.
All women are content that men ſhou'd woo:
She who complains, and ſhe who will not do.
Reſt then ſecure, whate'er thy luck may prove,
Not to be hated for declaring love.
And yet how canſt thou miſs, ſince woman-kind
Is frail and vain, and ſtill to change inclin'd?
Old huſbands and ſtale gallants they deſpiſe;
And more another's, than their own, they prize.

A larger crop adorns our neighbour's field;
More milk his kine from ſwelling udders yield.
First gain the maid: By her thou ſhalt be ſure
A free acceſs, and eaſy to procure:
Who knows what to her office does belong,
Is in the ſecret, and can hold her tongue.
Bribe her with gifts, with promiſes, and pray'rs:
For her good word goes far in love affairs.
The time and fit occaſion leave to her,
When ſhe moſt aptly can thy ſuit prefer.
The time for maids to fire their lady's blood,
Is, when they find her in a merry mood;
When all things at her wiſh and pleaſure move:
Her heart is open then, and free to love.
Then mirth and wantonneſs to luſt betray,
And ſmooth the paſſage to the lover's way.
Troy ſtood the ſiege, when fill'd with anxious care:
One merry fit concluded all the war.
If ſome fair rival vex her jealous mind,
Offer thy ſervice to revenge in kind.
Inſtruct the damſel, while ſhe combs her hair,
To raiſe the choler of that injur'd fair;
And, ſighing, make her miſtreſs underſtand,
She has the means of vengeance in her hand:
Then, naming thee, thy humble ſuit prefer;
And ſwear thou languiſheſt and dy'ſt for her.
Then let her loſe no time, but puſh at all;
For women ſoon are rais'd, and ſoon they fall.
Give their firſt fury leiſure to relent,
They melt like ice, and ſuddenly repent.
T' enjoy the maid, will that thy ſuit advance?
'Tis a hard queſtion, and a doubtful chance.
One maid corrupted, bauds the better for't;
Another for herſelf wou'd keep the ſport.
Thy bus'neſs may be further'd or delay'd:
But by my counſel, let alone the maid:

E'en tho' ſhe ſhou'd conſent to do the feat;
The profit's little, and the danger great.
I will not lead thee through a rugged road;
But where the way lies open, ſafe and broad.
Yet if thou find'ſt her very much thy friend,
And her good face her diligence commend:
Let the fair miſtreſs have thy firſt embrace,
And let the maid come after in her place.
But this I will adviſe, and mark my words;
For 'tis the beſt advice my ſkill affords:
If needs thou with the damſel wilt begin,
Before th' attempt is made, make ſure to win:
For then the ſecret better will be kept;
And ſhe can tell no tales when once ſhe's dipt.
'Tis for the fowler's int'reſt to beware,
The bird intangled ſhou'd not 'ſcape the ſnare.
The fiſh once prick'd, avoids the bearded hook,
And ſpoils the ſport of all the neighb'ring brook.
But if the wench be thine, ſhe makes thy way,
And, for thy ſake, her miſtreſs will betray;
Tell all ſhe knows, and all ſhe hears her ſay.
Keep well the counſel of thy faithful ſpy:
So ſhalt thou learn whene'er ſhe treads awry.
All things the ſtations of their ſeaſons keep;
And certain times there are to ſow and reap.
Ploughmen and ſailors for the ſeaſon ſtay,
One to plough land, and one to plough the ſea:
So ſhould the lover wait the lucky day.
Then ſtop thy ſuit, it hurts not thy deſign:
But think, another hour ſhe may be thine.
And when ſhe celebrates her birth at home,
Or when ſhe views the publick ſhows of Rome:
Know, all thy viſits then are troubleſome.
Defer thy work, and put not then to ſea,
For that's a boding and a ſtormy day.
Elſe take thy time, and, when thou canſt, begin:
To break a Jewiſh ſabbath, think no ſin:

Nor e'en on ſuperſtitious days abſtain;
Not when the Romans were at Allia ſlain.
Ill omens in her frowns are underſtood;
When ſhe's in humour, every day is good.
But than her birth-day ſeldom comes a worſe;
When bribes and preſents muſt be ſent of courſe;
And that's a bloody day, that coſts thy purſe.
Be ſtanch; yet parſimony will be vain:
The craving ſex will ſtill the lover drain.
No ſkill can ſhift them off, nor art remove;
They will be begging, when they know we love.
The merchant comes upon th' appointed day,
Who ſhall before thy face his wares diſplay.
To chooſe for her ſhe craves thy kind advice;
Then begs again, to bargain for the price:
But when ſhe has her purchaſe in her eye,
She hugs thee cloſe, and kiſſes thee to buy.
'Tis what I want, and 'tis a pen'orth too;
In many years I will not trouble you.
If you complain you have no ready coin;
No matter, 'tis but writing of a line,
A little bill, not to be paid at ſight;
Now curſe the time when thou wert taught to write.
She keeps her birth-day; you muſt ſend the chear;
And ſhe'll be born a hundred times a year.
With daily lies ſhe dribs thee into coſt;
That ear-ring dropt a ſtone, that ring is loſt.
They often borrow what they never pay;
Whate'er you lend her, think it thrown away.
Had I ten mouths and tongues to tell each art,
All wou'd be wearied ere I told a part.

By letters, not by words thy love begin;
And ford the dang'rous paſſage with thy pen.
If to her heart thou aim'ſt to find the way,
Extremely flatter, and extremely pray.
Priam by pray'rs did Hector's body gain;
Nor is an angry God invok'd in vain.

With promis'd gifts her eaſy mind bewitch;
For e'en the poor in promiſe may be rich.
Vain hopes awhile her appetite will ſtay;
'Tis a deceitful, but commodious way.
Who gives is mad; but make her ſtill believe
'Twill come, and that's the cheapeſt way to give.
E'en barren lands fair promiſes afford;
But the lean harveſt cheats the ſtarving lord.
Buy not thy firſt enjoyment, leſt it prove
Of bad example to thy future love:
But get it *gratis*; and ſhe'll give thee more,
For fear of loſing what ſhe gave before.
The loſing gameſter ſhakes the box in vain,
And bleeds, and loſes on, in hopes to gain.
Write then, and in thy letter, as I ſaid,
Let her with mighty promiſes be fed.
Cydippe by a letter was betray'd,
Writ on an apple to th' unwary maid.
She read herſelf into a marriage vow;
(And ev'ry cheat in love the Gods allow.)
Learn eloquence, ye noble youth of Rome;
It will not only at the bar o'ercome:
Sweet words the people and the ſenate move;
But the chief end of eloquence is love.
But in thy letter hide thy moving arts;
Affect not to be thought a man of parts.
None but vain fools to ſimple women preach:
A learned letter oft has made a breach.
In a familiar ſtile your thoughts convey,
And write ſuch things as preſent you wou'd ſay;
Such words as from the heart may ſeem to move:
'Tis wit enough, to make her think you love.
If ſeal'd ſhe ſends it back, and will not read,
Yet hope, in time, tha buſineſs may ſucceed.
In time the ſteer will to the yoke ſubmit;
In time the reſtiff horſe will bear the bit.

E'en the hard plough-ſhare uſe will wear away:
And ſtubborn ſteel in length of time decay.
Water is ſoft, and marble hard; and yet
We ſee ſoft water through hard marble eat.
Though late, yet Troy at length in flames expir'd;
And ten years more Penelope had tir'd.
Perhaps thy lines unanſwer'd ſhe retain'd;
No matter; there's a point already gain'd:
For ſhe, who reads, in time will anſwer too;
Things muſt be left by juſt degrees to grow.
Perhaps ſhe writes, but anſwers with diſdain,
And ſharply bids you not to write again:
What ſhe requires, ſhe fears you ſhou'd accord;
The jilt wou'd not be taken at her word.
Mean time, if ſhe be carried in her chair,
Approach, but do not ſeem to know ſhe's there.
Speak ſoftly to delude the ſtanders-by;
Or, if aloud, then ſpeak ambiguouſly.
If ſaunt'ring in the portico ſhe walk,
Move ſlowly too; for that's a time for talk:
And ſometimes follow, ſometimes be her guide;
But when the crowd permits, Go ſide by ſide.
Nor in the play-houſe let her ſit alone:
For ſhe's the play-houſe, and the play in one.
There thou may'ſt ogle, or by ſigns advance
Thy ſuit, and ſeem to touch her hand by chance.
Admire the dancer who her liking gains,
And pity in the play the lover's pains;
For her ſweet ſake the loſs of time deſpiſe:
Sit while ſhe ſits, and when ſhe riſes riſe.
But dreſs not like a fop, nor curl your hair,
Nor with a pumice make your body bare.
Leave thoſe effeminate and uſeleſs toys
To eunuchs, who can give no ſolid joys.
Neglect becomes a man: This Theſeus found:
Uncurl'd, uncomb'd, the nymph his wiſhes crown'd.

The rough Hippolytus was Phædra's care;
And Venus thought the rude Adonis fair.
Be not too finical; but yet be clean:
And wear well-faſhion'd cloaths, like other men.
Let not your teeth be yellow, or be foul;
Nor in wide ſhoes your feet too looſely roll.
Of a black muzzle, and long beard, beware;
And let a ſkilful barber cut your hair.
Your nails be pick'd from filth, and ev'n par'd;
Nor let your naſty noſtrils bud with beard.
Cure your unſav'ry breath, gargle your throat;
And free your arm-pits from the ram and goat.
Dreſs not, in ſhort, too little, or too much;
And be not wholly French, nor wholly Dutch.
Now Bacchus calls me to his jolly rites:
Who wou'd not follow, when a God invites?
He helps the poet, and his pen inſpires,
Kind and indulgent to his former fires.
Fair Ariadne wander'd on the ſhore,
Forſaken now; and Theſeus lov'd no more:
Looſe was her gown, diſhevel'd was her hair;
Her boſom naked, and her feet were bare:
Exclaiming on the water's brink ſhe ſtood;
Her briny tears augment the briny flood.
She ſhriek'd, and wept, and both became her face:
No poſture cou'd that heavenly form diſgrace.
She beat her breaſt: The traitor's gone, ſaid ſhe;
What ſhall become of poor forſaken me?
What ſhall become——ſhe had not time for more,
The ſounding cymbals rattled on the ſhore.
She ſwoons for fear, ſhe falls upon the ground;
No vital heat was in her body found.
The Mimallonian dames about her ſtood;
And ſcudding Satyrs ran before their God.
Silenus on his aſs did next appear,
And held upon the mane; (the God was clear)

The drunken Sire purſues, the dames retire;
Sometimes the drunken dames purſue the drunken Sire.
At laſt he topples over on the plain;
The Satyrs laugh, and bid him riſe again.
And now the God of wiue came driving on,
High on his chariot by ſwift tigers drawn.
Her colour, voice, and ſenſe forſook the fair;
Thrice did her trembling feet for flight prepare,
And thrice affrighted did her flight forbear.
She ſhook, like leaves of corn when tempeſts blow,
Or ſlender reeds that in the marſhes grow.
To whom the God: Compoſe thy fearful mind;
In me a truer huſband thou ſhalt find.
With Heav'n I will endue thee, and thy ſtar
Shall with propitious light be ſeen afar,
And guide on ſeas the doubtful mariner.
He ſaid, and from his chariot leaping light,
Leſt the grim tigers ſhou'd the nymph affright,
His brawny arms around her waſte he threw;
(For Gods, whate'er they will, with eaſe can do:)
And ſwiftly bore her thence: Th' attending throng
Shout at the ſight, and ſing the nuptial ſong.
Now in full bowls her ſorrow ſhe may ſteep:
The bridegroom's liquor lays the bride aſleep.
But thou, when flowing cups in triumph ride,
And the lov'd nymph is ſeated by thy ſide;
Invoke the God, and all the mighty pow'rs,
That wine may not defraud the genial hours.
Then in ambiguous words thy ſuit prefer,
Which ſhe may know were all addreſs'd to her.
In liquid purple letters write her name,
Which ſhe may read, and reading find the flame.
Then may your eyes confeſs your mutual fires;
(For eyes have tongues, and glances tell deſires).
Whene'er ſhe drinks, be firſt to take the cup;
And, where ſhe laid her lips, the bleſſing ſup.

When ſhe to carving does her hand advance,
Put out thy own, and touch it as by chance.
Thy ſervice e'en her huſband muſt attend:
(A huſband is a moſt convenient friend.)
Seat the fool cuckold in the higheſt place:
And with thy garland his dull temples grace.
Whether below or equal in degree,
Let him be lord of all the company,
And what he ſays, be ſeconded by thee.
'Tis common to deceive through friendſhip's name:
But common though it be, 'tis ſtill to blame:
Thus factors frequently their truſt betray,
And to themſelves their maſters gains convey.
Drink to a certain pitch, and then give o'er;
Thy tongue and feet may ſtumble, drinking more.
Of drunken quarrels in her ſight beware;
Pot valour only ſerves to fright the fair.
Eurytian juſtly fell, by wine oppreſt,
For his rude riot at a wedding-feaſt.
Sing, if you have a voice; and ſhew your parts
In dancing, if endu'd in dancing arts.
Do any thing within your power to pleaſe;
Nay, e'en effect a ſeeming drunkenneſs;
Clip ev'ry word; and if by chance you ſpeak
Too home, or if too broad a jeſt you break,
In your excuſe the company will join,
And lay the fault upon the force of wine.
True drunkenneſs is ſubject to offend;
But when 'tis feign'd, 'tis oft a lover's friend.
Then ſafely you may praiſe her beauteous face,
And call him happy, who is in her grace.
Her huſband thinks himſelf the man deſign'd;
But curſe the cuckold in your ſecret mind.
When all are riſen, and prepare to go,
Mix with the croud, and tread upon her toe.
This is the proper time to make thy court;
For now ſhe's in the vein, and fit for ſport.

Lay baſhfulneſs, that ruſtic virtue, by;
To manly confidence thy thoughts apply.
On fortune's foretop timely fix thy hold;
Now ſpeak and ſpeed, for Venus loves the bold;
No rules of rhetoric here I need afford:
Only begin, and truſt the following word;
It will be witty of its own accord.

Act well the lover; let thy ſpeech abound
In dying words, that repreſent thy wound:
Diſtruſt not her belief; ſhe will be mov'd:
All women think they merit to be lov'd.

Sometimes a man begins to love in jeſt,
And, after, feels the torment he profeſs'd.
For your own ſakes be pitiful, ye fair;
For a feign'd paſſion may a true prepare.
By flatteries we prevail on woman-kind:
As hollow banks by ſtreams are undermin'd.
Tell her, her face is fair, her eyes are ſweet;
Her taper fingers praiſe, and little feet.
Such praiſes e'en the chaſte are pleas'd to hear;
Both maids and matrons hold their beauty dear.

Once naked Pallas with Jove's queen appear'd.
And ſtill they grieve that Venus was prefer'd.
Praiſe the proud peacock, and he ſpreads his train:
Be ſilent, and he pulls it in again.
Pleas'd is the courſer in his rapid race;
Applaud his running, and he mends his pace.
But largely promiſe and devoutly ſwear;
And, if need be, call ev'ry God to hear.
Jove ſits above, forgiving with a ſmile
The perjuries that eaſy maids beguile.
He ſwore to Juno by the Stygian lake:
Forſworn, he dares not an example make,
Or puniſh falſhood for his own dear ſake.
'Tis for our int'reſt that the Gods ſhou'd be;
Let us believe 'em: I believe, they ſee,
And both reward, and puniſh equally.

Not that they live above like lazy drones,
Or kings below, ſupine upon their thrones.
Lead then your lives as preſent in their ſight;
Be juſt in dealings, and defend the right;
By fraud betray not, nor oppreſs by might.
But 'tis a venial ſin to cheat the fair;
All men have liberty of conſcience there.
On cheating nymphs a cheat is well deſign'd;
'Tis a profane and a deceitful kind.
'Tis ſaid, that Ægypt for nine years was dry,
Nor Nile did floods, nor Heav'n did rain ſupply.
A foreigner at length inform'd the king,
That ſlaughter'd gueſts would kindly moiſture bring.
The king reply'd: On thee the lot ſhall fall;
Be thou my gueſt, the ſacrifice for all.
Thus Phalaris Perillus taught to low,
And made him ſeaſon firſt the brazen cow.
A rightful doom, the laws of Nature cry,
'Tis, the artificers of death ſhould die.
Thus juſtly women ſuffer by deceit;
Their practice authorizes us to cheat.
Beg her, with tears, thy warm deſires to grant;
For tears will pierce a heart of adamant.
If tears will not be ſqueez'd, then rub your eye,
Or 'noint the lids, and ſeem at leaſt to cry.
Kiſs, if you can: Reſiſtance if ſhe make,
And will not give you kiſſes, let her take.
Fy, fy, you naughty man, are words of courſe;
She ſtruggles but to be ſubdu'd by force.
Kiſs only ſoft, I charge you, and beware,
With your hard briſtles not to bruſh the fair.
He who has gain'd a kiſs, and gains no more,
Deſerves to loſe the bliſs he got before.
If once ſhe kiſs, her meaning is expreſs'd;
There wants but little puſhing for the reſt:

Which if thou doſt not gain, by ſtrength or art,
The name of clown then ſuits with thy deſert;
'Tis downright dulneſs, and a ſhameful part.
Perhaps, ſhe calls it force; but, if ſhe 'ſcape,
She will not thank you for th' omitted rape.
The ſex is cunning to conceal their fires;
They would be forc'd e'en to their own deſires.
They ſeem t' accuſe you, with a downcaſt ſight,
But in their ſouls confeſs you did them right.
Who might be forc'd, and yet untouch'd depart,
Thank with their tongues, but curſe you with their heart,
Fair Phœbe and her ſiſter did prefer
To their dull mates the noble raviſher.
What Deidamia did, in days of yore,
The tale is old, but worth the telling o'er.
When Venus had the golden apple gain'd,
And the juſt judge fair Helen had obtain'd:
When ſhe with triumph was at Troy receiv'd,
The Trojans joyful, while the Grecians griev'd:
They vow'd revenge of violated laws,
And Greece was arming in the cuckold's cauſe:
Achilles, by his mother warn'd from war,
Diſguis'd his ſex, and lurk'd among the fair.
What means Æacides to ſpin and ſew?
With ſpear and ſword in field thy valour ſhew;
And, leaving this, the nobler Pallas know.
Why doſt thou in that hand the diſtaff wield,
Which is more worthy to ſuſtain the ſhield?
Or with that other draw the woolly twine,
The ſame the fates for Hector's thread aſſign?
Brandiſh thy falchion in thy pow'rful hand,
Which can alone the pond'rous lance command.
In the ſame room, by chance, the royal maid
Was lodg'd, and, by his ſeeming ſex betray'd,
Cloſe to her ſide the youthful hero laid.
I know not how his courtſhip he began;
But, to her coſt, ſhe found it was a man.

'Tis thought ſhe ſtruggl'd; but withal 'tis thought,
Her wiſh was to be conquer'd, when ſhe fought.
For when diſclos'd, and haſt'ning to the field,
He laid his diſtaff down, and took the ſhield,
With tears her humble ſuit ſhe did prefer,
And thought to ſtay the grateful raviſher.
She ſighs, ſhe ſobs, ſhe begs him not to part:
And now 'tis Nature, what before was art.
She ſtrives by force her lover to detain,
And wiſhes to be raviſh'd once again.
This is the ſex; they will not firſt begin,
But, when compell'd, are pleas'd to ſuffer ſin.
Is there, who thinks that women firſt ſhould woo?
Lay by thy ſelf-conceit, thou fooliſh beau.
Begin, and ſave their modeſty the ſhame;
'Tis well for thee, if they receive thy flame.
'Tis decent for a man to ſpeak his mind;
They but expect th' occaſion to be kind.
Aſk, that thou mayſt enjoy; ſhe waits for this;
And on thy firſt advance depends thy bliſs.
E'en Jove himſelf was forc'd to ſue for love;
None of the nymphs did firſt ſolicit Jove.
But if you find your pray'rs increaſe her pride,
Strike ſail awhile, and wait another tide.
They fly when we purſue; but make delay,
And, when they ſee you ſlacken, they will ſtay.
Sometimes it profits to conceal your end;
Name not yourſelf her lover, but her friend.
How many ſkittiſh girls have thus been caught?
He prov'd a lover, who a friend was thought.
Sailors by ſun and wind are ſwarthy made;
A tann'd complexion beſt becomes their trade.
'Tis a diſgrace to ploughmen to be fair;
Bluff cheeks they have, and weather-beaten hair.
Th' ambitious youth, who ſeeks an olive crown,
Is ſun-burnt with his daily toil, and brown.

But if the lover hopes to be in grace.
Wan be his looks, and meagre be his face.
That colour, from the fair compaſſion draws:
She thinks you ſick, and thinks herſelf the cauſe.
Orion wander'd in the woods for love:
His paleneſs did the nymphs to pity move;
His ghaſtly viſage argu'd hidden love.
Nor fail a night-cap, in full health, to wear;
Neglect thy dreſs, and diſcompoſe thy hair.
All things are decent, that in love avail:
Read long by night, and ſtudy to be pale:
Forſake your food, refuſe your needful reſt;
Be miſerable, that you may be bleſt.
Shall I complain, or ſhall I warn you moſt?
Faith, truth, and friendſhip in the world are loſt;
A little and an empty name they boaſt.
Truſt not thy friend, much leſs thy miſtreſs praiſe;
If he believe, thou mayſt a rival raiſe.
'Tis true, Patroclus, by no luſt miſled,
Sought not to ſtain his dear companion's bed.
Nor Pylades Hermione embrac'd;
E'en Phædra to Pirithous ſtill was chaſte.
But hope not thou, in this vile age, to find
Thoſe rare examples of a faithful mind.
The ſea ſhall ſooner with ſweet honey flow:
Or from the furzes pears and apples grow.
We ſin with guſt, we love by fraud to gain;
And find a pleaſure in our fellow's pain.
From rival foes you may the fair defend;
But, would you ward the blow, beware your friend:
Beware your brother, and your next of kin;
But from your boſom-friend your care begin.
Here I had ended, but experience finds,
That ſundry women are of ſundry minds;
With various crotchets fill'd, and hard to pleaſe:
They therefore muſt be caught by various ways.

All things are not produc'd in any ſoil;
This ground for wine is proper, that for oil.
So 'tis in men, but more in woman-kind:
Diff'rent in face, in manners, and in mind:
But wiſe men ſhift their ſails with every wind;
As changeful Proteus vary'd oft his ſhape,
And did in ſundry forms and figures 'ſcape;
A running ſtream, a ſtanding tree became,
A roaring lion, or a bleating lamb.
Some fiſh with harpons, ſome with darts are ſtruck,
Some drawn with nets, ſome hang upon the hook:
So turn thyſelf; and, imitating them,
Try ſev'ral tricks, and change thy ſtratagem.
One rule will not for diff'rent ages hold;
The jades grow cunning, as they grow more old.
Then talk not baudy to the baſhful maid;
Broad words will make her innocence afraid.
Nor to an ign'rant girl of learning ſpeak;
She thinks you conjure, when you talk in Greek.
And hence 'tis often ſeen, the ſimple ſhun
The learn'd, and into vile embraces run.
Part of my taſk is done, and part to do:
But here 'tis time to reſt myſelf and you.

The First Book of
OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

OF bodies chang'd to various forms I ſing:
Ye Gods, from whom theſe miracles did ſpring,
Inſpire my numbers with celeſtial heat;
'Till I my long laborious work compleat;

And add perpetual tenour to my rhymes,
Deduc'd from Nature's birth to Cæsar's times.
Before the seas, and this terrestrial ball,
And Heav'n's high canopy, that covers all,
One was the face of Nature, if a face;
Rather a rude and indigested mass:
A lifeless lump, unshapen'd, and unfram'd,
Of jarring seeds, and justly chaos nam'd.
No sun was lighted up, the world to view;
No moon did yet her blunted horns renew:
Nor yet was earth suspended in the sky;
Nor, pois'd, did on her own foundations lie:
Nor seas about the shores their arms had thrown;
But earth, and air, and water were in one.
Thus air was void of light, and earth unstable,
And water's dark abyss unnavigable.
No certain form on any was impress;
All were confus'd, and each disturb'd the rest.
For hot and cold were in one body fixt:
And soft with hard, and light with heavy mixt.
But God, or Nature, while they thus contend,
To these intestine discords put an end.
Then earth from air, and seas from earth were driv'n,
And grosser air sunk from ætherial Heav'n.
Thus disembroil'd, they take their proper place;
The next of kin contagiously embrace;
And foes are sunder'd by a larger space.
The force of fire ascended first on high,
And took its dwelling in the vaulted sky.
Then air succeeds, in lightness next to fire;
Whose atoms from unactive earth retire.
Earth sinks beneath, and draws a num'rous throng
Of pond'rous, thick, unwieldy seeds along.
About her coasts unruly waters roar,
And, rising on a ridge, insult the shore.
Thus when the God, whatever God was he,
Had form'd the whole, and made the parts agree,

That no unequal portions might be found,
He moulded earth into a ſpacious round:
Then, with a breath he gave the winds to blow;
And bade the congregated waters flow.
He adds the running ſprings, and ſtanding lakes;
And bounding banks for winding rivers makes.
Some part in earth are ſwallow'd up, the moſt
In ample oceans, diſembogu'd, are loſt.
He ſhades the woods, the vallies he reſtrains
With rocky mountains, and extends the plains.

And as five zones th' ætherial regions bind,
Five, coreſpondent, are to earth aſſign'd:
The ſun with rays, directly darting down,
Fires all beneath, and fries the middle zone:
The two beneath the diſtant poles complain
Of endleſs Winter, and perpetual rain.
Betwixt th' extremes, two happier climates hold
The temper that partakes of hot and cold.
The fields of liquid air, incloſing all,
Surround the compaſs of this earthly ball:
The lighter parts lie next the fires above;
The groſſer near the wat'ry ſurface move:
Thick clouds are ſpread, and ſtorms engender there,
And thunder's voice, which wretched mortals fear,
And winds that on their wings cold Winter bear.
Nor were thoſe bluſt'ring brethren left at large,
On ſeas, and ſhores, their fury to diſcharge:
Bound as they are, and circumſcrib'd in place,
They rend the world, reſiſtleſs, where they paſs;
And mighty marks of miſchief leave behind;
Such is the rage of their tempeſtuous kind.
Firſt Eurus to the riſing morn is ſent,
(The regions of the balmy continent)
And Eaſtern realms, where early Perſians run,
To greet the bleſt appearance of the ſun.
Weſtward the wanton Zephyr wings his flight,
Pleas'd with the remnants of departing light:

Fierce Boreas, with his offspring, iſſues forth
T' invade the frozen waggon of the North.
While frowning Auſter ſeeks the Southern ſphere,
And rots, with endleſs rain, th' unwholeſome year.
High o'er the clouds, and empty realms of wind,
The GOD a clearer ſpace for Heav'n deſign'd;
Where fields of light, and liquid æther flow,
Purg'd from the pond'rous dregs of earth below.
Scarce had the Pow'r diſtinguiſh'd theſe, when ſtraight
The ſtars, no longer overlaid with weight,
Exert their heads, from underneath the maſs,
And upward ſhoot, and kindle as they paſs,
And with diffuſive light adorn their heav'nly place.
Then, ev'ry void of nature to ſupply,
With forms of Gods he fills the vacant ſky:
New herds of beaſts he ſends, the plains to ſhare;
New colonies of birds, to people air;
And to their oozy beds the finny fiſh repair.
A creature of a more exalted kind
Was wanting yet, and then was man deſign'd:
Conſcious of thought, of more capacious breaſt,
For empire form'd, and fit to rule the reſt:
Whether with particles of heav'nly fire
The GOD of Nature did his ſoul inſpire;
Or earth, but new divided from the ſky,
And pliant ſtill, retain'd th' ætherial energy:
Which wiſe Prometheus temper'd into paſte,
And, mixt with living ſtreams, the godlike image caſt.
Thus, while the mute creation downward bend
Their ſight, and to their earthly mother tend,
Man looks aloft, and with erected eyes
Beholds his own hereditary ſkies.
From ſuch rude principles our form began;
And earth was metamorphos'd into man.

The GOLDEN AGE.

THE golden age was firſt; when man, yet new,
No rule but uncorrupted reaſon knew;
And, with a native bent, did good purſue.
Unforc'd by puniſhment, un-aw'd by fear,
His words were ſimple, and his ſoul ſincere:
Needleſs was written law where none oppreſt;
The law of man was written in his breaſt:
No ſuppliant crowds before the judge appear'd;
No court erected yet, nor cauſe was heard;
But all was ſafe, for conſcience was their guard.
The mountain-trees in diſtant proſpect pleaſe,
Ere yet the pine deſcended to the ſeas;
Ere ſails were ſpread, new oceans to explore;
And happy mortals, unconcern'd for more,
Confin'd their wiſhes to their native ſhore.
No walls were yet, nor fence, nor mote, nor mound;
Nor drum was heard, nor trumpets angry ſound:
Nor ſwords were forg'd; but, void of care and crime,
The ſoft creation ſlept away their time.
The teeming earth, yet guiltleſs of the plough,
And unprovok'd, did fruitful ſtores allow:
Content with food, which Nature freely bred,
On wildings and on ſtrawberries they fed;
Cornels and bramble-berries gave the reſt,
And falling acorns furniſh'd out a feaſt.
The flow'rs, unſown, in fields and meadows reign'd;
And weſtern winds immortal ſpring maintain'd.
In following years the bearded corn enſu'd,
From earth, unaſk'd; nor was that earth renew'd.
From veins of vallies milk and nectar broke;
And honey ſweating through the pores of oak.

The SILVER AGE.

BUT when good Saturn, baniſh'd from above,
Was driv'n to hell, the world was under Jove.
Succeeding times a Silver Age behold,
Excelling braſs, but more excell'd by gold.
Then Summer, Autumn, Winter did appear;
And Spring was but a ſeaſon of the year.
The ſun his annual courſe obliquely made,
Good days contracted, and enlarg'd the bad.
Then air with ſultry heats began to glow;
The wings of winds were clog'd with ice and ſnow;
And ſhivering mortals, into houſes driv'n,
Sought ſhelter from th' inclemency of heav'n.
Thoſe houſes, then, were caves, or homely ſheds,
With twining oziers fenc'd; and moſs their beds.
Then ploughs, for ſeed, the fruitful furrows broke,
And oxen labour'd firſt beneath the yoke.

The BRAZEN AGE.

TO this came next in courſe the Brazen Age;
A warlike offspring, prompt to bloody rage,
Not impious yet———

The IRON AGE.

——HARD ſteel ſucceeded then;
And ſtubborn as the metal were the men.
Truth, modeſty, and ſhame, the world forſook:
Fraud, avarice, and force, their places took.
Then ſails were ſpread to ev'ry wind that blew;
Raw with the ſailors, and the depths were new:
Trees, rudely hollow'd, did the waves ſuſtain;
Ere ſhips in triumph plow'd the wat'ry plain.

Then land-marks limited to each his right:
For all before was common as the light.
Nor was the ground alone requir'd to bear
Her annual income to the crooked ſhare;
But greedy mortals, rummaging her ſtore,
Digg'd from her entrails firſt the precious ore;
Which next to hell the prudent Gods had laid;
And that alluring ill to ſight diſplay'd.
Thus curſed ſteel, and more accurſed gold,
Gave miſchief birth, and made that miſchief bold:
And double death did wretched man invade,
By ſteel aſſaulted, and by gold betray'd.
Now (brandiſh'd weapons glitt'ring in their hands)
Mankind is broken looſe from moral bands;
No rights of hoſpitality remain:
The gueſt, by him who harbour'd him, is ſlain:
The ſon-in-law purſues the father's life;
The wife her huſband murders, he the wife.
The ſtep-dame poiſon for the ſon prepares;
The ſon inquires into his father's years.
Faith flies, and piety in exile mourns;
And juſtice, here oppreſt, to heav'n returns.

The GIANTS WAR.

NOR were the Gods themſelves more ſafe above;
Againſt beleagur'd Heav'n the giants move.
Hills pil'd on hills, on mountains mountains lie,
To make their mad approaches to the ſky.
'Till Jove, no longer patient, took his time
T' avenge with thunder their audacious crime:
Red light'ning play'd along the firmament,
And their demoliſh'd works to pieces rent.
Sing'd with the flames, and with the bolts transfix'd,
With native earth their blood the monſters mix'd;

The blood, endu'd with animating heat,
Did in th' impregnate earth new ſons beget:
They, like the ſeed from which they ſprung, accurſt,
Againſt the Gods immortal hatred nurſt:
An impious, arrogant, and cruel brood.
Expreſſing their original from blood.
Which when the King of Gods beheld from high,
(Withal revolving in his memory,
What he himſelf had found on earth of late,
Lycaon's guilt, and his inhuman treat,)
He ſigh'd, nor longer with his pity ſtrove;
But kindled to a wrath becoming Jove:
Then call'd a general council of the Gods;
Who, ſummon'd, iſſue from their bleſt abodes,
And fill th' aſſembly with a ſhining train.
A way there is, in heav'n's expanded plain,
Which, when the ſkies are clear, is ſeen below,
And mortals by the name of *milky* know.
The ground-work is of ſtars; through which the road
Lies open to the Thunderer's abode.
The Gods of greater nations dwell around,
And, on the right and left, the palace bound;
The commons where they can: The nobler ſort,
With winding-doors wide open, front the court.
This place, as far as earth with heav'n may vie,
I dare to call the *louvre* of the ſky.
When all were plac'd, in ſeats diſtinctly known,
And he, their father, had aſſum'd the throne,
Upon his iv'ry ſceptre firſt he leant,
Then ſhook his head, that ſhook the firmament:
Air, earth, and ſeas, obey'd th' almighty nod;
And, with a gen'ral fear, confeſs'd the God.
At length, with indignation, thus he broke
His awful ſilence, and the pow'rs beſpoke.
I was not more concern'd in that debate
Of empire, when our univerſal ſtate

Was put to hazard, and the giant race
Our captive ſkies were ready to embrace:
For tho' the foe was fierce, the ſeeds of all
Rebellion ſprung from one original;
Now, whereſoever ambient waters glide,
All are corrupt, and all muſt be deſtroy'd.
Let me this holy proteſtation make:
By hell, and hell's inviolable lake,
I try'd whatever in the God-head lay:
But gangren'd members muſt be lop'd away,
Before the nobler parts are tainted to decay.
There dwells below a race of demi-gods,
Of nymphs in waters, and of fawns in woods:
Who, tho' not worthy yet in heav'n to live,
Let 'em, at leaſt, enjoy that earth we give.
Can theſe be thought ſecurely lodg'd below,
When I myſelf, who no ſuperior know,
I who have heav'n and earth at my command,
Have been attempted by Lycaon's hand?

At this a murmur through the ſynod went,
And with one voice they vote his puniſhment.
Thus, when conſpiring traitors dar'd to doom
The fall of Cæſar, and in him of Rome,
The nations trembled with a pious fear;
All anxious for their earthly Thunderer:
Nor was their care, O Cæſar! leſs eſteem'd
By thee, than that of Heav'n for Jove was deem'd;
Who, with his hand, and voice, did firſt reſtrain
Their murmurs, then reſum'd his ſpeech again.
The Gods to ſilence were compos'd, and fate
With reverence due to his ſuperior ſtate.

Cancel your pious cares; already he
Has paid his debt to juſtice, and to me.
Yet what his crimes, and what my judgments were,
Remains for me thus briefly to declare.
The clamours of this vile degenerate age,
The cries of orphans, and th' oppreſſor's rage,

Had reach'd the ſtars; I will deſcend, ſaid I,
In hope to prove this loud complaint a lie.
Diſguis'd in human ſhape, I travell'd round
The world, and more than what I heard I found.
O'er Mænalus I took my ſteepy way,
By caverns infamous for beaſts of prey:
Then croſs'd Cyllene, and the piny ſhade,
More infamous by curſt Lycaon made.
Dark night had cover'd heav'n and earth, before
I enter'd his unhoſpitable door.
Juſt at my entrance, I diſplay'd the ſign
That ſomewhat was approaching of divine.
The proſtrate people pray; the tyrant grins;
And, adding prophanation to his ſins,
I'll try, ſaid he, and, if a God appear,
To prove his Deity ſhall coſt him dear.
'Twas late; the graceleſs wretch my death prepares,
When I ſhould ſoundly ſleep, oppreſt with cares:
This dire experiment he choſe, to prove
If I were mortal, or undoubted Jove:
But firſt he had reſolv'd to taſte my pow'r.
Not long before, but in a luckleſs hour,
Some legates, ſent from the Moloſian ſtate,
Were on a peaceful errand come to treat:
Of theſe he murders one, he boils the fleſh,
And lays the mangled morſels in a diſh;
Some part he roaſts; then ſerves it up, ſo dreſt,
And bids me welcome to this human feaſt.
Mov'd with diſdain, the table I o'erturn'd;
And with avenging flames the palace burn'd.
The tyrant, in a fright, for ſhelter gains
The neighb'ring fields, and ſcours along the plains.
Howling he fled, and fain he wou'd have ſpoke;
But human voice his brutal tongue forſook.
About his lips the gather'd foam he churns,
And, breathing ſlaughter, ſtill with rage he burns,
But on the bleating flock his fury turns.

His mantle, now his hide, with rugged hairs
Cleaves to his back; a famiſh'd face he bears;
His arms deſcend, his ſhoulders ſink away,
To multiply his legs for chace of prey.
He grows a wolf, his hoarineſs remains,
And the ſame rage in other members reigns.
His eyes ſtill ſparkle in a narr'wer ſpace:
His jaws retain the grin, and violence of his face.
This was a ſingle ruin, but not one
Deſerves ſo juſt a puniſhment alone.
Mankind's a monſter, and th' ungodly times,
Confed'rate into guilt, are ſworn to crimes.
All are alike involv'd in ill, and all
Muſt by the ſame relentleſs fury fall.
Thus ended he; the greater Gods aſſent,
By clamours urging his ſevere intent;
The leſs fill up the cry for puniſhment.
Yet ſtill with pity they remember man;
And mourn as much as heav'nly ſpirits can.
They aſk, when thoſe were loſt of human birth,
What he wou'd do with all his waſte of earth?
If his diſpeopl'd world he would reſign
To beaſts, a mute, and more ignoble line?
Neglected altars muſt no longer ſmoke,
If none were left to worſhip, and invoke.
To whom the Father of the Gods reply'd;
Lay that unneceſſary fear aſide:
Mine be the care, new people to provide.
I will from wondrous principles ordain
A race unlike the firſt, and try my ſkill again.
Already had he toſs'd the flaming brand;
And roll'd the thunder in his ſpacious hand;
Preparing to diſcharge on ſeas and land:
But ſtop'd, for fear, thus violently driv'n,
The ſparks ſhould catch his axle-tree of Heav'n.
Remembring, in the fates, a time, when fire
Shou'd to the battlements of Heav'n aſpire,

And all his blazing worlds above ſhou'd burn,
And all th' inferior globe to cinders turn.
His dire artill'ry thus diſmiſs'd, he bent
His thoughts to ſome ſecurer puniſhment:
Concludes to pour a wat'ry deluge down;
And, what he durſt not burn, reſolves to drown.
The Northern breath that freezes floods, he binds;
With all the race of cloud-diſpelling winds:
The South he loos'd, who night and horror brings;
And fogs are ſhaken from his flaggy wings.
From his divided beard two ſtreams he pours;
His head and rheumy eyes diſtil in ſhow'rs.
With rain his robe and heavy mantle flow:
And lazy miſts are lowring on his brow.
Still as he ſwept along, with his clench'd fiſt
He ſqeez'd the clouds; the impriſon'd clouds reſiſt:
The ſkies, from pole to pole, with peals reſound;
And ſhow'rs inlarg'd come pouring on the ground.
Then, clad in colours of a various dye,
Junonian Iris breeds a new ſupply,
To feed the clouds: Impetuous rain deſcends;
The bearded corn beneath the burden bends:
Defrauded clowns deplore their periſh'd grain;
And the long labours of the year are vain.
Nor from his patrimonial Heav'n alone
Is Jove content to pour his vengeance down;
Aid from his brother of the ſeas he craves,
To help him with auxiliary waves.
The wat'ry tyrant calls his brooks and floods,
Who rowl from moſſy caves, their moiſt abodes;
And with perpetual urns his palace fill:
To whom in brief, he thus imparts his will:
Small exhortation needs; your pow'rs employ:
And this bad world (ſo Jove requires) deſtroy.
Let looſe the reins to all your wat'ry ſtore:
Bear down the dams, and open ev'ry door.

The floods, by Nature enemies to land,
And proudly ſwelling with their new command,
Remove the living ſtones, that ſtop'd their way,
And, guſhing from their ſource, augment the ſea.
Then, with his mace, their monarch ſtruck the ground;
With inward trembling earth receiv'd the wound;
And riſing ſtreams a ready paſſage found.
Th' expanded waters gather on the plain:
They float the fields, and over-top the grain;
Then ruſhing onwards, with a ſweepy ſway,
Bear flocks, and folds, and lab'ring hinds away.
Nor ſafe their dwellings were; for, ſap'd by floods,
Their houſes fell upon their houſhold Gods.
The ſolid piles, too ſtrongly built to fall,
High o'er their heads behold a wat'ry wall.
Now ſeas and earth were in confuſion loſt;
A world of waters, and without a coaſt.
One climbs a cliff; one in his boat is born,
And plows above where late he ſow'd his corn.
Others o'er chimney-tops and turrets row,
And drop their anchors on the meads below:
Or downward driv'n, they bruiſe the tender vine,
Or, toſs'd aloft, are knock'd againſt a pine.
And where of late the kids had cropt the graſs,
The monſters of the deep now take their place.
Inſulting Nereids on the cities ride,
And wond'ring Dolphins o'er the palace glide.
On leaves, and maſts of mighty oaks, they brouze;
And their broad fins entangle in the boughs.
The frighted wolf now ſeems amongſt the ſheep;
The yellow lion wanders in the deep:
His rapid force no longer helps the boar:
The ſtag ſwims faſter than he ran before.
The fowls, long beating on their wings in vain,
Deſpair of land, and drop into the main.
Now hills and vales no more diſtinction know;
And levell'd Nature lyes oppreſs'd below.

The moſt of mortals periſh in the flood:
The ſmall remainder dies for want of food.
A mountain of ſtupendous height there ſtands
Betwixt th' Athenian and Bœotian lands,
The bound of fruitful fields, while fields they were,
But then a field of waters did appear:
Parnaſſus is its name; whoſe forky riſe
Mounts thro' the clouds, and mates the lofty ſkies.
High on the ſummit of this dubious cliff,
Deucalion wafting moor'd his little ſkiff.
He with his wife were only left behind
Of periſh'd man; they two were human-kind.
The mountain nymphs and Themis they adore,
And from her oracles relief implore.
The moſt upright of mortal men was he;
The moſt ſincere, and holy woman, ſhe.
When Jupiter, ſurveying earth from high,
Beheld it in a lake of water lye,
That, where ſo many millions lately liv'd,
But two the beſt of either ſex, ſurviv'd;
He loos'd the Northern wind: Fierce Boreas flies,
To puff away the clouds, and purge the ſkies:
Serenely, while he blows, the vapours driv'n
Diſcover heav'n to earth, and earth to heav'n.
The billows fall, while Neptune lays his mace
On the rough ſea, and ſmooths its furrow'd face.
Already Triton, at his call, appears
Above the waves; a Tyrian robe he wears;
And in his hand a crooked trumpet bears.
The ſovereign bids him peaceful ſounds inſpire,
And give the waves the ſignal to retire.
His writhen ſhell he takes, whoſe narrow vent
Grows by degrees into a large extent;
Then gives it breath; the blaſt, with doubling ſound,
Runs the wide circuit of the world around.
The ſun firſt heard it, in his early Eaſt,
And met the rattling echo's in the Weſt.

The waters liſt'ning to the trumpet's roar,
Obey the ſummons, and forſake the ſhore.
A thin circumference of land appears;
And earth, but not at once her viſage rears,
And peeps upon the ſeas from upper grounds:
The ſtreams, but juſt contain'd within their bounds,
By ſlow degrees into their channels crawl;
And earth increaſes as the waters fall.
In longer time the tops of trees appear,
Which mud on their diſhonour'd branches bear.
At length the world was all reſtor'd to view,
But deſolate, and of a ſickly hue:
Nature beheld herſelf, and ſtood aghaſt,
A diſmal deſart, and a ſilent waſte.
Which when Deucalion, with a piteous look,
Beheld, he wept, and thus to Pyrrha ſpoke:
Oh wife! oh ſiſter! oh of all thy kind
The beſt and only creature left behind!
By kindred, love, and now by dangers join'd!
Of multitudes, who breath'd the common air,
We two remain a ſpecies in a pair:
The reſt the ſeas have ſwallow'd; nor have we
E'en of this wretched life a certainty.
The clouds are ſtill above; and, while I ſpeak,
A ſecond deluge o'er our heads may break.
Shou'd I be ſnatch'd from hence, and thou remain,
Without relief, or partner of thy pain,
How cou'dſt thou ſuch a wretched life ſuſtain?
Shou'd I be left, and thou be loſt, the ſea,
That bury'd her I lov'd, ſhou'd bury me.
Oh cou'd our father his old arts inſpire,
And make me heir of his informing fire,
That ſo I might aboliſh'd man retrieve,
And periſh'd people in new ſouls might live!
But Heav'n is pleas'd, nor ought we to complain,
That we, th' examples of mankind, remain.

He ſaid; the careful couple join their tears,
And then invoke the Gods, with pious prayers.
Thus in devotion having eas'd their grief,
From ſacred oracles they ſeek relief:
And to Cephiſus' brook their way purſue:
The ſtream was troubled, but the ford they knew.
With living waters, in the fountain bred,
They ſprinkle firſt their garments, and their head,
Then took the way, which to the temple led.
The roofs were all defil'd with moſs and mire,
The deſart altars void of ſolemn fire.
Before the gradual proſtrate they ador'd,
The pavement kiſs'd; and thus the Saint implor'd.
O righteous Themis! if the pow'rs above
By pray'rs are bent to pity and to love;
If human miſeries can move their mind;
If yet they can forgive, and yet be kind;
Tell how we may reſtore, by ſecond birth,
Mankind and people deſolated earth.
Then thus the gracious goddeſs, nodding, ſaid;
Depart, and with your veſtments veil your head:
And ſtooping lowly down, with looſen'd zones,
Throw each behind your backs your mighty mother's bones.
Amaz'd the pair, and mute with wonder, ſtand,
'Till Pyrrha firſt refus'd the dire command.
Forbid it Heav'n, ſaid ſhe, that I ſhou'd tear
Thoſe holy relics from the ſepulchre.
They ponder'd the myſterious words again,
For ſome new ſenſe; and long they ſought in vain:
At length Deucalion clear'd his cloudy brow,
And ſaid: The dark ænigma will allow
A meaning; which if well I underſtand,
From ſacrilege will free the God's command:
This earth our mighty mother is, the ſtones
In her capacious body are her bones:
Theſe we muſt caſt behind. With hope, and fear,
The woman did the new ſolution hear:

The man diffides in his own augury,
And doubts the Gods; yet both reſolve to try.
Deſcending from the mount, they firſt unbind
Their veſts, and veil'd they caſt the ſtones behind:
The ſtones (a miracle to mortal view,
But long tradition makes it paſs for true)
Did firſt the rigour of their kind expel,
And ſuppled into ſoftneſs as they fell;
Then ſwell'd, and ſwelling by degrees grew warm;
And took the rudiments of human form;
Imperfect ſhapes: In marble ſuch are ſeen,
When the rude chizzel does the man begin;
While yet the roughneſs of the ſtone remains,
Without the riſing muſcles and the veins.
The ſappy parts, and next reſembling juice,
Were turn'd to moiſture, for the body's uſe:
Supplying humours, blood and nouriſhment:
The reſt too ſolid to receive a bent,
Converts to bones; and what was once a vein,
Its former name and Nature did retain.
By help of Pow'r divine, in little ſpace,
What the man threw aſſum'd a manly face;
And what the wife, renew'd the female race.
Hence we derive our nature; born to bear
Laborious life, and harden'd into care.

The reſt of animals, from teeming earth
Produc'd, in various forms receiv'd their birth.
The native moiſture, in its cloſe retreat,
Digeſted by the ſun's ætherial heat,
As in a kindly womb, began to breed:
Then ſwell'd, and quicken'd by the vital ſeed.
And ſome in leſs, and ſome in longer ſpace,
Were ripen'd into form, and took a ſev'ral face.
Thus when the Nile from Pharian fields is fled,
And ſeeks, with ebbing tides, his ancient bed,
The fat manure with heav'nly fire is warm'd;
And cruſted creatures, as in wombs, are form'd:

Theſe, when they turn the glebe, the peaſants find;
Some rude, and yet unfiniſh'd in their kind:
Short of their limbs, a lame imperfect birth;
One half alive, and one of lifeleſs earth.
For heat and moiſture when in bodies join'd,
The temper that reſults from either kind
Conception makes; and fighting 'till they mix,
Their mingled atoms in each other fix.
Thus Nature's hand the genial bed prepares
With friendly diſcord, and with fruitful wars.
From hence the ſurface of the ground with mud,
And ſlime beſmear'd (the fæces of the blood)
Receiv'd the rays of heav'n; and ſucking in
The ſeeds of heat, new creatures did begin:
Some were of ſev'ral ſorts produc'd before;
But of new monſters earth created more.
Unwillingly, but yet ſhe brought to light
Thee, Python, too, the wond'ring world to fright,
And the new nations, with ſo dire a ſight:
So monſtrous was his bulk, ſo large a ſpace
Did his vaſt body and long train embrace:
Whom Phœbus baſking on a bank eſpy'd,
Ere now the God his arrows had not try'd,
But on the trembling deer, or mountain goat;
At this new quarry he prepares to ſhoot.
Though every ſhaft took place, he ſpent the ſtore
Of his full quiver; and 'twas long before
Th' expiring ſerpent wallow'd in his gore.
Then, to preſerve the fame of ſuch a deed,
For Python ſlain he Pythian games decreed.
Where noble youths for maſterſhip ſhould ſtrive,
To quoit, to run, and ſteeds and chariots drive.
The prize was fame: In witneſs of renown,
An oaken garland did the victor crown.
The laurel was not yet for triumphs born;
But every green alike by Phœbus worn
Did, with promiſcuous grace, his flowing locks adorn.

The Transformation of DAPHNE *into a Laurel.*

THE firſt and faireſt of his loves was ſhe,
Whom not blind fortune, but the dire decree
Of angry Cupid forc'd him to deſire:
Daphne her name, and Peneus was her ſire.
Swell'd with the pride, that new ſucceſs attends,
He ſees the ſtripling, while his bow he bends,
And thus inſults him: Thou laſcivious boy,
Are arms like theſe for children to employ?
Know, ſuch atchievements are my proper claim;
Due to my vigour and unerring aim:
Reſiſtleſs are my ſhafts, and Python late,
In ſuch a feather'd death, has found his fate.
Take up thy torch, and lay my weapons by;
With that the feeble ſouls of lovers fry.
To whom the ſon of Venus thus reply'd:
Phœbus, thy ſhafts are ſure on all beſide;
But mine on Phœbus: Mine the fame ſhall be
Of all thy conqueſts, when I conquer thee.
He ſaid, and ſoaring ſwiftly wing'd his flight;
Nor ſtop'd but on Parnaſſus' airy height.
Two diff'rent ſhafts he from his quiver draws;
One to repel deſire, and one to cauſe.
One ſhaft is pointed with refulgent gold,
To bribe the love, and make the lover bold:
One blunt, and tipt with lead, whoſe baſe allay
Provokes diſdain, and drives deſire away.
The blunted bolt againſt the nymph he dreſt:
But with the ſharp transfix'd Apollo's breaſt.
Th' enamour'd Deity purſues the chace:
The ſcornful damſel ſhuns his loath'd embrace:
In hunting beaſts of prey her youth employs;
And Phœbe rivals in her rural joys.

With naked neck ſhe goes, and ſhoulders bare;
And with a fillet binds her flowing hair.
By many ſuitors ſought, ſhe mocks their pains,
And ſtill her vow'd virginity maintains.
Impatient of a yoke, the name of bride
She ſhuns, and hates the joys ſhe never try'd.
On wilds and woods ſhe fixes her deſire;
Nor knows what youth, and kindly love, inſpire.
Her father chides her oft: Thou ow'ſt, ſays he,
A huſband to thyſelf, a ſon to me.
She, like a crime, abhors the nuptial bed:
She glows with bluſhes, and ſhe hangs her head.
Then, caſting round his neck her tender arms,
Soothes him with blandiſhments, and filial charms:
Give me, my lord, ſhe ſaid, to live, and die,
A ſpotleſs maid, without the marriage-tie.
'Tis but a ſmall requeſt; I beg no more
Than what Diana's father gave before.
The good old ſire was ſoften'd to conſent;
But ſaid, her wiſh wou'd prove her puniſhment:
For ſo much youth, and ſo much beauty join'd,
Oppos'd the ſtate, which her deſires deſign'd.
The God of light, aſpiring to her bed,
Hopes what he ſeeks, with flatt'ring fancies fed;
And is by his own oracles miſ-led.
And as in empty fields the ſtubble burns,
Or nightly travellers, when day returns,
Their uſeleſs torches on dry hedges throw,
That catch the flames, and kindle all the row;
So burns the God, conſuming in deſire,
And feeding in his breaſt a fruitleſs fire:
Her well-turn'd neck he view'd (her neck was bare)
And on her ſhoulders her diſhevel'd hair:
Oh were it comb'd, ſaid he, with what a grace
Wou'd every waving curl become her face!
He view'd her eyes, like heav'nly lamps that ſhone;
He view'd her lips, too ſweet to view alone,

Her taper fingers, and her panting breaſt;
He praiſes all he ſees, and for the reſt
Believes the beauties yet unſeen are beſt.
Swift as the wind, the damſel fled away,
Nor did for theſe alluring ſpeeches ſtay:
Stay, nymph, he cry'd; I follow, not a foe:
Thus from the lion trips the trembling doe;
Thus from the wolf the frighten'd lamb removes,
And from purſuing falcons fearful doves;
Thou ſhunn'ſt a God, and ſhunn'ſt a God, that loves.
Ah, leſt ſome thorn ſhould pierce thy tender foot,
Or thou ſhou'dſt fall in flying my purſuit!
To ſharp uneven ways thy ſteps decline;
Abate thy ſpeed, and I will bate of mine.
Yet think from whom thou doſt ſo raſhly fly;
Nor baſely born, nor ſhepherd's ſwain am I.
Perhaps thou know'ſt not my ſuperior ſtate;
And from that ignorance proceeds thy hate.
Me Claros, Delphos, Tenedos obey;
Theſe hands the Patareian ſcepter ſway.
The King of Gods begot me: What ſhall be,
Or is, or ever was, in fate, I ſee.
Mine is th' invention of the charming lyre;
Sweet notes, and heav'nly numbers, I inſpire,
Sure is my bow, unerring is my dart;
But ah! more deadly his, who pierc'd my heart.
Med'cine is mine; what herbs and ſimples grow
In fields, and foreſts, all their pow'rs I know;
And am the great phyſician call'd below.
Alas, that fields and foreſts can afford
No remedies to heal their love-ſick lord!
To cure the pains of love, no plant avails;
And his own phyſick the phyſician fails.
She heard not half, ſo furiouſly ſhe flies;
And on her ear th' imperfect accent dies.
Fear gave her wings; and, as ſhe fled, the wind
Increaſing ſpread her flowing hair behind;

And left her legs and thighs expos'd to view:
Which made the God more eager to purſue.
The God was young, and was too hotly bent
To loſe his time in empty compliment:
But led by love, and fir'd with ſuch a ſight,
Impetuouſly purſu'd his near delight.
As when th' impatient greyhound, ſlipt from far,
Bounds o'er the glebe, to courſe the fearful hare,
She in her ſpeed does all her ſafety lay;
And he with double ſpeed purſues the prey;
O'er-runs her at the ſitting turn, and licks
His chaps in vain, and blows upon the flix:
She 'ſcapes, and for the neighb'ring covert ſtrives,
And gaining ſhelter doubts if yet ſhe lives:
If little things with great we may compare,
Such was the God, and ſuch the flying fair:
She, urg'd by fear, her feet did ſwiftly move,
But he more ſwiftly, who was urg'd by love.
He gathers ground upon her in the chace:
Now breathes upon her hair with nearer pace;
And juſt is faſt'ning on the wiſh'd embrace.
The nymph grew pale, and in a mortal fright,
Spent with the labour of ſo long a flight;
And now deſpairing caſt a mournful look
Upon the ſtreams of her paternal brook:
Oh! help, ſhe cry'd, in this extremeſt need,
If water-gods are deities indeed:
Gape, earth, and this unhappy wretch intomb;
Or change my form, whence all my ſorrows come.
Scarce had ſhe finiſh'd, when her feet ſhe found
Benumb'd with cold, and faſten'd to the ground;
A filmy rhind about her body grows;
Her hair to leaves, her arms extend to boughs:
The nymph is all into a laurel gone;
The ſmoothneſs of her ſkin remains alone.
Yet Phœbus loves her ſtill, and, caſting round
Her bole his arms, ſome little warmth he found.

The tree ſtill panted in th' unfiniſh'd part,
Not wholly vegetive; and heav'd her heart.
He fix'd his lips upon the trembling rhind;
It ſwerv'd aſide, and his embrace declin'd.
To whom the God: Becauſe thou canſt not be
My miſtreſs, I eſpouſe thee for my tree:
Be thou the prize of honour and renown;
The deathleſs poet, and the poem, crown.
Thou ſhalt the Roman feſtivals adorn,
And, after poets, be by victors worn.
Thou ſhalt returning Cæſar's triumph grace;
When pomps ſhall in a long proceſſion paſs:
Wreath'd on the poſt before his palace wait;
And be the ſacred guardian of the gate:
Secure from thunder, and unharm'd by Jove,
Unfading as th' immortal pow'rs above:
And as the locks of Phœbus are unſhorn,
So ſhall perpetual green thy boughs adorn.
The grateful tree was pleas'd with what he ſaid,
And ſhook the ſhady honours of her head.

The Transformation of Io *into a Heifer.*

A N ancient foreſt in Theſſalia grows;
Which Tempe's pleaſing valley does incloſe:
Through this the rapid Peneus takes his courſe;
From Pindus rolling with impetuous force:
Miſts from the river's mighty fall ariſe;
And deadly damps incloſe the cloudy ſkies:
Perpetual fogs are hanging o'er the wood;
And ſounds of waters deaf the neighbourhood.
Deep, in a rocky cave, he makes abode:
A manſion proper for a mourning God.
Here he gives audience; iſſuing out decrees
To rivers, his dependent deities.
On this occaſion hither they reſort;
To pay their homage, and to make their court.

All doubtful, whether to congratulate
His daughter's honour, or lament her fate.
Sperchæus, crown'd with poplar firſt appears;
Then old Apidanus came crown'd with years:
Enipeus turbulent, Amphryſos tame;
And Æas laſt with lagging waters came.
Then of his kindred brooks a num'rous throng
Condole his loſs, and bring their urns along.
Not one was wanting of the wat'ry train,
That fill'd his flood, or mingled with the main,
But Inachus, who, in his cave, alone,
Wept not another's loſſes, but his own;
For his dear Io, whether ſtray'd, or dead,
To him uncertain, doubtful tears he ſhed.
He ſought her through the world, but ſought in vain;
And, no where finding, rather fear'd her ſlain.
Her, juſt returning from her father's brook,
Jove had beheld, with a deſiring look:
And, oh! fair daughter of the flood, he ſaid,
Worthy alone of Jove's imperial bed,
Happy whoever ſhall thoſe charms poſſeſs;
The King of Gods (nor is thy lover leſs)
Invites thee to yon cooler ſhades, to ſhun
The ſcorching rays of the meridian ſun.
Nor ſhalt thou tempt the dangers of the grove
Alone, without a guide; thy guide is Jove.
No puny pow'r, but he, whoſe high command
Is unconfin'd, who rules the ſeas and land,
And tempers thunder in his awful hand.
Oh fly not: For ſhe fled from his embrace
O'er Lerna's paſtures: He purſu'd the chace
Along the ſhades of the Lyrcæan plain;
At length the God, who never aſks in vain,
Involv'd with vapours, imitating night,
Both air and earth; and then ſuppreſs'd her flight,
And, mingling force with love, enjoy'd the full delight.

Mean-time the jealous Juno, from on high,
Survey'd the fruitful fields of Arcady;
And wonder'd that the miſt ſhou'd over-run
The face of day-light, and obſcure the ſun.
No nat'ral cauſe ſhe found, from brooks, or bogs,
Or marſhy low-lands, to produce the fogs:
Then round the ſkies ſhe ſought for Jupiter,
Her faithleſs huſband; but no Jove was there.
Suſpecting now the worſt, or I, ſhe ſaid
Am much miſtaken, or am much betray'd.
With fury ſhe precipitates her flight;
Diſpels the ſhadows of diſſembled night,
And to the day reſtores his native light.
Th' almighty leacher, careful to prevent
The conſequence, foreſeeing her deſcent,
Transforms his miſtreſs in a trice: And now
In Io's place appears a lovely cow.
So ſleek her ſkin, ſo faultleſs was her make,
E'en Juno did unwilling pleaſure take
To ſee ſo fair a rival of her love;
And what ſhe was, and whence, enquir'd of Jove:
Of what fair herd, and from what pedigree?
The God, half caught, was forc'd upon a lie;
And ſaid ſhe ſprung from earth. She took the word,
And begg'd the beauteous heifer of her lord.
What ſhou'd he do? 'Twas equal ſhame to Jove,
Or to relinquiſh, or betray his love:
Yet to refuſe ſo ſlight a gift, wou'd be
But more t' increaſe his conſort's jealouſy:
Thus fear, and love, by turns, his heart aſſail'd;
And ſtronger love had ſure, at length, prevail'd:
But ſome faint hope remain'd, his jealous queen
Had not the miſtreſs through the heifer ſeen.
The cautious goddeſs, of her gift poſſeſs'd,
Yet harbour'd anxious thoughts within her breaſt;
As ſhe who knew the falſhood of her Jove,
And juſtly fear'd ſome new relapſe of love.

Which to prevent, and to ſecure her care,
To truſty Argus ſhe commits the fair.
The head of Argus (as with ſtars the ſkies)
Which compaſs'd round, and wore an hundred eyes.
But two by turns their lids in ſlumber ſteep;
The reſt on duty ſtill their ſtation keep;
Nor cou'd the total conſtellation ſleep.
Thus, ever preſent, to his eyes, and mind.
His charge was ſtill before him, though behind.
In fields he ſuffer'd her to feed by day;
But, when the ſetting ſun to night gave way,
The captive cow he ſummon'd with a call,
And drove her back, and ty'd her to the ſtall.
On leaves of trees, and bitter herbs, ſhe fed;
Heav'n was her canopy, bare earth her bed;
So hardly lodg'd: And to digeſt her food,
She drank from troubl'd ſtreams, defil'd with mud.
Her woeful ſtory fain ſhe wou'd have told,
With hands upheld, but had no hands to hold.
Her head to her ungentle keeper bow'd,
She ſtrove to ſpeak; ſhe ſpoke not, but ſhe low'd:
Affrighted with the noiſe, ſhe look'd around,
And ſeem'd t' inquire the author of the ſound.
Once on the banks where often ſhe had play'd,
(Her father's banks) ſhe came and there ſurvey'd
Her alter'd viſage, and her branching head;
And ſtarting from herſelf ſhe wou'd have fled.
Her fellow nymphs, familiar to her eyes,
Beheld, but knew her not in this diſguiſe.
E'en Inachus himſelf was ignorant;
And in his daughter did his daughter want.
She follow'd where her fellows went, as ſhe
Were ſtill a partner of the company:
They ſtroke her neck; the gentle heifer ſtands,
And her neck offers to their ſtroking hands.

Her father gave her graſs; the graſs ſhe took;
And lick'd his palms, and caſt a piteous look;
And in the language of her eyes ſhe ſpoke.
She wou'd have told her name, and aſk'd relief,
But, wanting words, in tears ſhe tells her grief:
Which with her foot, ſhe makes him underſtand;
And prints the name of Io in the ſand.

Ah, wretched me! her mournful father cry'd;
She, with a ſigh, to wretched me reply'd:
About her milk-white neck his arms he threw;
And wept, and then theſe tender words enſue.
And art thou ſhe, whom I have ſought around
The world, and have at length ſo ſadly found?
So found, is worſe than loſt: With mutual words
Thou anſwer'ſt not, no voice thy tongue affords:
But ſighs are deeply drawn from out thy breaſt;
And ſpeech deny'd by lowing is expreſs'd.
Unknowing, I prepar'd thy bridal bed;
With empty hopes of happy iſſue fed.
But now the huſband of a herd muſt be
Thy mate, and bell'wing ſons thy progeny.
Oh! were I mortal, death might bring relief:
But now my godhead but extends my grief;
Prolongs my woes, of which no end I ſee,
And makes me curſe my immortality.
More had he ſaid, but, fearful of her ſtay,
The ſtarry guardian drove his charge away,
To ſome freſh paſture; on a hilly height
He ſat himſelf, and kept her ſtill in ſight.

The Eyes of ARGUS *transformed into a Peacock's train.*

NOW Jove no longer cou'd her ſuff'rings bear;
But call'd in haſte his airy meſſenger,
The ſon of Maia, with ſevere decree
To kill the keeper, and to ſet her free.
With all his harneſs ſoon the God was ſped;
His flying hat was faſt'ned on his head;
Wings on his heels were hung, and in his hand
He holds the virtue of the ſnaky wand.
The liquid air his moving pinions wound,
And, in the moment, ſhoot him on the ground.
Before he came in ſight, the crafty God
His wings diſmiſs'd, but ſtill retain'd his rod:
That ſleep-procuring wand wiſe Hermes took,
But made it ſeem to ſight a ſhepherd's hook.
With this he did a herd of goats controul;
Which by the way he met, and ſlily ſtole.
Clad like a country ſwain, he pip'd, and ſung;
And playing drove his jolly troop along.
With pleaſure Argus the muſician heeds;
But wonders much at thoſe new vocal reeds.
And, whoſoe'er thou art, my friend, ſaid he,
Up hither drive thy goats, and play by me:
This hill has brouze for them, and ſhade for thee.
The God, who was with eaſe induc'd to climb,
Began diſcourſe to paſs away the time;
And ſtill betwixt his tuneful pipe he plies;
And watch'd his hour, to cloſe the keeper's eyes.
With much ado, he partly kept awake;
Not ſuff'ring all his eyes repoſe to take:
And aſk'd the ſtranger, who did reeds invent,
And whence began ſo rare an inſtrument?

Transformation of SYRINX *into Reeds.*

THEN Hermes thus: A nymph of late there was,
Whoſe heav'nly form her fellows did ſurpaſs;
The pride and joy of fair Arcadia's plains;
Belov'd by deities, ardor'd by ſwains:
Syrinx her name, by Sylvans oft purſu'd,
As oft ſhe did the luſtful Gods delude:
The rural, and the woodland pow'rs diſdain'd;
With Cynthia hunted, and her rites maintain'd:
Like Phœbe clad, e'en Phœbe's ſelf ſhe ſeems,
So tall, ſo ſtraight, ſuch well-proportion'd limbs;
The niceſt eye did no diſtinction know,
But that the Goddeſs bore a golden bow:
Diſtinguiſh'd thus, the ſight ſhe cheated too.
Deſcending from Lycæus, Pan admires
The matchleſs nymph, and burns with new deſires.
A crown of pine upon his head he wore;
And thus began her pity to implore.
But ere he thus began, ſhe took her flight
So ſwift, ſhe was already out of ſight.
Nor ſtay'd to hear the courtſhip of the God;
But bent her courſe to Ladon's gentle flood:
There by the river ſtopt, and tir'd before,
Relief from water-nymphs her pray'rs implore.
Now while the luſtful God, with ſpeedy pace,
Juſt thought to ſtrain her in a ſtrict embrace,
He fills his arms with reeds, new riſing on the place.
And while he ſighs, his ill ſucceſs to find,
The tender canes were ſhaken by the wind;
And breath'd a mournful air, unheard before;
That much ſurprizing Pan, yet pleas'd him more.
Admiring this new muſick, Thou, he ſaid,
Who canſt not be the partner of my bed,
At leaſt ſhalt be the conſort of my mind;
And often, often, to my lips be join'd.

He form'd the reeds, proportion'd as they are:
Unequal in their length, and wax'd with care,
They ſtill retain the name of his ungrateful fair.
While Hermes pip'd, and ſung, and told his tale,
The keeper's winking eyes began to fail,
And drowſy ſlumber on the lids to creep;
'Till all the watchman was at length aſleep.
Then ſoon the God his voice and ſong ſuppreſt;
And with his pow'rful rod confirm'd his reſt:
Without delay his crooked falchion drew,
And at one fatal ſtroke the keeper ſlew.
Down from the rock fell the diſſever'd head,
Opening its eyes in death, and falling bled;
And mark'd the paſſage with a crimſon trail:
Thus Argus lies in pieces, cold and pale;
And all his hundred eyes, with all their light,
Are clos'd at once, in one perpetual night.
Theſe Juno takes, that they no more may fail,
And ſpreads them in her peacock's gaudy tail.
Impatient to revenge her injur'd bed,
She wreaks her anger on her rival's head;
With furies frights her from her native home,
And drives her gadding, round the world to roam:
Nor ceas'd her madneſs, and her flight, before
She touch'd the limits of the Pharian ſhore.
At length, arriving on the banks of Nile,
Wearied with length of ways, and worn with toil,
She laid her down; and leaning on her knees,
Invok'd the cauſe of all her miſeries;
And caſt her languiſhing regards above,
For help from Heav'n, and her ungrateful Jove.
She ſigh'd, ſhe wept, ſhe low'd; 'twas all ſhe cou'd;
And with unkindneſs ſeem'd to tax the God.
Laſt, with an humble pray'r, ſhe begg'd repoſe,
Or death at leaſt, to finiſh all her woes.
Jove heard her vows, and, with a flatt'ring look,
In her behalf to jealous Juno ſpoke.

He caſt his arms about her neck, and ſaid:
Dame, reſt ſecure; no more thy nuptial bed
This nymph ſhall violate; by Styx I ſwear,
And every oath that binds the thunderer.
The Goddeſs was appeas'd: and at the word
Was Io to her former ſhape reſtor'd.
The rugged hair began to fall away;
The ſweetneſs of her eyes did only ſtay,
Tho' not ſo large; her crooked horns decreaſe;
The wideneſs of her jaws and noſtrils ceaſe;
Her hoofs to hands return, in little ſpace;
The five long taper fingers take their place:
And nothing of the heifer now is ſeen,
Beſide the native whiteneſs of the ſkin.
Erected on her feet ſhe walks again,
And two the duty of the four ſuſtain.
She tries her tongue, her ſilence ſoftly breaks,
And fears her former lowings when ſhe ſpeaks:
A Goddeſs now through all th' Egyptian ſtate;
And ſerv'd by prieſts, who in white linen wait.
Her ſon was Epaphus, at length believ'd
The ſon of Jove, and as a God receiv'd.
With ſacrifice ador'd, and publick pray'rs,
He common temples with his mother ſhares.
Equal in years, and rival in renown
With Epaphus, the youthful Phaeton,
Like honour claims, and boaſts his ſire the ſun.
His haughty looks, and his aſſuming air,
The ſon of Iſis could no longer bear:
Thou tak'ſt thy mother's word too far, ſaid he,
And haſt uſurp'd thy boaſted pedigree.
Go, baſe pretender to a borrow'd name.
Thus tax'd, he bluſh'd with anger, and with ſhame;
But ſhame repreſs'd his rage: The daunted youth
Soon ſeeks his mother, and enquires the truth:
Mother, ſaid he, this infamy was thrown,
By Epaphus, on you, and me your ſon.

He ſpoke in publick, told it to my face;
Nor durſt I vindicate the dire diſgrace:
Even I, the bold, the ſenſible of wrong,
Reſtrain'd by ſhame, was forc'd to hold my tongue.
To hear an open ſlander, is a curſe:
But not to find an anſwer, is a worſe.
If I am heav'n-begot, aſſert your ſon
By ſome ſure ſign; and make my father known,
To right my honour, and redeem your own.
He ſaid, and ſaying caſt his arms about
Her neck, and begg'd her to reſolve the doubt.
'Tis hard to judge if Clymene were mov'd
More by his prayer, whom ſhe ſo dearly lov'd,
Or more with fury fir'd, to find her name
Traduc'd, and made the ſport of common fame.
She ſtretch'd her arms to Heav'n, and fix'd her eyes
On that fair planet that adorns the ſkies;
Now by thoſe beams, ſaid ſhe, whoſe holy fires
Conſume my breaſt, and kindle my deſires;
By him, who ſees us both, and chears our ſight,
By him, the publick miniſter of light,
I ſwear that ſun begot thee; if I lye,
Let him his chearful influence deny:
Let him no more this perjur'd creature ſee,
And ſhine on all the world but only me.
If ſtill you doubt your mother's innocence,
His eaſtern manſion is not far from hence;
With little pains you to his levee go,
And from himſelf your parentage may know.
With joy th' ambitious youth his mother heard,
And eager for the journey ſoon prepar'd.
He longs the world beneath him to ſurvey;
To guide the chariot, and to give the day:
From Meroe's burning ſands he bends his courſe,
Nor leſs in India feels his father's force;
His travel urging, till he came in ſight,
And ſaw the palace by the purple light.

The FABLE *of* IPHIS *and* IANTHE.

[From the 9th Book of OVID's METAMORPHOSES.]

THE fame of this, perhaps, thro' Crete had flown:
But Crete had newer wonders of her own,
In Iphis chang'd; for near the Gnoſſian bounds,
(As loud report the miracle reſounds)
At Phæſtus dwelt a man of honeſt blood,
But meanly born, and not ſo rich as good;
Eſteem'd and lov'd by all the neighbourhood:
Who to his wife, before the time aſſign'd
For child-birth came, thus bluntly ſpoke his mind.
If Heav'n, ſaid Lygdus, will vouchſafe to hear,
I have but two petitions to prefer;
Short pains for thee, for me a ſon and heir.
Girls coſt as many throes in bringing forth;
Beſide, when born, the tits are little worth;
Weak pulling things, unable to ſuſtain
Their ſhare of labour, and their bread to gain.
If, therefore, thou a creature ſhalt produce,
Of ſo great charges, and ſo little uſe,
(Bear witneſs, Heav'n, with what reluctancy)
Her hapleſs innocence I doom to die.
He ſaid, and tears the common grief diſplay,
Of him who bade, and her who muſt obey.
Yet Telethuſa ſtill perſiſts, to find
Fit arguments to move a father's mind;
T' extend his wiſhes to a larger ſcope,
And in one veſſel not confine his hope.
Lygdus continues hard: Her time drew near,
And ſhe her heavy load could ſcarcely bear;
When ſlumb'ring, in the latter ſhades of night,
Before th' approaches of returning light,
She ſaw, or thought ſhe ſaw, before her bed,
A glorious train, and Iſis at their head:

Her moony horns were on her forehead plac'd,
And yellow ſheaves her ſhining temples grac'd:
A mitre, for a crown, ſhe wore on high;
The dog, and dappl'd bull, were waiting by;
Oſiris, ſought along the banks of Nile;
The ſilent God; the ſacred crocodile;
And, laſt, a long proceſſion moving on,
With timbrels, that aſſiſt the lab'ring moon.
Her ſlumbers ſeem'd diſpell'd, and, broad awake,
She heard a voice, that thus diſtinctly ſpake.
My votary, the babe from death defend,
Nor fear to ſave whate'er the Gods will ſend.
Delude with art thy huſband's dire decree:
When danger calls, repoſe thy truſt on me;
And know thou haſt not ſerv'd a thankleſs Deity.
This promiſe made, with night the Goddeſs fled:
With joy the woman wakes, and leaves her bed;
Devoutly lifts her ſpotleſs hands on high,
And prays the Pow'rs their gift to ratify.
Now grinding pains proceed to bearing throes,
'Till its own weight the burden did diſcloſe.
'Twas of the beauteous kind, and brought to light
With ſecrecy to ſhun the father's ſight.
Th' indulgent mother did her care employ,
And paſs'd it on her huſband for a boy.
The nurſe was conſcious of the fact alone;
The father paid his vows as for a ſon;
And call'd him Iphis, by a common name,
Which either ſex with equal right may claim.
Iphis his grandſire was; the wife was pleas'd,
Of half the fraud by fortune's favour eas'd:
The doubtful name was us'd without deceit,
And truth was cover'd with a pious cheat.
The habit ſhew'd a boy, the beauteous face
With manly fierceneſs mingled female grace.

Now thirteen years of age were ſwiftly run,
When the fond father thought the time drew on,
Of ſettling in the world his only ſon.
Ianthe was his choice; ſo wond'rous fair,
Her form alone with Iphis cou'd compare;
A neighbour's daughter of his own degree,
And not more bleſs'd with fortune's goods than he.
They ſoon eſpous'd; for they with eaſe were join'd,
Who were before contracted in the mind.
Their age the ſame, their inclinations too;
And bred together in one ſchool they grew.
Thus, fatally diſpos'd to mutual fires,
They felt, before they knew, the ſame deſires.
Equal their flame, unequal was their care;
One lov'd with hope, one languiſh'd in deſpair.
The maid accus'd the ling'ring days alone;
For whom ſhe thought a man, ſhe thought her own.
But Iphis bends beneath a greater grief;
As fiercely burns, but hopes for no relief.
E'en her deſpair adds fuel to her fire;
A maid with madneſs does a maid deſire.
And, ſcarce refraining tears, Alas, ſaid ſhe,
What iſſue of my love remains for me!
How wild a paſſion works within my breaſt!
With what prodigious flames am I poſſeſt!
Could I the care of Providence deſerve,
Heav'n muſt deſtroy me, if it would preſerve.
And that's my fate, or ſure it would have ſent
Some uſual evil for my puniſhment:
Not this unkindly curſe; to rage, and burn,
Where Nature ſhews no proſpect of return.
Nor cows for cows conſume with fruitleſs fire;
Nor mares, when hot, their fellow-mares deſire:
The father of the fold ſupplies his ewes;
The ſtag through ſecret woods his hind purſues;
And birds for mates the males of their own ſpecies chooſe.

Her females Nature guards from female flame,
And joins two sexes to preserve the game:
Wou'd I were nothing, or not what I am!
Crete, fam'd for monsters, wanted of her store,
'Till my new love produc'd one monster more.
The daughter of the sun a bull desir'd,
And yet e'en then a male a female fir'd:
Her passion was extravagantly new;
But mine is much the madder of the two.
To things impossible she was not bent,
But found the means to compass her intent.
To cheat his eyes she took a diff'rent shape;
Yet still she gain'd a lover and a leap.
Shou'd all the wit of all the world conspire,
Shou'd Dædalus assist my wild desire,
What art can make me able to enjoy,
Or what can change Ianthe to a boy?
Extinguish then thy passion, hopeless maid,
And recollect thy reason for thy aid.
Know what thou art, and love as maidens ought,
And drive these golden wishes from thy thought.
Thou canst not hope thy fond desires to gain;
Where hope is wanting, wishes are in vain.
And yet no guards against our joys conspire;
No jealous husband hinders our desire;
My parents are propitious to my wish,
And she herself consenting to the bliss.
All things concur to prosper our design:
All things to prosper any love but mine.
And yet I never can enjoy the fair;
'Tis past the pow'r of Heav'n to grant my pray'r.
Heav'n has been kind, as far as Heav'n can be;
Our parents with our own desires agree;
But Nature, stronger than the Gods above,
Refuses her assistance to my love;
She sets the bar that causes all my pain;
One gift refus'd, makes all their bounty vain.

And now the happy day is juſt at hand,
To bind our hearts in Hymen's holy band:
Our hearts, but not our bodies: Thus accurs'd,
In midſt of water I complain of thirſt.
Why com'ſt thou Juno, to theſe barren rites,
To bleſs a bed defrauded of delights?
And why ſhou'd Hymen lift his torch on high,
To ſee two brides in cold embraces lye?

Thus love-ſick Iphis her vain paſſion mourns;
With equal ardour fair Ianthe burns,
Invoking Hymen's name, and Juno's pow'r,
To ſpeed the work, and haſte the happy hour.

She hopes, while Telethuſa fears the day,
And ſtrives to interpoſe ſome new delay;
Now feigns a ſickneſs, now is in a fright
For this bad omen, or that boding ſight.
But having done whate'er ſhe could deviſe,
And empty'd all her magazine of lies,
The time approach'd, the next enſuing day
The fatal ſecret muſt to light betray.
Then Telethuſa had recourſe to pray'r,
She and her daughter with diſhevel'd hair;
Trembling with fear, great Iſis they ador'd,
Embrac'd her altar, and her aid implor'd.

Fair queen, who doſt on fruitful Egypt ſmile,
Who ſway'ſt the ſceptre of the Pharian iſle,
And ſev'n-fold falls of diſemboguing Nile;
Relieve, in this our laſt diſtreſs, ſhe ſaid,
A ſuppliant mother, and a mournful maid.
Thou, Goddeſs, thou wert preſent to my ſight;
Reveal'd I ſaw thee by thy own fair light:
I ſaw thee in my dream, as now I ſee,
With all thy marks of awful majeſty:
The glorious train that compaſs'd thee around;
And heard the holy timbrel's holy ſound.
Thy words I noted, which I ſtill retain;
Let not thy ſacred oracles be vain.

That Iphis lives, that I myſelf am free
From ſhame, and puniſhment, I owe to thee.
On thy protection all our hopes depend:
Thy counſel ſav'd us, let thy pow'r defend.
Her tears purſu'd her words; and while ſhe ſpoke,
The Goddeſs nodded, and her altar ſhook:
The temple doors, as with a blaſt of wind,
Were heard to clap; the lunar horns, that bind
The brows of Iſis, caſt a blaze around;
The trembling timbrel made a murm'ring ſound.
Some hopes theſe happy omens did impart;
Forth went the mother with a beating heart,
Not much in fear, nor fully ſatisfy'd;
But Iphis follow'd with a larger ſtride:
The whiteneſs of her ſkin forſook her face;
Her looks embolden'd with an awful grace;
Her features and her ſtrength together grew,
And her long hair to curling locks withdrew.
Her ſparkling eyes with manly vigour ſhone;
Big was her voice, audacious was her tone.
The latent parts, at length reveal'd, began
To ſhoot, and ſpread, and burniſh into man.
The maid becomes a youth; no more delay
Your vows, but look, and confidently pay.
Their gifts the parents to the temple bear:
The votive tables this inſcription wear;
Iphis, the man, has to the Goddeſs paid
The vows, that Iphis offer'd when a maid.
Now when the ſtar of day had ſhewn his face,
Venus and Juno with their preſence grace
The nuptial rites, and Hymen from above
Deſcended to compleat their happy love;
The Gods of marriage lend their mutual aid;
And the warm youth enjoys the lovely maid.

ÆSACUS *transformed into a Cormorant.*

[From the 11th Book of OVID's METAMORPHOSES.]

THESE ſome old man ſees wanton in the air,
And praiſes the unhappy conſtant pair.
Then to his friend the long-neck'd corm'rant ſhows,
The former tale reviving others woes:
That ſable bird, he cries, which cuts the flood
With ſlender legs, was once of royal blood;
His anceſtors from mighty Tros proceed,
The brave Laomedon, and Ganymede,
(Whoſe beauty tempted Jove to ſteal the boy)
And Priam, hapleſs prince! who fell with Troy:
Himſelf was Hector's brother, and (had fate
But giv'n this hopeful youth a longer date)
Perhaps had rival'd warlike Hector's worth,
Tho' on the mother's ſide of meaner birth;
Fair Alyxothoe, a country maid,
Bare Æſacus by ſtealth in Ida's ſhade.
He fled the noiſy town, and pompous court,
Lov'd the lone hills, and ſimple rural ſport,
And ſeldom to the city would reſort.
Yet he no ruſtick clowniſhneſs profeſt,
Nor was ſoft love a ſtranger to his breaſt:
The youth had long the nymph Heſperia woo'd,
Oft thro' the thicket, or the mead purſu'd:
Her haply on her father's bank he ſpy'd,
While fearleſs ſhe her ſilver treſſes dry'd;
Away ſhe fled: Not ſtags with half ſuch ſpeed,
Before the prowling wolf, ſcud o'er the mead;
Not ducks, when they the ſafer flood forſake,
Purſu'd by hawks, ſo ſwift regain the lake.
As faſt he follow'd in the hot career;
Deſire the lover wing'd, the virgin fear.

A ſnake unſeen now pierc'd her heedleſs foot;
Quick thro' the veins the venom'd juices ſhoot;
She fell, and 'ſcap'd by death his fierce purſuit.
Her lifeleſs body, frighted, he embrac'd,
And cry'd, not this I dreaded, but thy haſte;
O had my love been leſs, or leſs thy fear!
The victory, thus bought, is far too dear.
Accurſed ſnake! yet I more curs'd than he!
He gave the wound; the cauſe was given by me.
Yet none ſhall ſay, that unreveng'd you dy'd.
He ſpoke; then climb'd a cliff's o'er hanging ſide,
And, reſolute, leap'd on the foaming tide.
Tethys receiv'd him gently on the wave;
The death he ſought deny'd, and feathers gave.
Debarr'd the ſureſt remedy of grief,
And forc'd to live, he curſt th' unaſk'd relief.
Then on his airy pinions upward flies,
And at a ſecond fall ſucceſsleſs tries;
The downy plume a quick deſcent denies.
Enrag'd, he often dives beneath the wave
And there in vain expects to find a grave.
His ceaſeleſs ſorrow for th' unhappy maid
Meager'd his look, and on his ſpirits prey'd.
Still near the ſounding deep he lives; his name
From frequent diving and emerging came.

The Story of ACIS, POLYPHEMUS, *and* GALATEA.

[From the 13th Book of OVID's METAMORPHOSES.]

ACIS, the lovely youth, whoſe loſs I mourn,
From Faunus, and the nymph Symethis born,
Was both his parents pleaſure; but to me
Was all that love could make a lover be.
The Gods our minds in mutual bands did join:
I was his only joy, and he was mine.
Now ſixteen Summers the ſweet youth had ſeen;
And doubtful down began to ſhade his chin:
When Polyphemus firſt diſturb'd our joy,
And lov'd me fiercely, as I lov'd the boy.
Aſk not which paſſion in my ſoul was high'r,
My laſt averſion, or my laſt deſire:
Nor this the greater was, nor that the leſs;
Both were alike, for both were in exceſs.
Thee, Venus, thee both heav'n and earth obey:
Immenſe thy pow'r, and boundleſs is thy ſway.
The Cyclops, who defy'd th' ætherial throne,
And thought no thunder louder than his own,
The terror of the woods, and wilder far
Than wolves in plains, or bears in foreſts are,
Th' inhuman hoſt, who made his bloody feaſts
On mangl'd members of his butcher'd gueſts,
Yet felt the force of love, and fierce deſire,
And burnt for me, with unrelenting fire:
Forgot his caverns, and his woolly care,
Aſſum'd the ſoftneſs of a lover's air;
And comb'd, with teeth of rakes, his rugged hair.
Now with a crooked ſcythe his beard he ſleeks,
And mows the ſtubborn ſtubble of his cheeks:

Now in the cryſtal ſtream he looks, to try
His ſimagres, and rowls his glaring eye.
His cruelty and thirſt of blood are loſt;
And ſhips ſecurely ſail along the coaſt.
The prophet Telemus (arriv'd by chance
Where Ætna's ſummits to the ſeas advance,
Who mark'd the tracks of every bird that flew,
And ſure preſages from their flying drew)
Foretold the Cyclops, that Ulyſſes' hand
In his broad eye ſhou'd thruſt a flaming brand.
The giant, with a ſcornful grin, reply'd,
Vain Augur, thou haſt falſly propheſy'd;
Already love his flaming brand has toſt;
Looking on two fair eyes, my ſight I loſt.
Thus, warn'd in vain, with ſtalking pace he ſtrode,
And ſtamp'd the margin of the briny flood
With heavy ſteps; and, weary, ſought again
The cool retirement of his gloomy den.
A promontory, ſharp'ning by degrees,
Ends in a wedge, and overlooks the ſeas:
On either ſide, below, the water flows:
This airy walk the giant lover choſe;
Here on the midſt he ſate; his flocks, unled,
Their ſhepherd follow'd, and ſecurely fed.
A pine ſo burly, and of length ſo vaſt,
That ſailing ſhips requir'd it for a maſt,
He wielded for a ſtaff, his ſteps to guide:
But laid it by, his whiſtle while he try'd.
A hundred reeds, of a prodigious growth,
Scarce made a pipe proportioned to his mouth:
Which when he gave it wind, the rocks around,
And wat'ry plains, the dreadful hiſs reſound.
I heard the ruffian ſhepherd rudely blow,
Where, in a hollow cave, I ſat below;
On Acis' boſom I my head reclin'd:
And ſtill preſerve the poem in my mind.

Oh lovely Galatea, whiter far
Than falling ſnows, and riſing lilies are;
More flow'ry than the meads, as cryſtal bright;
Erect as elders, and of equal height:
More wanton than a kid; more ſleek thy ſkin,
Than orient ſhells, that on the ſhores are ſeen:
Than apples fairer, when the boughs they lade;
Pleaſing as Winter ſuns, or Summer ſhade:
More grateful to the ſight, than goodly plains;
And ſofter to the touch, than down of ſwans,
Or curds new turn'd; and ſweeter to the taſte,
Than ſwelling grapes, that to the vintage haſte:
More clear than ice, or running ſtreams, that ſtray
Through garden plots, but ah! more ſwift than they.
Yet, Galatea, harder to be broke
Than bullocks, unreclaim'd to bear the yoke;
And far more ſtubborn than the knotted oak:
Like ſliding ſtreams, impoſſible to hold;
Like them, fallacious; like their fountains, cold:
More warping, than the willow, to decline
My warm embrace; more brittle than the vine;
Immoveable, and fixt in thy diſdain:
Rough, as theſe rocks, and of a harder grain;
More violent, than is the riſing flood:
And the prais'd peacock is not half ſo proud:
Fierce as the fire, and ſharp as thiſtles are;
And more outragious, than a mother-bear:
Deaf as the billows to the vows I make;
And more revengeful than a troden ſnake:
In ſwiftneſs fleeter than the flying hind,
Or driven tempeſts, or the driving wind.
All other faults with patience I can bear;
But ſwiftneſs is the vice I only fear.
Yet if you knew me well, you wou'd not ſhun
My love, but to my wiſh'd embraces run:
Wou'd languiſh in your turn, and court my ſtay;
And much repent of your unwiſe delay.

My palace, in the living rock, is made
By Nature's hand; a ſpacious pleaſing ſhade;
Which neither heat can pierce, nor cold invade.
My garden fill'd with fruits you may behold,
And grapes in cluſters, imitating gold;
Some bluſhing bunches of a purple hue:
And theſe, and thoſe, are all reſerv'd for you.
Red ſtrawberries in ſhades expecting ſtand,
Proud to be gather'd by ſo white a hand.
Autumnal cornels latter fruit provide,
And plumbs, to tempt you, turn their gloſſy ſide;
Not thoſe of common kinds; but ſuch alone,
As in Phæacian orchards might have grown:
Nor cheſnuts ſhall be wanting to your food,
Nor garden-fruits, nor wildings of the wood;
The laden boughs for you alone ſhall bear;
And yours ſhall be the product of the year.
The flocks, you ſee, are all my own; beſide
The reſt that woods and winding vallies hide;
And thoſe that folded in the caves abide.
Aſk not the numbers of my growing ſtore;
Who knows how many, knows he has no more.
Nor will I praiſe my cattle; truſt not me,
But judge yourſelf, and paſs your own decree:
Behold their ſwelling dugs: The ſweepy weight
Of ewes, that ſink beneath the milky freight;
In the warm folds their tender lambkins lie;
Apart from kids, that call with human cry.
New milk in nut-brown bowls is duly ſerv'd
For daily drink; the reſt for cheeſe reſerv'd.
Nor are theſe houſhold dainties all my ſtore:
The fields and foreſts will afford us more;
The deer, the hare, the goat, the ſavage boar.
All ſorts of ven'ſon; and of birds the beſt;
A pair of turtles taken from the neſt.
I walk'd the mountains, and two cubs I found,
Whoſe dam had left 'em on the naked ground;

So like, that no diſtinction cou'd be ſeen;
So pretty, they were preſents for a queen;
And ſo they ſhall; I took them both away;
And keep, to be companions of your play.
Oh raiſe, fair nymph, your beauteous face above
The waves; nor ſcorn my preſents, and my love.
Come, Galatea, come, and view my face;
I late beheld it, in the wat'ry glaſs,
And found it lovelier, than I fear'd it was.
Survey my tow'ring ſtature, and my ſize:
Not Jove, the Jove you dream, that rules the ſkies,
Bears ſuch a bulk, or is ſo largely ſpread:
My locks (the plenteous harveſt of my head)
Hang o'er my manly face; and dangling down,
As with a ſhady grove, my ſhoulders crown.
Nor think, becauſe my limbs and body bear
A thick-ſet underwood of briſtling hair,
My ſhape deform'd: What fouler ſight can be,
Than the bald branches of a leafleſs tree?
Foul is the ſteed without a flowing mane;
And birds, without their feathers, and their train.
Wool decks the ſheep; and man receives a grace
From buſhy limbs, and from a bearded face.
My forehead with a ſingle eye is fill'd,
Round as a ball, and ample as a ſhield.
The glorious lamp of Heav'n, the radiant ſun,
Is Nature's eye; and ſhe's content with one.
Add, that my father ſways your ſeas, and I,
Like you, am of the wat'ry family.
I make you his, in making you my own;
You I adore, and kneel to you alone;
Jove, with his fabled thunder I deſpiſe,
And only fear the lightning of your eyes.
Frown not, fair nymph; yet I cou'd bear to be
Diſdain'd, if others were diſdain'd with me
But to repulſe the Cyclops, and prefer
The love of Acis, Heav'ns! I cannot bear.

But let the ſtripling pleaſe himſelf; nay more,
Pleaſe you, tho' that's the thing I moſt abhor;
The boy ſhall find, if e'er we cope in fight,
Theſe giant limbs endu'd with giant might.
His living bowels from his belly torn,
And ſcatter'd limbs, ſhall on the flood be born,
Thy flood, ungrateful nymph; and fate ſhall find
That way for thee and Acis to be join'd.
For oh! I burn with love, and thy diſdain
Augments at once my paſſion, and my pain.
Tranſlated Ætna flames within my heart,
And thou, inhuman, wilt not eaſe my ſmart.
Lamenting thus in vain, he roſe, and ſtrode
With furious paces to the neighbouring wood:
Reſtleſs his feet, diſtracted was his walk;
Mad were his motions, and confus'd his talk.
Mad as the vanquiſh'd bull, when forc'd to yield
His lovely miſtreſs, and forſake the field.
Thus far unſeen I ſaw: When, fatal chance
His looks directing, with a ſudden glance,
Acis and I were to his ſight betray'd;
Where, nought ſuſpecting, we ſecurely play'd.
From his wide mouth a bellowing cry he caſt;
I ſee, I ſee, but this ſhall be your laſt.
A roar ſo loud made Ætna to rebound;
And all the Cyclops labour'd in the ſound.
Affrighted with his monſtrous voice, I fled,
And in the neighb'ring ocean plung'd my head.
Poor Acis turn'd his back, and, help, he cry'd,
Help, Galatea, help, my parent Gods,
And take me dying to your deep abodes.
The Cyclops follow'd; but he ſent before
A rib, which from the living rock he tore:
Though but an angle reach'd him of the ſtone,
The mighty fragment was enough alone,
To cruſh all Acis; 'twas too late to ſave,
But what the fates allow'd to give, I gave:

That Acis to his lineage ſhould return;
And rowl, among the River Gods, his urn.
Straight iſſu'd from the ſtone a ſtream of blood;
Which loſt the purple, mingling with the flood.
Then like a troubled torrent it appear'd:
The torrent too, in little ſpace, was clear'd.
The ſtone was cleft, and through the yawning chink
New reeds aroſe on the new river's brink.
The rock, from out its hollow womb, diſclos'd
A ſound like water in its courſe oppos'd:
When (wond'rous to behold) full in the flood,
Up ſtarts a youth, and navel-high he ſtood.
Horns from his temples riſe, and either horn
Thick wreaths of reeds (his native growth) adorn.
Were not his ſtature taller than before,
His bulk augmented, and his beauty more,
His colour blue, for Acis he might paſs:
And Acis chang'd into a ſtream he was.
But, mine no more, he rowls along the plains
With rapid motion, and his name retains.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS,

PARAPHRASED.

CREATOR Spirit! by whoſe aid
The world's foundations firſt were laid,
Come viſit ev'ry pious mind;
Come pour thy joys on human kind;
From ſin and ſorrow ſet us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.
O Source of uncreated light,
The Father's promis'd Paraclete!
Thrice Holy Fount! thrice Holy Fire!
Our hearts with heav'nly love inſpire;
Come, and thy ſacred unction bring,
To ſanctify us while we ſing.
Plenteous of grace, deſcend from high,
Rich in thy ſev'nfold energy!
Thou ſtrength of his Almighty hand,
Whoſe pow'r does heav'n and earth command.
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who doſt the gift of tongues diſpenſe,
And crown'ſt thy gift with eloquence!
Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But, Oh, inflame and fire our hearts!
Our frailties help, our vice controul;
Submit the ſenſes to the ſoul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand, and hold e'm down.
Chace from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, beſtow;
And, leſt our feet ſhou'd ſtep aſtray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,
And practiſe all that we believe:
Give us thyſelf, that we may ſee
The Father, and the Son, by thee.
Immortal honour, endleſs fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's name:
The Saviour Son be glorify'd,
Who for loſt man's redemption dy'd:
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to thee.

EPISTLES.

EPISTLES.

TO
The DUTCHESS of YORK,

On her Return from SCOTLAND *in the Year* 1682.

WHEN factious rage to cruel exile drove
The queen of beauty, and the court of love,
The Muſes droop'd, with their forſaken arts,
And the ſaid Cupids broke their uſeleſs darts:
Our fruitful plains to wilds and deſarts turn'd,
Like Eden's face, when baniſh'd man it mourn'd.
Love was no more, when loyalty was gone,
The great ſupporter of his awful throne.
Love cou'd no longer after beauty ſtay,
But wander'd northward to the verge of day,
As if the ſun and he had loſt their way.
But now th' illuſtrious nymph, return'd again,
Brings ev'ry grace triumphant in her train.
The wond'ring Nereids, tho' they rais'd no ſtorm,
Foreſlow'd her paſſage, to behold her form:
Some cry'd, A Venus; ſome, A Thetis paſt;
But this was not ſo fair, nor that ſo chaſte.
Far from her ſight flew faction, ſtrife, and pride:
And envy did but look on her, and dy'd.
Whate'er we ſuffer'd from our ſullen fate,
Her ſight is purchaſed at an eaſy rate.
Three gloomy years againſt this day were ſet;
But this one mighty ſum has clear'd the debt:
Like Joſeph's dream, but with a better doom,
The famine paſt, the plenty ſtill to come.
For her the weeping heav'ns become ſerene;
For her the ground is clad in chearful green:

For her the nightingales are taught to ſing,
And Nature has for her delay'd the Spring.
The Muſe reſumes her long-forgotten lays,
And love, reſtor'd, his antient realm ſurveys,
Recals our beauties, and revives our plays;
His waſte dominions peoples once again,
And from her preſence dates his ſecond reign.
But awful charms on her fair forehead ſit,
Diſpenſing what ſhe never will admit:
Pleaſing, yet cold, like Cynthia's ſilver beam,
The people's wonder, and the poet's theme.
Diſtemper'd zeal, ſedition, canker'd hate,
No more ſhall vex the church, and tear the ſtate:
No more ſhall faction civil diſcords move,
Or only diſcords of too tender love:
Diſcord, like that of muſick's various parts;
Diſcord, that makes the harmony of hearts;
Diſcord, that only this diſpute ſhall bring,
Who beſt ſhall love the Duke, and ſerve the King.

TO

My Honoured Friend DR CHARLETON,

On his learned and uſeful Works; but more particularly his Treatiſe of Stone-Henge, *by him reſtored to the true Founders.*

THE longeſt tyrany that ever ſway'd,
Was that wherein our anceſtors betray'd
Their free-born *reaſon* to the Stagyrite,
And made his torch their univerſal light.

So *truth*, while only one ſupply'd the State,
Grew ſcarce, and dear, and yet ſophiſticate.
Still it was bought, like emp'ric wares, or charms,
Hard words ſeal'd up with Ariſtotle's arms.
Columbus was the firſt that ſhook his throne;
And found a temp'rate in a torrid zone:
The fev'riſh air fann'd by a cooling breeze,
The fruitful vales ſet round with ſhady trees;
And guiltleſs men, who danc'd away their time,
Freſh as their *groves*, and *happy* as their *clime*.
Had we ſtill paid that homage to a *name*,
Which only *God* and *Nature* juſtly claim;
The weſtern ſeas had been our utmoſt bound,
Where *poets* ſtill might dream the *ſun* was drown'd:
And all the *ſtars*, that ſhine in *ſouthern* ſkies,
Had been admir'd by none but ſavage eyes.
Among th' aſſerters of free reaſon's claim,
Our nation's not the leaſt in worth or fame.
The world to Bacon does not only owe
Its *preſent* knowledge, but its *future* too.
Gilber ſhall live, 'till *load-ſtones* ceaſe to draw,
Or Britiſh fleets the boundleſs ocean awe.
And noble Boyle, not leſs in *Nature* ſeen,
Than his great *brother* read in *ſtates* and *men*.
The *circling* ſtreams, once thought but pools, of blood
(Whether life's fuel, or the body's food)
From dark oblivion Harvey's name ſhall ſave;
While Ent keeps all the honour that he gave.
Nor are *you*, learned friend, the leaſt renown'd;
Whoſe fame, not circumſcrib'd with Engliſh ground,
Flies like the nimble journies of the light;
And is, like that, unſpent too in its flight.
Whatever *truths* have been, by *art*, or *chance*,
Redeem'd from *error*, or from *ignorance*,
Thin in their *authors* (like rich veins of ore)
Your works unite, and ſtill diſcover more.

Such is the healing virtue of your pen,
To perfect cures on *books* as well as *men*.
Nor is this work the leaſt: You well may give
To *men* new vigour, who make *ſtones* to live.
Through you, the Danes (their ſhort dominion loſt)
A longer conqueſt than the Saxons boaſt.
STONE-HENGE, once thought a *temple*, you have found
A *throne*, where kings, our earthly Gods, were crown'd;
Where by their wond'ring ſubjects they were ſeen,
Joy'd with their ſtature, and their princely mien.
Our *ſovereign* here above the reſt might ſtand,
And here be choſe again to rule the land.
Theſe ruins ſhelter'd once his ſacred head,
When he from Wor'ſter's fatal battle fled;
Watch'd by the genius of his royal place,
And mighty viſions of the Daniſh race.
His refuge, then, was for a *temple* ſhown:
But, he reſtor'd, 'tis now become a *throne*.

TO

The LADY CASTLEMAIN,

On her encouraging his firſt Play.

AS ſeamen, ſhipwreck'd on ſome happy ſhore,
Diſcover wealth in lands unknown before;
And, what their art had labour'd long in vain,
By their misfortunes happily obtain:
So my much-envy'd muſe, by ſtorms long toſt,
Is thrown upon your hoſpitable coaſt,
And finds more favour by her ill ſucceſs,
Than ſhe cou'd hope for by her happineſs.

Once Cato's virtue did the Gods oppoſe;
While they the victor, he the vanquiſh'd, choſe:
But you have done what Cato cou'd not do,
To chooſe the vanquiſh'd, and reſtore him too.
Let others ſtill triumph, and gain their cauſe
By their deſerts, or by the world's applauſe;
Let merit crowns, and juſtice laurels give,
But let me happy by your pity live.
True poets empty fame and praiſe deſpiſe,
Fame is the trumpet, but your ſmile the prize.
You ſit above, and ſee vain men below
Contend for what you only can beſtow:
But thoſe great actions, others do by chance,
Are, like your beauty, your inheritance:
So great a ſoul, ſuch ſweetneſs join'd in one,
Cou'd only ſpring from noble Grandiſon.
You, like the ſtars, not by reflection bright,
Are born to your own heaven, and your own light;
Like them are good, but from a nobler cauſe,
From your own knowledge, not from Nature's laws.
Your pow'r you never uſe, but for defence,
To guard your own, or others innocence:
Your foes are ſuch, as they, not you, have made,
And virtue may repel, tho' not invade.
Such courage did the antient heroes ſhow,
Who, when they might prevent, wou'd wait the blow:
With ſuch aſſurance as they meant to ſay,
We will o'ercome, but ſcorn the ſafeſt way.
What further fear of danger can there be?
Beauty, which captives all things, ſets me free.
Poſterity will judge by my ſucceſs,
I had the Grecian poet's happineſs,
Who, waving plots, found out a better way;
Some God deſcended, and preſerv'd the play.
When firſt the triumphs of your ſex were ſung
By thoſe old poets, *beauty* was but young;

And few admir'd the native red and white,
'Till poets dreſs'd them up, to charm the ſight:
So *beauty* took on truſt, and did engage
For ſums of praiſes 'till ſhe came to age.
But this long-growing debt to poetry
You juſtly, Madam, have diſcharg'd to me,
When your applauſe and favour did infuſe
New life to my condemn'd and dying Muſe.

TO

My Honoured Friend Sir ROBERT HOWARD,

On his Excellent Poems.

AS there is muſic uninform'd by art
In thoſe wild notes, which with a merry heart
The birds in unfrequented ſhades expreſs,
Who, better taught at home, yet pleaſe us leſs:
So in your verſe a native ſweetneſs dwells,
Which ſhames compoſure, and its art excells.
Singing no more can your ſoft numbers grace,
Than paint adds charms unto a beauteous face.
Yet as, when mighty rivers gently creep,
Their even calmneſs does ſuppoſe them deep;
Such is your Muſe: No metaphor ſwell'd high
With dangerous boldneſs lifts her to the ſky:
Thoſe mounting fancies, when they fall again,
Shew ſand and dirt at bottom do remain.
So firm a ſtrength, and yet withal ſo ſweet,
Did never but in Sampſon's riddle meet.
'Tis ſtrange each line ſo great a weight ſhould bear,
And yet no ſign of toil, no ſweet appear.

Either your art hides art, as Stoicks feign
Then leaſt to feel, when moſt they ſuffer pain;
And we, dull ſouls, admire, but cannot ſee
What hidden ſprings within the engine be:
Or 'tis ſome happineſs that ſtill purſues
Each act and motion of your graceful Muſe.
Or is it fortune's work, that in your head
The curious * net that is for fancies ſpread,
Let through its meſhes every meaner thought,
While rich *ideas* there are only caught?
Sure that's not all; this is a piece too fair
To be the child of chance, and not of care.
No atoms caſually together hurl'd,
Could e'er produce ſo beautiful a world.
Nor dare I ſuch a doctrine here admit,
As would deſtroy the providence of wit.
'Tis your ſtrong *genius* then which does not feel
Thoſe weights, wou'd make a weaker ſpirit reel.
To carry weight, and run ſo lightly too,
Is what alone your Pegaſus can do.
Great Hercules himſelf cou'd ne'er do more,
Than not to feel thoſe Heav'ns and Gods he bore.
Your eaſier odes, which for delight were penn'd,
Yet our inſtruction make their ſecond end:
We're both enrich'd and pleas'd, like them that wooe
At once a beauty, and a fortune too.
Of moral knowledge poeſy was queen,
And ſtill ſhe might, had wanton wits not been;
Who, like ill guardians, liv'd themſelves at large,
And, not content with that, debauch'd their charge.
Like ſome brave captain, your ſucceſsful pen
Reſtores the exil'd to her crown again:
And gives us hope, that having ſeen the days
When nothing flouriſh'd but fanatic bays,
All will at length in this opinion reſt,
"A ſober prince's government is beſt."

* *Rete mirabile.*

This is not all; your art the way has found
To make th' improvement of the richeſt ground,
That ſoil which thoſe immortal laurels bore,
That once the ſacred Maro's temples wore.
Eliſa's griefs are ſo expreſs'd by you,
They are too eloquent to have been true.
Had ſhe ſo ſpoke, Æneas had obey'd
What Dido, rather than what Jove had ſaid.
If funeral rites can give a ghoſt repoſe,
Your Muſe ſo juſtly has diſcharged thoſe,
Eliſa's ſhade may now its wand'ring ceaſe,
And claim a title to the fields of peace.
But if Æneas be oblig'd, no leſs
Your kindneſs great Achilles doth confeſs;
Who, dreſs'd by Statius in too bold a look,
Did ill become thoſe virgin robes he took.
To underſtand how much we owe to you,
We muſt your numbers, with your author's view;
Then we ſhall ſee his work was lamely rough,
Each figure ſtiff, as if deſign'd in buff:
His colours laid ſo thick on every place,
As only ſhew'd the paint, but hid the face.
But as in perſpective we beauties ſee,
Which in the glaſs, not in the picture, be;
So here our ſight obligingly miſtakes
That wealth, which his your bounty only makes.
Thus vulgar diſhes are, by cooks diſguis'd,
More for their dreſſing, than their ſubſtance priz'd.
Your curious * notes ſo ſearch into that age,
When all was fable but the ſacred page,
That, ſince in that dark night we needs muſt ſtray,
We are at leaſt miſled in pleaſant way,
But what we moſt admire, your verſe no leſs
The prophet than the poet doth confeſs.

* Annotations on Statius.

Ere our weak eyes diſcern'd the doubtful ſtreak
Of light, you ſaw great Charles his morning break.
So ſkilful ſeamen ken the land from far,
Which ſhews like miſts to the dull paſſenger.
To Charles your Muſe firſt pays her duteous love,
As ſtill the antients did begin from Jove.
With monk you end, whoſe name preſerv'd ſhall be,
As Rome recorded † Rufus' memory,
Who thought it greater honour to obey
His country's intereſt than the world to ſway.
But to write worthy things of worthy men,
Is the peculiar talent of your pen:
Yet let me take your mantle up, and I
Will venture in your right to propheſy.
" This work, by merit firſt of fame ſecure,
" Is likewiſe happy in its geniture:
" For, ſince 'tis born when Charles aſcends the throne,
" It ſhares, at once, his fortune and its own."

TO
The EARL of ROSECOMMON,
On his excellent Eſſay on Tranſlated Verſe.

WHETHER the fruitful Nile, or Tyrian ſhore,
The ſeeds of arts and infant ſcience bore,
'Tis ſure the noble plant, tranſlated firſt,
Advanc'd its head in Grecian gardens nurſt.
The Grecians added verſe: Their tuneful tongue
Made Nature firſt, and Nature's God their ſong.

† *Hic ſitus eſt* Rufus, *qui pulſo vindici quondam*
Imperium aſſeruit non ſibi, ſed patriæ.

Nor ſtopt tranſlation here: For conqu'ring Rome,
With Grecian ſpoils, brought Grecian numbers home;
Enrich'd by thoſe Athenian Muſes more,
Than all the vanquiſh'd world cou'd yield before.
'Till barb'rous nations, and more barb'rous times,
Debas'd the majeſty of verſe to rhimes;
Thoſe rude at firſt: A kind of hobbling proſe,
That limp'd along, and tinkled in the cloſe.
But Italy, reviving from the trance
Of Vandal, Goth, and Monkiſh ignorance,
With pauſes, cadence, and well-vowel'd words,
And all the graces a good ear affords,
Made rhyme an art, and Dante's poliſh'd page
Reſtor'd a ſilver, not a golden age.
Then Petrarch follow'd, and in him we ſee,
What rhyme improv'd in all its height can be:
At beſt a pleaſing ſound, and fair barbarity.
The French purſu'd their ſteps; and Britain, laſt,
In manly ſweetneſs all the reſt ſurpaſs'd.
The wit of Greece, the gravity of Rome,
Appear exalted in the Britiſh loom:
The Muſes empire is reſtor'd again,
In Charles his reign, and by Roſecommon's pen.
Yet modeſtly he does his work ſurvey,
And calls a finiſh'd poem an *ESSAY*;
For all the needful rules are ſcatter'd here;
Truth ſmoothly told, and pleaſantly ſevere;
So well is art diſguis'd, for Nature to appear.
Nor need thoſe rules to give tranſlation light:
His own example is a flame ſo bright;
That he, who but arrives to copy well,
Unguided will advance, unknowing will excel.
Scarce his own Horace could ſuch rules ordain,
Or his own Virgils ſing a nobler ſtrain.
How much in him may riſing Ireland boaſt,
How much in gaining him has Britain loſt!

Their iſland in revenge has our's reclaim'd;
The more inſtructed we, the more we ſtill are ſham'd.
'Tis well for us his generous blood did flow
Deriv'd from Britiſh channels long ago,
That here his conqu'ring anceſtors were nurſt;
And Ireland but tranſlated England firſt:
By this repriſal we regain our right,
Elſe muſt the two contending nations fight;
A nobler quarrel for his native earth,
Than what divided Greece for Homer's birth.
To what perfection will our tongue arrive,
How will invention and tranſlation thrive,
When authors nobly born will bear their part,
And not diſdain th' inglorious praiſe of art!
Great Generals thus, deſcending from command,
With their own toil provoke the ſoldiers hand.
How will ſweet Ovid's ghoſt be pleas'd to hear
His fame augmented by an Engliſh Peer *;
How he embelliſhes his Helen's loves,
Out-does his ſoftneſs, and his ſenſe improves?
When theſe tranſlate, and teach tranſlators too,
Nor firſtling kid, or any vulgar vow
Shou'd at Apollo's grateful altar ſtand:
Roſecommon writes; to that auſpicious hand,
Muſe, feed the bull that ſpurns the yellow ſand.
Roſecommon, whom both court and camps commend,
True to his prince, and faithful to his friend;
Roſecommon firſt in fields of honour known,
Firſt in the peaceful triumphs of the gown;
Who both Minervas juſtly makes his own.
Now let the few belov'd by Jove, and they
Whom infus'd Titan form'd of better clay,
On equal terms with ancient wit engage,
Nor mighty Homer fear, nor ſacred Virgil's page:
Our Engliſh palace opens wide in ſtate;
And without ſtooping they may paſs the gate.

* The Earl of Mulgrave.

TO
SIR GEORGE EHEREDGE.

TO you who live in chill degree,
As map informs, of fifty-three,
And do not much for cold atone,
By bringing thither fifty-one,
Methinks all climes ſhou'd be alike,
From tropick e'en to pole artique;
Since you have ſuch a conſtitution
As no where ſuffers diminution.
You can be old in grave debate,
And young in love-affairs of ſtate;
And both to wives and huſbands ſhow
The vigour of a plenipo.
Like mighty miſſioner you come
Ad partes infidelium.
A work of wond'rous merit ſure,
So far to go, ſo much t' endure;
And all to preach to German dame,
Where ſound of Cupid never came.
Leſs had you done, had you been ſent
As far as Drake or Pinto went,
For cloves or nutmegs to the line-a,
Or e'en for oranges to China.
That had indeed been charity;
Where love-ſick ladies helpleſs lye,
Chapt, and for want liquor dry.
But you have made your zeal appear
Within the circle of the *bear*,
What region of the earth's ſo dull,
That is not of your labours full?

Triptolemus (ſo ſung the Nine)
Strew'd plenty from his cart divine.
But ſpite of all theſe fable-makers,
He never ſow'd on Almain acres:
No, that was left by fate's decree,
To be perform'd and ſung by thee.
Thou break'ſt thro' forms with as much eaſe
As the French king thro' articles.
In grand affairs thy days are ſpent,
In waging weighty compliment,
With ſuch as monarchs repreſent.
They, whom ſuch vaſt fatigues attend,
Want ſome ſoft minutes to unbend,
To ſhew the world that now and then
Great miniſters are mortal men,
Then Rheniſh rummers walk the round;
In bumpers ev'ry king is crown'd;
Beſides three holy mitred hectors,
And the whole college of electors.
No health of potentate is ſunk
That pays to make his envoy drunk.
Theſe Dutch delights, I mentioned laſt,
Suit not I know your Engliſh taſte:
For wine to leave a whore or play
Was ne'er your Excellency's way.
Nor need this title give offence,
For here you were your Excellence,
For gaming, writing, ſpeaking, keeping,
His Excellence for all but ſleeping.
Now if you tope in form, and treat,
'Tis the ſour ſauce to the ſweat meat,
The fine you pay for being great.
Nay here's a harder impoſition,
Which is indeed the court's petition,
That ſetting worldly pomp aſide,
Which poet has at font deny'd,

You would be pleas'd in humble way
To write a trifle call'd a play,
This truly is a degradation,
But wou'd oblige the crown and nation
Next to your wiſe negotiation.
If you pretend, as well you may,
Your high degree, your friends will ſay,
The Duke St Aignon made a play.
If Gallic wit convince you ſcarce,
His Grace of Bucks has made a farce,
And you, whoſe comic wit is terſe all,
Can hardly fall below *rehearſal*.
Then finiſh what you have began;
But ſcribble faſter if you can:
For yet no George, to our diſcerning,
Has writ without a ten years warning.

TO

Mr SOUTHERNE,

On his Comedy called the Wives Excuſe.

SURE there's a fate in plays, and 'tis in vain
To write, while theſe malignant planets reign.
Some very fooliſh influence rules the pit,
Not always kind to ſenſe, or juſt to wit:
And whilſt it laſts, let buffoonry ſucceed,
To make us laugh; for never was more need.
Farce, in itſelf, is of a naſty ſcent;
But the gain ſmells not of the excrement.
The Spaniſh nymph a wit and beauty too,
With all her charms, bore but a ſingle ſhow:

But let a monſter Muſcovite appear,
He draws a crowded audience round the year.
May be thou haſt not pleas'd the box and pit;
Yet thoſe, who blame thy tale, applaud thy wit:
So Terence plotted, but ſo Terence writ.
Like his thy thoughts are true, thy language clean;
E'en lewdneſs is made moral in thy ſcene.
The hearers may for want of *nokes* repine;
But reſt ſecure, the readers will be thine.
Nor was thy labour'd *drama* damn'd or hiſs'd,
But with a kind civility diſmiſs'd;
With ſuch good manners, as the * wife did uſe,
Who, not accepting, did but juſt refuſe.
There was a glance at parting; ſuch a look,
As bids thee not give o'er, for one rebuke.
But if thou wouldſt be ſeen, as well as read,
Copy one living author, and one dead:
The ſtandard of thy ſtyle let Etherege be;
For wit, th' immortal ſpring of Wycherly:
Learn, after both, to draw ſome juſt deſign,
And the next age will learn to copy thine.

To Mr LEE, *on his* Alexander.

THE blaſt of common cenſure cou'd I fear,
Before your play my name ſhou'd not appear;
For 'twill be thought, and with ſome colour too,
I pay the bribe I firſt receiv'd from you,
That mutual vouchers for our fame we ſtand,
And play the game into each other's hand;

* The wife in the play, Mrs Friendall.

And as cheap pen'orths to ourſelves afford,
As Beſſus and the brothers of the ſword.
Such libels private men may well endure,
When ſtates and kings themſelves are not ſecure:
For ill men, conſcious of their inward guilt,
Think the beſt actions on by-ends are built.
And yet my ſilence had not 'ſcap'd their ſpite;
Then, envy had not ſuffer'd me to write;
For, ſince I cou'd not ignorance pretend,
Such merit I muſt envy or commend.
So many candidates there ſtand for wit,
A place at court is ſcarce ſo hard to get:
In vain they crowd each other at the door;
For e'en reverſions are all begg'd before:
Deſert, how known ſoe'er, is long delay'd;
And then too fools and knaves are better pay'd.
Yet, as ſome actions bear ſo great a name,
That courts themſelves are juſt, for fear of ſhame;
So has the mighty merit of your play
Extorted praiſe, and forc'd itſelf a way.
'Tis here, as 'tis at ſea; who fartheſt goes,
Or dares the moſt, makes all the reſt his foes.
Yet when ſome virtue much out-grows the reſt,
It ſhoots too faſt, and high, to be expreſt;
As his heroic worth ſtruck envy dumb,
Who took the Dutchman, and who cut the boom.
Such praiſe is yours, while you the paſſions move,
That 'tis no longer feign'd, 'tis real love,
Where Nature triumphs over wretch'd art;
We only warm the head, but you the heart.
Always you warm; and if the riſing year,
As in hot regions, brings the ſun too near,
'Tis but to make your fragrant ſpices blow,
Which in our cooler climates will not grow.
They only think you animate your theme
With too much fire, who are themſelves all phlegm.

Prizes wou'd be for lags of ſloweſt pace,
Were cripples made the judges of the race.
Deſpiſe thoſe drones, who praiſe, while they accuſe,
The too much vigour of your youthful Muſe.
That humble ſtyle, which they their virtue make,
Is in your pow'r; you need but ſtoop and take.
Your beauteous images muſt be allow'd
By all, but ſome vile poets of the crowd.
But how ſhou'd any ſign-poſt dawber know
The worth of Titian, or of Angelo?
Hard features ev'ry bungler can command;
To draw true beauty ſhews a maſter's hand.

TO

My dear Friend Mr CONGREVE,

On his Comedy call'd the Double Dealer.

WELL then, the promis'd hour is come at laſt;
The preſent age of wit obſcures the paſt:
Strong were our ſires, and as they fought they writ,
Conqu'ring with force of arms, and dint of wit:
Theirs was the giant race, before the flood;
And thus, when Charles return'd, our empire ſtood.
Like Janus he the ſtubborn ſoil manur'd,
With rules of huſbandry the rankneſs cur'd;
Tam'd us to manners, when the ſtage was rude;
And boiſt'rous Engliſh wit with art indu'd.
Our age was cultivated thus at length;
But what we gain'd in ſkill we loſt in ſtrength.
Our builders were with want of genius curſt;
The ſecond temple was not like the firſt:

'Till you, the beſt Vitruvius, come at length;
Our beauties equal, but excel our ſtrength.
Firm Doriek pillars found your ſolid baſe:
The fair Corinthian crowns the higher ſpace:
Thus all below is ſtrength, and all above is grace.
In eaſy dialogue is Fletcher's praiſe;
He mov'd the mind, but had not pow'r to raiſe.
Great Johnſon did by ſtrength of judgment pleaſe;
Yet, doubling Fletcher's force, he wants his eaſe.
In diff'ring talents both adorn'd their age;
One for the ſtudy, t' other for the ſtage.
But both to Congreve juſtly ſhall ſubmit,
One match'd in judgment, both o'ermatch'd in wit.
In him all beauties of this age we ſee,
Etherege his courtſhip, Southern's purity,
The ſatire, wit, and ſtrength of manly Witcherly.
All this in blooming youth you have atchiev'd:
Nor are your foil'd contemporaries griev'd.
So much the ſweetneſs of your manners move,
We cannot envy you, becauſe we love.
Fabius might joy in Scipio, when he ſaw
A beardleſs conſul made againſt the law,
And join his ſuffrage to the votes of Rome;
Though he with Hannibal was overcome.
Thus old Romano bow'd to Raphael's fame,
And ſcholar to the youth he taught became.
O that your brows my laurel had ſuſtain'd!
Well had I been depos'd, if you had reign'd:
The father had deſcended for the ſon;
For only you are lineal to the throne.
Thus, when the ſtate one Edward did depoſe,
A greater Edward in his room aroſe.
But now, not I, but poetry is curs'd;
For Tom the ſecond reigns like Tom the firſt.
But let 'em not miſtake my patron's part,
Nor call his charity their own deſert.

Yet this I propheſy; thou ſhalt be ſeen,
(Tho' with ſome ſhort parentheſis between)
High on the throne of wit, and, ſeated there,
Not mine (that's little) but thy laurel wear.
Thy firſt attempt an early promiſe made;
That early promiſe this has more than paid.
So bold, yet ſo judiciouſly you dare,
That your leaſt praiſe is to be regular.
Time, place, and action, may with pains be wrought;
But genius muſt be born, and never can be taught.
This is your portion; this your native ſtore;
Heav'n, that but once was prodigal before,
To Shakeſpear gave as much; ſhe could not give him more.
Maintain your poſt: That's all the fame you need;
For 'tis impoſſible you ſhou'd proceed.
Already I am worn with cares and age,
And juſt abandoning th' ungrateful ſtage:
Unprofitably kept at Heav'n's expence,
I live a rent-charge on his providence:
But you, whom ev'ry muſe and grace adorn,
Whom I foreſee to better fortune born,
Be kind to my remains; and O defend,
Againſt your judgment, your departed friend!
Let not th' inſulting foe my fame purſue,
But ſhade thoſe laurels which deſcend to you:
And take for tribute what theſe lines expreſs:
You merit more; nor cou'd my love do leſs.

TO
Mr GRANVILLE*,

On his excellent Tragedy called Heroic Love.

AUSPICIOUS poet! wert thou not my friend,
How con'd I envy, what I muſt commend?
But ſince 'tis Nature's law in love and wit,
That youth ſhou'd reign, and with'ring age ſubmit,
With-leſs regret thoſe laurels I reſign,
Which, dying on my brows, revive on thine.
With better grace an ancient chief may yield
The long contended honours of the field,
Than venture all his fortune at a caſt,
And fight, like Hannibal, to loſe at laſt.
Young princes obſtinate to win the prize,
Tho' yearly beaten, yearly yet they riſe:
Old monarchs, though ſucceſsful, ſtill in doubt,
Catch at a peace, and wiſely turn devout.
Thine be the laurel then; thy blooming age
Can beſt, if any can, ſupport the ſtage;
Which ſo declines, that ſhortly we may ſee
Players and plays reduc'd to ſecond infancy.
Sharp to the world, but thoughtleſs of renown,
They plot not on the ſtage, but on the town,
And, in deſpair their empty pit to fill,
Set up ſome foreign monſter in a bill.
Thus they jog on, ſtill trickling, never thriving,
And murd'ring plays, which they miſ-call reviving.
Our ſenſe is nonſenſe, through their pipes convey'd;
Scarce can a poet know the play he made;

* Lord Landſdowne.

'Tis ſo diſguis'd in death; nor thinks 'tis he
That ſuffers in the mangled tragedy.
Thus Itys firſt was kill'd, and after dreſs'd
For his own ſire, the chief invited gueſt.
I ſay not this of thy ſucceſsful ſcenes,
Where thine was all the glory, theirs the gains.
With length of time, much judgment, and more toil,
Not ill they acted, what they cou'd not ſpoil.
Their ſetting ſun * ſtill ſhoots a glimmering ray,
Like antient Rome, majeſtic in decay:
And better gleanings their worn ſoil can boaſt,
Than the crab-vintage of the neighb'ring coaſt †.
This diff'rence yet the judging world will ſee;
Thou copieſt Homer, and they copy thee.

TO

My Friend MR MOTTEUX,

On his Tragedy called Beauty in Diſtreſs.

'TIS hard, my friend, to write in ſuch an age,
As damns, not only poets, but the ſtage.
That ſacred art, by Heav'n itſelf infus'd,
Which Moſes, David, Solomon, have us'd,
Is now to be no more: The Muſes' foes
Wou'd ſink their Maker's praiſes into proſe.
Were they content to prune their laviſh vine
Of ſtraggling branches, and improve the wine,
Who, but a madman, wou'd his thoughts defend?
All wou'd ſubmit; for all but fools will mend.

* Mr Betterton's company in Lincoln's-inn-fields.
† Drury-lane play-houſe.

But when to common ſenſe they give the lye,
And turn diſtorted words to blaſphemy,
They give the ſcandal; and the wiſe diſcern,
Their gloſſes teach an age, too apt to learn.
What I have looſely, or prophanely, writ,
Let them to fires, their due deſert, commit:
Nor, when accus'd by me, let them complain:
Their faults, and not their function, I arraign.
Rebellion, worſe than witchcraft, they purſu'd;
The pulpit preach'd the crime, the people ru'd.
The ſtage was ſilenc'd; for the ſaints wou'd ſee
In fields perform'd their plotted tragedy.
But let us firſt reform, and then ſo live,
That we may teach our teachers to forgive:
Our deſks be plac'd below their lofty chairs;
Ours be the practice, as the precept theirs.
The moral part, at leaſt we may divide,
Humility reward, and puniſh pride;
Ambition, int'reſt, avarice accuſe:
Theſe are the province of a tragic Muſe.
Theſe haſt thou choſen; and the publick voice
Has equal'd thy performance with thy choice.
Time, action, place, are ſo preſerv'd by thee,
That e'en Corneille might with envy ſee
Th' alliance of his *tripled unity*.
Thy incidents, perhaps, too thick are ſown;
But too much plenty is thy fault alone.
At leaſt but two can that good crime commit,
Thou in deſign, and Wycherly in wit.
Let thy own Gauls condemn thee, if they dare;
Contented to be thinly regular:
Born there, but not for them, our fruitful ſoil
With more increaſe rewards thy happy toil.
Their tongue, enfeebl'd, is refin'd too much;
And, like pure gold, it bends at ev'ry touch:
Our ſturdy Teuton yet will art obey,
More fit for manly thought, and ſtrengthen'd with allay.

But whence art thou inſpir'd, and thou alone,
To flouriſh in an idiom not thy own?
It moves our wonder, that a foreign gueſt
Shou'd over-match the moſt, and match the beſt.
In under-praiſing thy deſerts, I wrong;
Here find the firſt deficience of our tongue:
Words, once my ſtock, are wanting, to commend
So great a poet, and ſo good a friend.

TO

HENRY HIGDEN, Eſq;

On his Tranſlation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal.

THE Grecian wits, who ſatire firſt began,
Were pleaſant paſquins on the life of man;
At mighty villains, who the ſtate oppreſt,
They durſt not rail, perhaps; they laſh'd, at leaſt,
And turn'd them out of office with a jeſt.
No fool could peep abroad, but ready ſtand
The drolls to clap a bauble in his hand.
Wiſe legiſlators never yet could draw
A *fop* within the reach of *common law*;
For poſture, dreſs, grimace and affectation,
Tho' *foes* to *ſenſe*, are harmleſs to the *nation*.
Our laſt redreſs is dint of *verſe* to try,
And *ſatire* is our *Court* of *Chancery*.
This way took Horace to reform an age,
Not bad enough to need an author's rage.
But * yours, who liv'd in more degenerate times,
Was forc'd to faſten deep, and worry crimes.

* Juvenal.

Yet you, my friend, have temper'd him ſo well,
You make him ſmile in ſpite of all his zeal:
An art peculiar to yourſelf alone,
To join the virtues of two ſtyles in one.
Oh! were your author's principle receiv'd,
Half of the lab'ring world would be reliev'd:
For not to wiſh is not to be deceiv'd.
Revenge wou'd into *charity* be chang'd,
Becauſe it coſts too dear to be *reveng'd*:
It coſts our *quiet* and *content of mind*,
And when 'tis compaſs'd, leaves a ſting behind.
Suppoſe I had the better end o' th' ſtaff,
Why ſhould I help th' ill-natur'd world to laugh?
'Tis all alike to them, who get the day;
They love the ſpite and miſchief of the *fray*.
No; I have cur'd myſelf of that *diſeaſe*;
Nor will I be provok'd, but when I pleaſe:
But let me half that *cure* to you reſtore;
You give the *ſalve*, I laid it to the *ſore*.
Our kind relief againſt a rainy day,
Beyond a tavern, or a tedious play,
We take your book, and laugh our ſpleen away.
If all your *tribe*, too ſtudious of *debate*,
Would ceaſe falſe hopes and titles to create,
Led by the *rare example* you begun,
Clients would fail, and *Lawyers* be undone.

TO

SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

Principal Painter to his Majeſty.

ONCE I beheld the faireſt of her kind,
And ſtill the ſweat idea charms my mind:
True, ſhe was dumb; for Nature gaz'd ſo long,
Pleas'd with her work, that ſhe forgot her tongue;
But, ſmiling, ſaid, ſhe ſtill ſhall gain the prize;
I only have transfer'd it to her eyes.
Such are thy pictures, Kneller; ſuch thy ſkill,
That Nature ſeems obedient to thy will;
Comes out, and meets thy pencil in the draught;
Lives there, and wants but words to ſpeak her thought.
At leaſt thy pictures look a voice; and we
Imagine ſounds, deceiv'd to that degree,
We think 'tis ſomewhat more than juſt to ſee.
Shadows are but privations of the light
Yet, when we walk, they ſhoot before the ſight;
With us approach, retire, ariſe, and fall;
Nothing themſelves, and yet expreſſing all,
Such are thy pieces, imitating life
So near, they almoſt conquer in the ſtriſe;
And from their animated canvaſs came,
Demanding ſouls, and looſen'd from the frame.
Prometheus, were he here, won'd caſt away
His Adam, and refuſe a ſoul to clay;
And either won'd thy noble work inſpire,
Or think it warm enough, without his fire.
But vulgar hands may vulgar likeneſs raiſe;
This is the leaſt attendant on thy praiſe:
From hence the rudiments of art began;
A coal, or chalk, firſt imitated man:

Perhaps, the ſhadow, taken on a wall,
Gave out-lines to the rude original;
Ere canvaſs yet was ſtrain'd, before the grace
Of blended colours found their uſe and place,
Or cypreſs tablets firſt receiv'd a face.
By ſlow degrees the godlike art advanc'd;
As man grew poliſh'd, picture was inhanc'd:
Greece added poſture, ſhade, and perſpective;
And then the mimic piece began to live.
Yet perſpective was lame, no diſtance true,
But all came forward in one common view;
No point of light was known, no bounds of art;
When light was there, it knew not to depart,
But glaring on remoter objects play'd;
Not languiſh'd, and inſenſibly decay'd.
Rome rais'd not art, but barely kept alive,
And with old Greece unequally did ſtrive:
'Till Goths, and Vandals, a rude Northern race,
Did all the matchleſs monuments deface.
Then all the muſes in one ruin lye,
And rhime began t' enervate poetry.
Thus, in a ſtupid military ſtate,
The pen and pencil find an equal fate.
Flat faces, ſuch as wou'd diſgrace a ſkreen,
Such as in Bantam's embaſſy were ſeen,
Unrais'd, unrounded, were the rude delight
Of brutal nations, only born to fight.
Long time the ſiſter arts, in iron ſleep,
A heavy ſabbath did ſupinely keep:
At length, in Raphael's age, at once they riſe,
Stretch all their limbs, and open all their eyes.
Thence roſe the Roman, and the Lombard line:
One colour'd beſt, and one did beſt deſign.
Raphael's, like Homer's, was the nobler part,
But Titian's painting look'd like Virgil's art,
Thy genius gives thee both; where true deſign,
Poſtures unforc'd, and lively colours join.

Likeneſs is ever there; but ſtill the beſt,
Like proper thoughts in lofty language dreſt:
Where light, to ſhades deſcending, plays, not ſtrives,
Dies by degrees, and by degrees revives.
Of various parts a perfect whole is wrought:
Thy pictures think, and we divine their thought.
* Shakeſpear, thy gift, I place before my ſight;
With awe, I aſk his bleſſing ere I write;
With rev'rence, look on his majeſtic face;
Proud to be leſs, but of his godlike race.
His ſoul inſpires me, while thy praiſe I write,
And I, like Teucer, under Ajax fight;
Bids thee, thro' me, be bold; with dauntleſs breaſt
Contemn the bad, and emulate the beſt.
Like his, thy critics in th' attempt are loſt:
When moſt they rail, know then, they envy moſt.
In vain they ſnarl aloof; a noiſy croud,
Like womens anger, impotent and loud.
While they their barren induſtry deplore,
Paſs on ſecure, and mind the goal before.
Old as ſhe is, my muſe ſhall march behind,
Bear off the blaſt, and intercept the wind.
Our arts are ſiſters, though not twins in birth;
For hymns were ſung in Eden's happy earth;
But oh, the painter muſe, though laſt in place,
Has ſeiz'd the bleſſing firſt, like Jacob's race.
Apelles' art an Alexander found;
And Raphael did with Leo's gold abound;
But Homer was with barren laurel crown'd.
Thou hadſt thy Charles awhile, and ſo had I;
But paſs we that unpleaſing image by.
Rich in thyſelf, and of thyſelf divine;
All pilgrims come, and offer at thy ſhrine.

* Shakeſpear's picture drawn by Sir Godfrey Kneller, and given to the Author.

A graceful truth thy pencil can command;
The fair themſelves go mended from thy hand.
Likeneſs appears in every lineament;
But likeneſs in thy work is eloquent,
Tho' Nature there her true reſemblance bears,
A nobler beauty in thy piece appears.
So warm thy work, ſo glows the gen'rous frame,
Fleſh looks leſs living in the lovely dame.
Thou paint'ſt as we deſcribe, improving ſtill,
When on wild Nature we ingraft our ſkill;
But not creating beauties at our will.
But poets are confin'd in narrower ſpace,
To ſpeak the language of their native place:
The painter widely ſtretches his command;
Thy pencil ſpeaks the tongue of ev'ry land.
From hence, my friend, all climates are your own,
Nor can you forfeit, for you hold of none.
All nations all immunities will give
To make you theirs, where'er you pleaſe to live;
And not ſev'n cities, but the world wou'd ſtrive.
Sure ſome propitious planet then did ſmile,
When firſt you were conducted to this iſle:
Our genius brought you here, t' inlarge our fame;
For your good ſtars are ev'ry where the ſame.
Thy matchleſs hand, of ev'ry region free,
Adopts our climate, not our climate thee.
* Great Rome and Venice early did impart
To thee th' examples of their wond'rous art.
Thoſe maſters then, but ſeen, not underſtood,
With generous emulation fir'd thy blood:
For what in Nature's dawn the child admir'd,
The youth endeavour'd, and the man acquir'd.
If yet thou haſt not reach'd their high degree,
'Tis only wanting to this age, not thee.

* He travell'd very young into Italy.

Thy genius, bounded by the times, like mine,
Drudges on petty draughts, nor dare deſign
A more exalted work, and more divine.
For what a ſong, or ſenſeleſs opera,
Is to the living labour of a play;
Or what a play to Virgil's work wou'd be,
Such is a ſingle piece to hiſtory.
But we, who life beſtow, ourſelves muſt live:
Kings cannot reign, unleſs their ſubjects give;
And they, who pay the taxes, bear the rule:
Thus thou, ſometimes, are forc'd to draw a fool:
But ſo his follies in thy poſture ſink,
The ſenſeleſs idiot ſeems at laſt to think.
Good Heav'n! that ſots and knaves ſhou'd be ſo vain,
To wiſh their vile reſemblance may remain!
And ſtand recorded, at their own requeſt,
To future days, a libel or a jeſt!
Elſe ſhou'd we ſee your noble pencil trace
Our unities of action, time, and place:
A whole compos'd of parts, and thoſe the beſt,
With ev'ry various character expreſt:
Heroes at large, and at a nearer view;
Leſs, and at diſtance, an ignobler crew.
While all the figures in one action join,
As tending to compleat the main deſign.
More cannot be by mortal art expreſt;
But venerable age ſhall add the reſt.
For time ſhall with his ready pencil ſtand;
Retouch your figures with his ripening hand;
Mellow your colours, and imbrown the teint;
Add ev'ry grace, which time alone can grant;
To future ages ſhall your fame convey,
And give more beauties than he takes away.

PROLOGUES

AND

EPILOGUES.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

UNIVERSITY of OXFORD, 1764,

Spoken by MR HART.

POETS, your ſubjects, have their parts aſſign'd
T' unbend, and to divert their ſov'reign's mind:
When, tir'd with following Nature, you think fit
To ſeek repoſe in the cool ſhades of wit,
And, from the ſweet retreat, with joy ſurvey
What reſts, and what is conquer'd, of the way.
Here, free yourſelves from envy, care, and ſtrife,
You view the various turns of human life:
Safe in our ſcene, through dangerous courts you go,
And, undebauch'd, the vice of cities know.
Your theories are here to practice brought,
As in mechanic operations wrought;
And man, the little world, before you ſet,
As once the ſphere of eryſtal ſhew'd the great.
Bleſt ſure are you above all mortal kind,
If to your fortunes you can ſuit your mind:
Content to ſee, and ſhun, thoſe ills we ſhow,
And crimes on theatres alone to know.
With joy we bring what our dead authors writ,
And beg from you the value of their wit:
That Shakeſpear's, Fletcher's, and great Johnſon's claim,
May be renew'd from thoſe who gave them fame.
None of our living poets dare appear;
For Muſes ſo ſevere are worſhip'd here,

That, conſcious of their faults, they ſhun the eye,
And, as prophane, from ſacred places fly,
Rather than ſee th' offended God, and die.
We bring no imperfections, but our own;
Such faults as made are by the makers ſhown:
And you have been ſo kind, that we may boaſt,
The greateſt judges ſtill can pardon moſt.
Poets muſt ſtoop, when they would pleaſe our pit;
Debas'd even to the level of their wit;
Diſdaining that, which yet they know will take,
Hating themſelves what their applauſe muſt make:
But when to praiſe from you they would aſpire,
Tho' they like eagles mount, your Jove is higher.
So far your knowledge all their pow'r tranſcends,
As what *ſhould* be beyond what *is* extends.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken at the opening of the New Houſe,

March 26. 1674.

A Plain-built houſe, after ſo long a ſtay,
Will ſend you half unſatisfy'd away;
When, fall'n from your expected pomp, you find
A bare convenience only is deſign'd.
You, who each day can theatres behold,
Like Nero's palace, ſhining all with gold,
Our mean ungilded ſtage will ſcorn, we fear,
And, for the homely room, diſdain the chear.
Yet now cheap druggets to a mode are grown,
And a plain ſuit (ſince we can make but one)
Is better than to be by tarniſh'd gawdry known.

They who are by your favours wealthy made,
With mighty ſums may carry on the trade:
We, broken bankers, half deſtroy'd by fire,
With our ſmall ſtock to humble roofs retire;
Pity our loſs, while you their pomp admire.
For fame and honour we no longer ſtrive,
We yield in both, and only beg to live:
Unable to ſupport their vaſt expence,
Who build and treat with ſuch magnificence;
That, like th' ambitious monarchs of the age,
They gave the law to our provincial ſtage.
Great neighbours enviouſly promote exceſs,
While they impoſe their ſplendor on the leſs.
But only fools, and they of vaſt eſtate,
Th' extremity of modes will imitate,
The dangling knee-fringe, and the bib-cravat.
Yet if ſome pride with want may be allow'd,
We in our plainneſs may be juſtly proud:
Our Royal Maſter will'd it ſhou'd be ſo;
Whate'er he's pleas'd to own, can need no ſhow:
That ſacred name gives ornament and grace,
And like his ſtamp, makes baſeſt metals paſs.
'Twere folly now a ſtately pile to raiſe,
To build a play-houſe, while you throw down plays.
While ſcenes, machines, and empty *operas* reign,
And for the pencil you the pen diſdain:
While troops of famiſh'd Frenchmen hither drive,
And laugh at thoſe upon whoſe alms they live:
Old Engliſh authors vaniſh, and give place
To theſe new conq'rors of the Norman race.
More tamely than your fathers you ſubmit;
You're now grown vaſſals to 'em in your wit.
Mark, when they play, how our fine fops advance
The mighty merits of their men of France,
Keep time, cry *bon*, and humour the cadence.
Well, pleaſe yourſelves; but ſure 'tis underſtood,
That French machines have ne'er done England good.

I wou'd not prophecy our houſe's fate:
But while vain ſhows and ſcenes you over-rate,
'Tis to be fear'd———
That as a fire the former houſe o'erthrew,
Machines and tempeſts will deſtroy the new.

EPILOGUE, *on the ſame occaſion.*

THOUGH what our prologue ſaid was ſadly true,
Yet, Gentlemen, our homely houſe is new,
A charm that ſeldom fails with, wicked, you.
A country lip may have the velvet touch;
Though ſhe's no lady, you may think her ſuch:
A ſtrong imagination may do much.
But you, loud Sirs, who through your curls look big,
Critics in plume and white vallancy wig,
Who lolling on our foremoſt benches ſit,
And ſtill charge firſt (the true forlorn of wit;)
Whoſe favours, like the ſun, warm where you rowl,
Yet you, like him, have neither heat nor ſoul;
So may your hats your foretops never preſs,
Untouch'd your ribbons, ſacred be your dreſs;
So may you ſlowly to old age advance,
And have th' excuſe of youth for ignorance:
So may ſop-corner full of noiſe remain,
And drive far off the dull attentive train;
So may your midnight ſcowrings happy prove,
And morning batt'ries force your way to love;
So may not France your warlike hands recall,
But leave you by each other's ſwords to fall:
As you come here to ruffle vizard punk,
When ſober, rail, and roar when you are drunk.

But to the wits we can ſome merit plead,
And urge what by themſelves has oft been ſaid:
Our houſe relieves the ladies from the frights
Of ill-pav'd ſtreets, and long dark winter nights;
The Flanders horſes from a cold bleak road,
Where bears in furs dare ſcarcely look abroad;
The audience from worn plays and fuſtian ſtuff
Of rhime, more naufeous than three boys in buff.
Though in their houſe the poets heads appear,
We hope we may preſume their wits are here.
The beſt which they reſerv'd they now will play;
For, like kind cuckolds, tho' w' have not the way
To pleaſe, we'll find you abler men who may.
If they ſhou'd fail, for laſt recruits we breed
A troop of friſking Monſieurs to ſucceed:
You know the French ſure cards at time of need.

PROLOGUE *to* CIRCE,

By DR DAVENANT. 1675.

WERE you but half ſo wiſe as you're ſevere,
Our youthful poet ſhou'd not need to fear:
To his green years your cenſures you would ſuit,
Not blaſt the bloſſom, but expect the fruit.
The ſex, that beſt does pleaſure underſtand,
Will always chooſe to err on t' other hand.
They check not him that's aukward in delight,
But clap the young rogue's cheek, and ſet him right.
Thus hearten'd well, and fleſh'd upon his prey,
The youth may prove a man another day.
Your Ben and Fletcher, in their firſt young flight,
Did no Volpone, nor no Arbaces write;

But hopp'd about, and ſhort excurſions made
From bough to bough, as if they were afraid,
And each was guilty of ſome *ſlighted maid.*
Shakeſpear's own muſe her Pericles firſt bore;
The prince of Tyre was elder than the Moore:
'Tis miracle to ſee a firſt good play;
All hawthorns do not bloom on Chriſtmas-day.
A ſlender poet muſt have time to grow,
And ſpread and burniſh as his brothers do.
Who ſtill looks lean, ſure with ſome pox is curſt:
But no man can be Falſtaff-fat at firſt.
Then damn not, but indulge his rude eſſays,
Encourage him, and bloat him up with praiſe,
That he may get more bulk before he dies:
He's not yet fed enough for ſacrifice.
Perhaps, if now your grace you will not grudge,
He may grow up to write, and you to judge.

EPILOGUE,

Intended to have been ſpoken by the Lady Henr. Mar. Wentworth, *when* Caliſto * *was acted at court.*

AS Jupiter I made my court in vain;
I'll now aſſume my native ſhape again.
I'm weary to be ſo unkindly us'd,
And would not be a God to be refus'd.
State grows uneaſy when it hinders love;
A glorious burden, which the wiſe remove.
Now as a nymph I need not ſue, nor try
The force of any lightning but the eye.

* A maſque by Mr Crown, 1675.

Beauty and youth more than a God command;
No Jove could e'er the force of theſe withſtand.
'Tis here that ſov'reign power admits diſpute;
Beauty ſometimes is juſtly abſolute.
Our ſullen Cato's, whatſoe'er they ſay,
Even while they frown, and dictate laws, obey.
You, mighty Sir, our bonds more eaſy make,
And gracefully, what all muſt ſuffer, take:
Above thoſe forms the grave affect to wear;
For 'tis not to be wiſe, to be ſevere.
True wiſdom may ſome gallantry admit,
And ſoften buſineſs with the charms of wit.
Theſe peaceful triumphs with your cares you bought,
And from the midſt of fighting nations brought.
You only hear it thunder from afar,
And ſit in peace the arbiter of war;
Peace, the loath'd manna, which hot brains deſpiſe.
You knew its worth, and made it early prize:
And in its happy leiſure ſit, and ſee
The promiſes of more felicity:
Two glorious nymphs of your own godlike line,
Whoſe morning rays like noontide ſtrike and ſhine;
Whom you to ſuppliant monarchs ſhall diſpoſe,
To bind your friends, and to diſarm your foes.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

MAN *of* MODE, *or*, SIR FOPLING FLUTTER,

By SIR G. ETHEREGE. 1676.

MOST modern wits ſuch monſtrous fools have ſhown,
They ſeem not of Heav'n's making, but their own.
Thoſe nauſeous Harlequins in farce may paſs;
But there goes more to a ſubſtantial aſs:
Something of man muſt be expos'd to view,
That, gallants, they may more reſemble you.
Sir Fopling is a fool ſo nicely writ,
The ladies wou'd miſtake him for a wit;
And, when he ſings, talks loud, and cocks, wou'd cry,
I vow, methinks, he's pretty company;
So briſk, ſo gay, ſo travell'd, ſo refin'd,
As he took pains to graff upon his kind.
True fops help Nature's work, and go to ſchool,
To file and finiſh GOD ALMIGHTY's fool.
Yet none Sir Fopling him, or him can call;
He's knight o' th' ſhire, and repreſents ye all.
From each he meets, he culls whate'er he can;
Legion's his name, a people in a man.
His bulky folly gathers as it goes,
And, rolling o'er you, like a ſnow-ball grows.
His various modes from various fathers follow;
One taught the toſs, and one the new French wallow.
His ſword-knot this, his cravat that deſign'd;
And this, the yard-long ſnake he twirls behind.
From one the ſacred periwig he gain'd,
Which wind ne'er blew, nor touch of hat prophan'd.

Another's diving bow he did adore,
Which with a ſhog caſts all the hair before,
'Till he with full decorum brings it back,
And riſes with a water-ſpaniel ſhake.
As for his ſongs (the ladies' dear delight)
Theſe ſure he took from moſt of you who write.
Yet ev'ry man is ſafe from what he fear'd;
For no one fool is hunted from the herd.

EPILOGUE

TO

MITHRIDATES KING *of* PONTUS,

By MR N. LEE. 1678.

YOU'VE ſeen a pair of faithful lovers die:
And much you care; for moſt of you will cry,
'Twas a juſt judgment on their conſtancy.
For, Heav'n be thank'd, we live in ſuch an age,
When no man dies for love, but on the ſtage:
And e'en thoſe martyrs are but rare in plays;
A curſed ſign how much true faith decays.
Love is no more a violent deſire;
'Tis a mere metaphor, a painted fire.
In all our ſex, the name examin'd well,
'Tis pride to gain, and vanity to tell.
In woman, 'tis of ſubtile int'reſt made:
Curſe on the punk that made it firſt a trade!
She firſt did wit's prerogative remove,
And made a fool preſume to prate of love.

Let honour and preferment go for gold;
But glorious beauty is not to be ſold:
Or, if it be, 'tis at a rate ſo high,
That nothing but adoring it ſhou'd buy.
Yet the rich cullies may their boaſting ſpare;
They purchaſe but ſophiſticated ware.
'Tis prodigality that buys deceit,
Where both the giver and the taker cheat.
Men but refine on the old half-crown way;
And women fight, like Swiſſers, for their pay.

PROLOGUE *to* CÆSAR BORGIA,

By MR N. LEE. 1680.

TH' unhappy man, who once has trail'd a pen,
Lives not to pleaſe himſelf, but other men;
Is always drudging, waſtes his life and blood,
Yet only eats and drinks what you think good.
What praiſe ſoe'er the poetry deſerve,
Yet ev'ry fool can bid the poet ſtarve.
That fumbling letcher to revenge is bent,
Becauſe he thinks himſelf or whore is meant:
Name but a cuckold, all the city ſwarms;
From Leadenhall to Ludgate is in arms:
Were there no fear of Antichriſt or France,
In the bleſt time poor poets live by chance.
Either you come not here, or, as you grace
Some old acquaintance, drop into the place,
Careleſs and qualmiſh with a yawning face:
You ſleep o'er wit, and by my troth you may;
Moſt of your talents lye another way.
You love to hear of ſome prodigious tale,
The bell that toll'd alone, or Iriſh whale.

News is your food, and you enough provide,
Both for yourſelves, and all the world beſide.
One theatre there is of vaſt reſort,
Which whilome *of requeſts* was call'd *the court*;
But now the great *exchange of news* 'tis hight,
And full of hum and buz from noon 'till night.
Up ſtairs and down you run, as for a race,
And each man wears three nations in his face.
So big you look, though claret you retrench,
That, arm'd with bottled ale, you huff the French.
But all your entertainment ſtill is fed
By villains in your own dull iſland bred.
Wou'd you return to us, we dare engage
To ſhew you better rogues upon the ſtage.
You know no poiſon but plain ratſbane here;
Death's more refin'd, and better bred elſewhere.
They have a civil way in Italy,
By ſmelling a perfume, to make you die;
A trick wou'd make you lay your ſnuff-box by.
Murder's a trade, ſo known and practis'd there,
That 'tis infallible as is the Chair.
But, mark their feaſt, you ſhall behold ſuch pranks;
The Pope ſays grace, but 'tis the Dev'l gives thanks.

PROLOGUE *to* SOPHONISBA,

At Oxford, 1680.

THESPIS, the firſt profeſſor of our art,
At country wakes, ſung ballads from a cart.
To prove this true, if Latin be no treſpaſs,
Dicitur et Plauſtris vexiſſe poemata Theſpis.
But Æſchylus, ſays Horace in ſome page,
Was the firſt mountebank that trode the ſtage:

Yet Athens never knew your learned ſport,
Of toſſing poets in a Tennis-Court.
But 'tis the talent of our Engliſh nation,
Still to be plotting ſome new reformation:
And few years hence, if anarchy goes on,
Jack Preſbyter ſhall here erect his throne,
Knock out a tub with preaching once a day,
And ev'ry pray'r be longer than a play.
Then all your Heathen wits ſhall go to pot,
For diſbelieving of a *Popiſh plot:*
Your poets ſhall be us'd like infidels,
And worſt the author of the *Oxford bells:*
Nor ſhou'd we 'ſcape the ſentence, to depart,
E'en in our firſt original, a cart.
No zealous brother there wou'd want a ſtone,
To maul us *Cardinals*, and pelt Pope Joan:
Religion, learning, wit, wou'd be ſuppreſt,
Rags of the whore, and trappings of the beaſt;
Scot, Suarez, Tom of Aquin, muſt go down,
As chief ſupporters of the triple crown:
And Ariſtotle's for deſtruction ripe;
Some ſay he call'd the ſoul an organ-pipe,
Which, by ſome little help of derivation,
Shall then be prov'd a pipe of inſpiration.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

UNIVERSITY *of* OXFORD, 1681.

THE fam'd Italian muſe, whoſe rhymes advance
Orlando and the Paladins of France,
Records, that when our wit and ſenſe is flown,
'Tis lodg'd within the circle of the moon,
In earthen jars, which one, who thither ſoar'd,
Set to his noſe, ſnuff'd up, and was reſtor'd.
Whate'er the ſtory be, the moral's true;
The wit we loſt in town, we find in you.
Our poets their fled parts may draw from hence,
And fill their windy heads with ſober ſenſe.
When London votes with Southwark's diſagree,
Here may they find their long-loſt loyalty.
Here buſy ſenates, to th' old cauſe inclin'd,
May ſnuff the votes their fellows left behind:
Your country neighbours, when their grain grows dear,
May come, and find their *laſt proviſion* here:
Whereas, we cannot much lament our loſs,
Who neither carry'd back, nor brought one croſs.
We look'd what repreſentatives wou'd bring;
But they help'd us, juſt as they did the king.
Yet we deſpair not; for we now lay forth
The *Sibyls* books to thoſe who know their worth;
And though the firſt was ſacrific'd before,
Theſe volumes doubly will the price reſtore.
Our poet bade us hope this grace to find,
To whom by long preſcription you are kind.
He, whoſe undaunted muſe, with loyal rage,
Has never ſpar'd the vices of the age,
Here finding nothing that his ſpleen can raiſe,
Is forc'd to turn his ſatire into praiſe.

PROLOGUE *to his* ROYAL HIGHNESS, *upon his first Appearance at the* Duke's Theatre, *after his return from* Scotland, 1682.

IN thoſe cold regions which no ſummers chear,
Where brooding darkneſs covers half the year,
To hollow caves the ſhiv'ring natives go;
Bears range abroad, and hunt in tracks of ſnow:
But when the tedious twilight wears away,
And ſtars grow paler at th' approach of day,
The longing crowds to frozen mountains run;
Happy who firſt can ſee the glimm'ring ſun:
The ſurly ſavage offspring diſappear,
And curſe the bright ſucceſſor of the year.
Yet, though rough bears in covert ſeek defence,
White foxes ſtay, with ſeeming innocence:
That crafty kind with day-light can diſpenſe.
Still we are throng'd ſo full with *Reynard's* race,
That loyal ſubjects ſcarce can find a place:
Thus modeſt truth is caſt behind the croud:
Truth ſpeaks too low; hypocriſy too loud.
Let 'em be firſt to flatter in ſucceſs;
Duty can ſtay, but guilt has need to preſs,
Once, when true zeal the ſons of God did call,
To make their ſolemn ſhew at Heav'n's *Whitehall*,
The fawning devil appear'd among the reſt,
And made as good a courtier as the beſt.
The friends of Job, who rail'd at him before,
Came cap in hand when he had three times more.
Yet late repentance may, perhaps, be true;
Kings can forgive, if rebels can but ſue:
A tyrant's pow'r in rigour is expreſt;
The father yearns in the true prince's breaſt.

We grant, an o'ergrown whig no grace can mend;
But moſt are babes, that know not they offend.
The croud, to reſtleſs motion ſtill inclin'd,
Are clouds, that tack according to the wind.
Driv'n by their chiefs they ſtorms of hailſtones pour;
Then mourn, and ſoften to a ſilent ſhow'r.
O welcome to this much offending land,
The prince that brings forgiveneſs in his hand!
Thus angels on glad meſſages appear:
Their firſt ſalute commands us not to fear:
Thus Heav'n, that cou'd conſtrain us to obey,
(With rev'rence if we might preſume to ſay)
Seems to relax the rights of ſov'reign ſway:
Permits to man the choice of good and ill,
And makes us happy by our own free-will.

PROLOGUE *to the* EARL *of* ESSEX,

By MR J. BANKS, 1682.

Spoken to the King and the Queen at their coming to the Houſe.

WHEN firſt the ark was landed on the ſhore,
And Heav'n had vow'd to curſe the ground no more,
When tops of hills the longing patriarch ſaw,
And the new ſcene of earth began to draw;
The Dove was ſent to view the waves decreaſe,
And firſt brought back to man the pledge of peace.
'Tis needleſs to apply, when thoſe appear,
Who bring the olive, and who plant it here.
We have before our eyes the Royal Dove,
Still innocent, as harbinger to love:

The ark is open'd to diſmiſs the train,
And people with a better race the plain.
Tell me, ye Pow'rs, why ſhou'd vain man purſue,
With endleſs toil, each object that is new,
And for the ſeeming ſubſtance leave the true?
Why ſhou'd he quit for hopes his certain good,
And loath the manna of his daily food?
Muſt England ſtill the ſcene of changes be,
Toſt and tempeſtuous, like our ambient ſea?
Muſt ſtill our weather and our wills agree?
Without our blood our liberties we have:
Who that is free wou'd fight to be a ſlave?
Or, what can wars to after-times aſſure,
Of which our preſent age is not ſecure?
All that our monarch wou'd for us ordain,
Is but t' enjoy the bleſſings of his reign.
Our land's an Eden, and the main's our fence,
While we preſerve our ſtate of innocence:
That loſt, then beaſts their brutal force employ,
And firſt their lord, and then themſelves deſtroy.
What civil broils have coſt, we know too well;
Oh! let it be enough that once we fell!
And ev'ry heart conſpire, and ev'ry tongue,
Still to have ſuch a King, and this King long.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

LOYAL BROTHER, *or*, PERSIAN PRINCE,

By MR SOUTHERNE. 1682.

POETS, like lawful monarchs, rul'd the ſtage,
Till Critics, like damn'd whigs, debauch'd our age.
Mark how they jump: Critics wou'd regulate
Our theatres, and whigs reform our ſtate:
Both pretend love, and both (plague rot 'em!) hate.
The critic humbly ſeems advice to bring;
The fawning whig petitions to the King:
But one's advice into a ſatire ſlides;
T' other's petition a remonſtrance hides.
Theſe will no taxes give, and thoſe no pence;
Critics would ſtarve the poet, whigs the prince.
The critic all our troops of friends diſcards;
Juſt ſo the whig would fain pull down the guards.
Guards are illegal, that drive foes away,
As watchful ſhepherds, that fright beaſts of prey.
Kings, who diſband ſuch needleſs aids as theſe,
Are ſafe——as long as ere their ſubjects pleaſe:
And that wou'd be 'till next Queen Beſs's night:
Which thus grave penny chroniclers indite.
Sir Edmond Bury firſt, in woeful wiſe,
Leads up the ſhow, and milks their maudlin eyes.
There's not a butcher's wife but dribs her part,
And pities the poor pageant from her heart;
Who, to provoke revenge, rides round the fire,
And with a civil *congee*, does retire.
But guiltleſs blood to ground muſt never fall;
There's Antichriſt behind, to pay for all.

The punk of Babylon in pomp appears,
A lewd old gentleman of ſeventy years:
Whoſe age in vain our mercy would implore;
For few take pity on an old caſt whore.
The Dev'l, who brought him to the ſhame, takes part;
Sits cheek by jowl, in black to cheer his heart;
Like thief and parſon in a Tyburn-cart.
The word is giv'n, and with a loud huzza
The mitred poppet from his chair they draw:
On the ſlain corpſe contending nations fall:
Alas! what's one poor Pope among 'em all!
He burns; now all true hearts your triumphs ring;
And next, (for faſhion) cry, *God ſave the King.*
A needful cry in midſt of ſuch alarms,
When forty thouſand men are up in arms.
But after he's once ſav'd, to make amends,
In each ſucceeding health they damn his friends:
So GOD begins, but ſtill the Devil ends.
What if ſome one, inſpir'd with zeal, ſhou'd call,
Come, let's go cry, *God ſave him at Whitehall?*
His beſt friends wou'd not like this over-care,
Or think him ere the ſafer for this pray'r.
Five praying ſaints are by an act allow'd;
But not the whole church-militant in croud.
Yet, ſhou'd Heav'n all the true petitions drain
Of *Preſbyterians*, who wou'd kings maintain,
Of forty thouſand, five wou'd ſcarce remain.

EPILOGUE *to the ſame.*

A Virgin poet was ſerv'd up to-day,
Who, till this hour, ne'er cackled for a play.
He's neither yet a Whig nor Tory-boy;
But, like a girl, whom ſev'ral wou'd enjoy,
Begs leave to make the beſt of his own nat'ral toy.

Were I to play my callow author's game,
The King's houſe wou'd inſtruct me by the name.
There's loyalty to one: I wiſh no more:
A commonwealth ſounds like a common whore.
Let huſband or gallant be what they will,
One part of woman is true Tory ſtill.
If any factious ſpirit ſhould rebel,
Our ſex with eaſe, can every riſing quell.
Then, as you hope we ſhou'd your failings hide,
An honeſt jury for our play provide.
Whigs at their poets never take offence;
They ſave dull culprits, who have murder'd ſenſe.
Though nonſenſe is a nauſeous heavy maſs,
The vehicle call'd *faction* makes it paſs.
Faction in play's the Commonwealth-man's bribe;
The leaden farthing of the canting tribe:
Though void in payment laws and ſtatutes make it,
The neighbourhood, that knows the man, will take it.
'Tis faction buys the votes of half the pit;
Their's is the penſion-parliament of wit.
In city-clubs their venom let them vent;
For there 'tis ſafe, in its own element.
Here, where their madneſs can have no pretence,
Let them forget themſelves an hour of ſenſe.
In one poor iſle, why ſhou'd two factions be?
Small diff'rence in your vices I can ſee:
In drink and drabs both ſides too well agree.
Wou'd there were more preferments in the land;
If places fell, the party cou'd not ſtand.
Of this damn'd grievance ev'ry Whig complains;
They grunt like hogs, 'till they have got their grains.
Mean time you ſee what trade our plots advance;
We ſend each year good money into France;
And they that know what merchandiſe we need,
Send o'er true Proteſtants to mend our breed.

EPILOGUE
TO
CONSTANTINE *the* GREAT,
By MR N. LEE. 1684.

OUR hero's happy in the play's concluſion;
The holy rogue at laſt has met confuſion:
Though Arius all along appear'd a ſaint,
The laſt act ſhew'd him a true Proteſtant.
Euſebius (for you know I read Greek authors)
Reports, that, after all theſe plots and ſlaughters,
The court of Conſtantine was full of glory,
And every *Trimmer* turn'd addreſſing *Tory*.
They follow'd him in herds as they were mad:
When *Clauſe* was king, then all the world was glad.
Whigs kept the places they poſſeſs'd before,
And moſt were in a way of getting more;
Which was as much as ſaying, Gentlemen,
Here's power and money to be rogues again.
Indeed, there were a ſort of peaking tools,
Some call'd them modeſt, but I call them fools,
Men much more loyal, though not half ſo loud;
But theſe poor devils were caſt behind the croud.
For bold knaves thrive without one grain of ſenſe,
But good men ſtarve for want of impudence.
Beſides all theſe, there were a ſort of wights,
(I think my author calls them *Tekelites*)
Such hearthy rogues againſt the King and laws,
They favour'd e'en a foreign rebel's cauſe.
When their own damn'd deſign was quaſh'd and aw'd,
At leaſt, they gave it their good word abroad.
As many a man, who, for a quiet life,
Breeds out his baſtard, not to noiſe his wife;

Thus o'er their darling plot theſe *Trimmers* cry;
And tho' they cannot keep it in their eye,
They bind it prentice to count *Tekely*.
They b'lieve not the laſt plot; may I be curſt,
If I believe they ere believ'd the firſt.
No wonder their own plot no plot they think;
The man that makes it, never ſmells the ſtink.
And now it comes into my head, I'll tell
Why theſe damn'd *Trimmers* lov'd the Turks ſo well.
Th' orig'nal *Trimmer*, tho' a friend to no man,
Yet in his heart ador'd a pretty woman;
He knew that Mahomet laid up for ever
Kind black-ey'd rogues, for every true believer;
And, which was more than mortal man e'er taſted,
One pleaſure that for threeſcore twelvemonths laſted:
To turn for this, may ſurely be forgiven:
Who'd not be circumcis'd for ſuch a heav'n?

PROLOGUE

TO

The Diſappointment, or, *The Mother in Faſhion.*

By MR SOUTHERNE. 1684.

Spoken by MR BETTERTON.

HOW comes it, Gentlemen, that now-a-days,
When all of you ſo ſhrewdly judge of plays,
Our poets tax you ſtill with want of ſenſe?
All prologues treat you at your own expence.
Sharp citizens a wiſer way can go;
They make you fools, but never call you ſo.

They, in good manners, ſeldom make a ſlip,
But treat a common whore with ladyſhip:
But here each ſaucy Wit at random writes,
And uſes ladies as he uſes knights.
Our author, young and grateful in his nature,
Vows, that from him no nymph deſerves a ſatire:
Nor will he ever draw—I mean his rhime,
Againſt the ſweet partaker of his crime.
Nor is he yet ſo bold an undertaker,
To call men fools; 'tis railing at their Maker.
Beſides, he fears to ſplit upon that ſhelf;
He's young enough to be a ſop himſelf:
And, if his praiſe can bring you all a-bed,
He ſwears ſuch hopeful youth no nation ever bred.
Your nurſes, we preſume, in ſuch a caſe,
Your father choſe, becauſe he lik'd the face;
And, often, they ſupply'd your mother's place.
The dry nurſe was your mother's ancient maid,
Who knew ſome former ſlip ſhe ne'er betray'd.
Betwixt 'em both, for milk and ſugar-candy,
Your ſucking bottles were well ſtor'd with brandy.
Your father, to initiate your diſcourſe,
Meant to have taught you firſt to ſwear and curſe;
But was prevented by each careful nurſe.
For leaving dad and mam, as names too common,
They taught you certain parts of man and woman.
I paſs your ſchools; for there when firſt you came,
You wou'd be ſure to learn the Latin name.
In colleges you ſcorn'd the art of thinking,
But learn'd all moods and figures of good drinking:
Thence come to town, you practiſe play, to know
The virtues of the high dice, and the low.
Each thinks himſelf a ſharper moſt profound:
He cheats by pence; is cheated by the pound.
With theſe perfections, and what elſe he gleans,
The ſpark ſets up for love behind our ſcenes;
Hot in purſuit of Princeſſes and Queens.

There, if they know their man, with cunning carriage,
Twenty to one but it concludes in marriage.
He hires ſome homely room, love's fruits to gather,
And garret-high rebels againſt his father:
But he once dead———
Brings her in triumph, with her portion, down,
A toilet, dreſſing-box, and half a crown.
Some marry firſt, and then they fall to ſcowring,
Which is, refining marriage into whoring.
Our women batten well on their good-nature;
All they can rap and rend for the dear creature.
But while abroad ſo liberal the dolt is,
Poor ſpouſe at home as ragged as a colt is.
Laſt, ſome there are, who take their firſt degrees
Of lewdneſs in our middle galleries.
The doughty bullies enter bloody drunk,
Invade and grubble one another's punk:
They caterwaul, and make a diſmal rout,
Call ſons of whores, and ſtrike, but ne'er lug out:
Thus while for paltry punk they roar and ſtickle,
They make it bawdier than a conventicle.

PROLOGUE *to the* KING *and* QUEEN, *upon the Union of the two Companies in* 1686.

SINCE faction ebbs, and rogues grow out of faſhion,
Their penny-ſcribes take care t'inform the nation,
How well men thrive in this or that plantation:

How Penſylvania's air agrees with quakers,
And Carolina's with aſſociators:
Both e'en too good for madmen and for traitors.

Truth is, our land with ſaints is ſo run o'er,
And every age produces ſuch a ſtore,
That now there's need of two New-Englands more.

What's this, you'll ſay, to us and our vocation?
Only thus much, that we have left our ſtation,
And made this theatre our new plantation.

The factions natives never cou'd agree;
But aiming, as they call'd it, to be free,
Thoſe play-houſe whigs ſet up for property.

Some ſay, they no obedience paid of late;
But would new fears and jealouſies create;
'Till topſy-turvy they had turn'd the ſtate.

Plain ſenſe, without the talent of foretelling,
Might gueſs 'twould end in downright knocks and quelling
For ſeldom comes there better of rebelling.

When men will, needleſly, their freedom barter
For lawleſs pow'r, ſometimes they catch a tartar:
There's a damn'd word that rhimes to this, call'd *charter*.

But, ſince the victory with us remains,
You ſhall be call'd to twelve in all our gains;
If you'll not think us ſaucy for our pains.

Old men ſhall have good old plays to delight 'em:
And you, fair ladies and gallants that ſlight 'em,
We'll treat with good new plays; if our new wits can write 'em.

We'll take no blund'ring verſe, no fuſtian tumour,
No dribling love, from this or that preſumer:
No dull fat fool ſhamm'd on the ſtage for humour.

For, faith, ſome of 'em ſuch vile ſtuff have made,
As none but fools or fairies every play'd;
But 'twas, as ſhop-men ſay, to force a trade.

We've given you tragedies, all ſenſe defying,
And ſinging men in woeful metre dying;
This 'tis when heavy lubbers will be flying.

All theſe diſaſters we will hope to weather;
We bring you none of our old lumber hither:
Whig poets and whig ſheriffs may hang together.

EPILOGUE *on the ſame occaſion.*

NEW miniſters, when firſt they get in place,
Muſt have a care to pleaſe; and that's our caſe:
Some laws for public welfare we deſign,
If you, the power ſupreme, will pleaſe to join;
There are a ſort of prattlers in the pit,
Who either have, or who pretend to wit;
Theſe noiſy Sirs ſo loud their parts rehearſe,
That oft the play is ſilenc'd by the farce.
Let ſuch be dumb, this penalty to ſhun,
Each to be thought my lady's eldeſt ſon.
But ſtay; methinks ſome vizard maſk I ſee,
Caſt out her lure from the mid gallery;
About her all the flutt'ring ſparks are rang'd;
The noiſe continues though the ſcene is chang'd:
Now growling, ſputt'ring, wauling, ſuch a clutter,
'Tis juſt like puſs defendant in a gutter:
Fine love no doubt; but ere two days are o'er ye,
The ſurgeon will be told a woeful ſtory.
Let vizard maſk her naked face expoſe,
On pain of being thought to want a noſe:

Then for your lacqueys, and your train beſide,
(By whate'er name or title dignify'd)
They roar ſo loud, you'd think behind the ſtairs,
Tom Dove, and all the brotherhood of bears:
They're grown a nuſance, beyond all diſaſters;
We've none ſo great but their unpaying maſters.
We beg you, Sirs, to beg your men that they
Wou'd pleaſe to give you leave to hear the play.
Next in the play-houſe ſpare your precious lives;
Think, like good chriſtians, on your bearns and wives:
Think on your ſouls; but by your lugging forth,
It ſeems you know how little they are worth.
If none of theſe will move the warlike mind,
Think on the helpleſs whore you leave behind.
We beg you, laſt, our ſcene-room to forbear,
And leave our goods and chattles to our care.
Alas! our women are but waſhy toys,
And wholly taken up in ſtage employs:
Poor willing tits they are: But yet I doubt
This double duty ſoon will wear 'em out.
Then you are watch'd beſides with jealous care;
What if my lady's page ſhou'd find you there?
My lady knows t' a tittle what there's in ye;
No paſſing your gilt ſhilling for a guinea.
Thus, Gentlemen, we have ſumm'd up, in ſhort,
Our grievances, from country, town, and court:
Which humbly we ſubmit to your good pleaſure;
But firſt vote money, then redreſs at leiſure.

PROLOGUE *to the* PRINCESS *of* CLEVES, *By* Mr N. LEE. 1689.

LADIES! (I hope there's none behind to hear)
I long to whiſper ſomething in your ear;
A ſecret, which does much my mind perplex:
There's treaſon in the play againſt our ſex.
A man that's falſe to love, that vows and cheats,
And kiſſes every living thing he meets.
A rogue in mode (I dare not ſpeak too broad,)
One that does ſomething to the very bawd.
Out on him, traytor, for a filthy beaſt;
Nay, and he's like the pack of all the reſt:
None of 'em ſtick at mark; they all deceive.
Some Jew has chang'd the text, I half believe;
There Adam cozen'd our poor grandame Eve.
To hide their faults, they rap out oaths, and tear:
Now, tho' we lie, we're too well-bred to ſwear.
So we compound for half the ſin we owe,
But men are dipt for ſoul and body too;
And, when found out, excuſe themſelves, pox cant 'em,
With Latin ſtuff, *perjuria ridet amantum.*
I'm not book-learn'd, to know that word in vogue;
But I ſuſpect 'tis Latin for a rogue.
I'm ſure, I never heard that ſcreech-owl hollow'd
In my poor ears, but ſeparation follow'd.
How can ſuch perjur'd villains e'er be ſaved?
Achitophel's not half ſo falſe to David.
With vows and ſoft expreſſions to allure,
They ſtand, like foremen of a ſhop, demure:
No ſooner out of ſight, but they are gadding,
And, for the next new face, ride out a padding.
Yet, by their favour, when they have been kiſſing,
We can perceive the ready money miſſing.
Well! we may rail; but 'tis as good e'en wink;
Something we find, and ſomething they will ſink.

But, ſince they're at renouncing, 'tis our parts,
To trump their diamonds, as they trump our hearts.

EPILOGUE *to the ſame.*

A Qualm of conſcience brings me back again,
To make amends to you beſpatter'd men.
We women love like cats, that hide their joys,
By growling, ſqualling, and a hideous noiſe.
I rail'd at wild young ſparks; but, without lying,
Never was man worſe thought on for high-flying.
The prodigal of love gives each her part,
And ſquand'ring ſhows, at leaſt, a noble heart.
I've heard of men, who, in ſome lewd lampoon,
Have hir'd a friend, to make their valour known.
That accuſation ſtraight this queſtion brings;
What is the man that does ſuch naughty things?
The ſpaniel lover, like a ſneaking fop.
Lyes at our feet: He's ſcarce worth taking up.
'Tis true, ſuch heroes in a play go far;
But chamber practice is not like the bar.
When men ſuch vile, ſuch feint, petitions make,
We fear to give, becauſe they fear to take;
Since modeſty's the virtue of our kind,
Pray let it be to our own ſex confin'd.
When men uſurp it from the female nation,
'Tis but a work of ſupererogation———
We ſhew'd a princeſs in the play, 'tis true,
Who gave her Cæſar more than all his due;
Told her own faults: But I ſhon'd much abhor
To chooſe a huſband for my confeſſor.
You ſee what fate follow'd the ſaint-like fool,
For telling tales from out the nuptial ſchool.
Our play a merry comedy had prov'd,
Had ſhe confeſs'd ſo much to him ſhe lov'd.
True Preſbyterian wives the *means* wou'd try;
But damn'd confeſſing is flat Popery.

PROLOGUE *to the* WIDOW RANTER.

By MRS BEHN. 1690.

HEAV'N ſave ye, gallants, and this hopeful age;
Y'are welcome to the downfall of the ſtage:
The fools have labour'd long in their vocation;
And vice (the manufacture of the nation)
O'erſtocks the town ſo much, and thrives ſo well,
That fops and knaves grow drugs, and will not ſell.
In vain our wares on theatres are ſhown,
When each has a plantation of his own.
His cauſe ne'er fails; for whatſoe'er he ſpends,
There's ſtill God's plenty for himſelf and friends,
Shou'd men be rated by poetic rules,
Lord! what a poll would there be rais'd from fools!
Mean time poor wit prohibited muſt lie,
As if 'twere made ſome French commodity,
Fools you will have, and rais'd at vaſt expence;
And yet, as ſoon as ſeen, they give offence.
Time was, when none wou'd cry, that oaf was me;
But now you ſtrive about your pedigree.
Bauble and cap no ſooner are thrown down,
But there's a muſs of more than half the town.
Each one will challenge a child's part at leaſt,
A ſign the family is well increaſt.
Of foreign cattle there's no longer need,
When we're ſupply'd ſo faſt with Engliſh breed.
Well! flouriſh, countrymen, drink, ſwear, and roar;
Let ev'ry free-born ſubject keep his whore,
And wand'ring in the wilderneſs about,
At end of forty years not wear her out.
But when you ſee theſe pictures, let none dare
To own beyond a limb or ſingle ſhare:
For where the punk is common, he's a ſot,
Who needs will father what the pariſh got.

EPILOGUE *to* HENRY II.

By Mr Mountfort. 1693.

Spoken by Mrs Bracegirdle.

THUS you the ſad cataſtrophe have ſeen,
Occaſion'd by a miſtreſs and a queen.
Queen Eleanor the proud was French, they ſay;
But Engliſh manufacture got the day.
Jane Clifford was her name, as books aver:
Fair Roſamond was but her *nom de guerre*.
Now tell me, gallants, wou'd you lead your life
With ſuch a miſtreſs, or with ſuch a wife?
If one muſt be your choice, which d'ye approve,
The curtain lecture, or the curtain love?
Wou'd ye be godly with perpetual ſtrife,
Still drudging on with homely Joan your wife;
Or take your pleaſure in a wicked way,
Like honeſt whoring Harry in the play?
I gueſs your minds: The miſtreſs wou'd be taken,
And nauſeous matrimony ſent a packing.
The devil's in you all; mankind's a rogue;
You love the bride, but you deteſt the clog.
After a year, poor ſpouſe is left i'th' lurch,
And you, like Haynes, return to mother-church.
Or, if the name of church comes croſs your mind,
Chapels of eaſe behind our ſcenes you find.
The play-houſe is a kind of market-place;
One chaffers for a voice, another for a face:
Nay, ſome of you (I dare not ſay how many)
Wou'd buy of me a pen'worth for your penny.
E'en this poor face (which with my fan I hide)
Wou'd make a ſhift my portion to provide,
With ſome ſmall perquiſites I have beſide.

Tho' for your love, perhaps, I ſhould not care,
I cou'd not hate a man that bids me fair.
What might enſue, 'tis hard for me to tell;
But I was drench'd to day for loving well,
And fear the poiſon that wou'd make me ſwell.

A PROLOGUE.

IF yet there be a few that take delight
In that which reaſonable men ſhould write;
To them alone we dedicate this night.
The reſt may ſatisfy their curious itch
With city gazettes, or ſome factious ſpeech,
Or whate'er libel, for the public good,
Stirs up the ſhrove-tide crew to fire and blood.
Remove your benches, you apoſtate pit!
And take, above, twelve penny-worth of wit;
Go back to your dear dancing on the rope,
Or ſee what's worſe, the devil and the pope,
The plays that take on our corrupted ſtage,
Methinks, reſemble the diſtracted age;
Noiſe, madneſs, all unreaſonable things,
That ſtrike at ſenſe, as rebels do at kings,
The ſtyle of forty-one our poets write,
And you are grown to judge like forty-eight.
Such cenſures our miſtaking audience make,
That 'tis almoſt grown ſcandalous to take.
They talk of fevers that infect the brains;
But nonſenſe is the new diſeaſe that reigns.
Weak ſtomachs, with a long diſeaſe oppreſt,
Cannot the cordials of ſtrong wit digeſt.
Therefore thin nouriſhment of farce ye chooſe,
Decoctions of a barley-water muſe:

A meal of tragedy would make ye ſick,
Unleſs it were a very tender chick.
Some ſcenes in ſippets wou'd be worth our time;
Thoſe would go down; ſome love that's poach'd in rhime;
If theſe ſhould fail——
We muſt lie down, and, after all our coſt,
Keep holy-day, like water-men in froſt;
While you turn players on the world's great ſtage,
And act yourſelves the farce of your own age.

EPILOGUE *to a tragedy called* TAMERLANE.

By Mr SAUNDERS.

LADIES, the beardleſs author of this day
Commends to you the fortune of his play.
A woman wit has often grac'd the ſtage;
But he's the firſt boy-poet of our age.
Early as is the year his fancies blow,
Like young Narciſſus peeping through the ſnow.
Thus Cowley bloſſom'd ſoon, yet flouriſh'd long;
This is as forward, and may prove as ſtrong.
Youth with the fair ſhould always favour find,
Or we are damn'd diſſemblers of our kind.
What's all this love they put into our parts?
'Tis but the pit-a-pat of two young hearts.
Should *Hag* and *Gray-Beard* make ſuch tender moan,
Faith, you'd e'en truſt 'em to themſelves alone,
And cry, Let's go, here's nothing to be done.
Since love's our buſineſs, as 'tis your delight,
The young, who beſt can practiſe, beſt can write.
What though he be not come to his full pow'r,
He's mending and improving ev'ry hour.

You ſly ſhe-jockies of the box and pit,
Are pleas'd to find a hot unbroken wit;
By management he may in time be made,
But there's no hopes of an old batter'd jade;
Faint and unerv'd he runs into a ſweat,
And always fails you at the ſecond heat.

An EPILOGUE.

YOU ſaw our wife was chaſte, yet throughly try'd,
And, without doubt, y'are hugely edify'd;
For, like our hero, whom we ſhew'd to-day,
You think no woman true, but in a play.
Love once did make a pretty kind of ſhow;
Eſteem and kindneſs in one breaſt would grow:
But 'twas Heav'n knows how many years ago.
Now ſome ſmall chat, and guinea expectation,
Gets all the pretty creatures in the nation:
In comedy your little ſelves you meet;
'Tis Covent-Garden drawn in Bridges-ſtreet.
Smile on our author then, if he has ſhown
A jolly nut-brown baſtard of your own.
Ah! happy you, with eaſe and with delight,
Who act thoſe follies, poets toil to write!
The ſweating muſe does almoſt leave the chace;
She puffs, and hardly keeps your Protean vices pace.
Pinch you but in one vice, away you fly
To ſome new friſk of contrariety.
You rowl like ſnow-balls, gathering as you run,
And get ſeven dev'ls, when diſpoſſeſs'd of one.
Your Venus once was a Platonic queen;
Nothing of love beſide the face was ſeen;
But every inch of her you now uncaſe,
And clap a vizard-maſk upon the face.

For ſins like theſe, the zealous of the land,
With little hair, and little or no band,
Declare how circulating peſtilences
Watch, every twenty years, to ſnap offences.
Saturn, e'en now, takes doctoral degrees;
He'll do your work this Summer, without fees.
Let all the boxes, Phœbus, find thy grace,
And, ah, preſerve the eighteen-penny place!
But for the pit confounders, let 'em go,
And find as little mercy as they ſhow:
The actors thus, and thus thy poets pray;
For ev'ry critic ſav'd, thou damn'ſt a play.

PROLOGUE *to the* PROPHETESS.

By Beaumont *and* Fletcher. *Revived by* Mr Dryden.

Spoken by Mr BETTERTON.

WHAT Noſtradame, with all his art can gueſs
The fate of our approaching *propheteſs*?
A play, which, like a perſpective ſet right
Preſents our vaſt expences cloſe to ſight;
But turn the tube, and there we ſadly view
Our diſtant gains; and thoſe uncertain too:
A ſweeping tax, which on ourſelves we raiſe,
And all, like you, in hopes of better days.
When will our loſſes warn us to be wiſe?
Our wealth decreaſes, and our charges riſe.
Money, the ſweet allurer of our hopes,
Ebbs out in oceans, and comes in by drops.
We raiſe new objects to provoke delight;
But you grow ſated, ere the ſecond ſight.
Falſe men, e'en ſo you ſerve your miſtreſſes:
They riſe three ſtories in their tow'ring dreſs;

And, after all, you love not long enough
To pay the rigging, ere you leave 'em off.
Never content with what you had before,
But true to change, and Engliſhmen all o'er.
Now honour calls you hence; and all your care
Is to provide the horrid pomp of war.
In plume and ſcarf, jack-boots, and Bilbo blade,
Your ſilver goes, that ſhou'd ſupport our trade.
Go, unkind heroes, leave our ſtage to mourn;
'Till rich from vanquiſh'd rebels you return;
And the fat ſpoils of Teague in triumph draw,
His firken-butter, and his uſquebaugh.
Go, conqu'rors, of your male and female foes;
Men without hearts, and women without hoſe.
Each bring his love a Bogland captive home;
Such proper pages will long trains become;
With copper collars, and with brawny backs,
Quite to put down the faſhion of our blacks.
Then ſhall the pious muſes pay their vows,
And furniſh all their laurels for your brows;
Their tuneful voice ſhall raiſe for your delights;
We want not poets fit to ſing your fights.
But you, bright beauties, for whoſe only ſake
Thoſe doughty knights ſuch dangers undertake,
When they with happy gales are gone away,
With your propitious preſence grace our play;
And with a ſigh their empty ſeats ſurvey:
Then think, on that bare bench my ſervant ſat;
I ſee him ogle ſtill, and hear him chat;
Selling facetious bargains, and propounding
That witty recreation, call'd dum-founding.
Their loſs with patience we will try to bear;
And wou'd do more, to ſee you often here:
That our dead ſtage, reviv'd by your fair eyes,
Under a female regency may riſe.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

UNIVERSITY of OXFORD,

Spoken by Mr HART, *at the acting of the* SILENT WOMAN.

WHAT Greece, when learning flouriſh'd, only knew,
Athenian judges, you this day renew.
Here too are annual rites to Pallas done,
And here poetic prizes loſt or won.
Methinks I ſee you, crown'd with olives, ſit,
And ſtrike a ſacred horror from the pit.
A day of doom is this of your decree,
Where even the beſt are but by mercy free:
A day, which none but Johnſon durſt have wiſh'd to ſee.
Here they, who long have known the uſeful ſtage,
Come to be taught themſelves to teach the age.
As your commiſſioners our poets go,
To cultivate the virtue which you ſow;
In your Lycæum firſt themſelves refin'd,
And delegated thence to human-kind.
But as ambaſſadors, when long from home,
For new inſtructions to their princes come;
So poets, who your precepts have forgot,
Return, and beg they may be better taught:
Follies and faults elſewhere by them are ſhown,
But by your manners they correct their own.
Th' illiterate writer, emperic like, applies
To minds diſeas'd, unſafe, chance, remedies:
The learn'd in ſchools, where knowledge firſt began,
Studies with care th' anatomy of man;
Sees virtue, vice, and paſſions in their cauſe,
And fame from ſcience, not from fortune, draws.

So poetry, which is in Oxford made
An art, in London only is a trade.
There haughty dunces, whoſe unlearned pen
Could ne'er ſpell grammar, would be reading men.
Such build their poems the Lucretian way;
So many huddled atoms make a play;
And if they hit in order by ſome chance,
They call that Nature, which is ignorance.
To ſuch a fame let mere town-wits aſpire,
And their gay nonſenſe their own cits admire.
Our poet, could he find forgiveneſs here,
Would wiſh it rather than a *plaudit* there.
He owns no crown from thoſe *Prætorian* bands,
But knows that right is in the ſenate's hands.
Not impudent enough to hope your praiſe,
Low at the muſes feet his wreath he lays,
And, where he took it up, reſigns his bays.
Kings make their poets whom themſelves think fit,
But 'tis your ſuffrage makes authentic wit.

EPILOGUE, *ſpoken by the ſame.*

NO poor Dutch peaſant, wing'd with all his fear,
Flies with more haſte, when the French arms draw near,
Than we with our poetic train come down,
For refuge hither, from th' infected town:
Heav'n for our ſins this Summer has thought fit
To viſit us with all the plagues of wit.
A French troop firſt ſwept all things in its way;
But thoſe hot Monſieurs were too quick to ſtay:
Yet, to our coſt, in that ſhort time, we find
They left their itch of novelty behind.

Th' Italian *Merry-Andrews* took their place,
And quite debauch'd the ſtage with lewd grimace:
Inſtead of wit, and humours, your delight
Was there to ſee two hobby-horſes fight;
Stout Scaramoucha with ruſh lance rode in,
And ran a tilt at centaur Arlequin.
For love you heard how amorous aſſes bray'd,
And cats in gutters gave their ſerenade.
Nature was out of count'nance, and each day
Some new-born monſter ſhewn you for a play.
But when all fail'd, to ſtrike the ſtage quite dumb,
Thoſe wicked engines call'd machines are come.
Thunder and lightning now for wit are play'd,
And ſhortly ſcenes in Lapland will be laid:
Art magick is for poetry profeſt;
And cats and dogs, and each obſcener beaſt,
To which Ægyptian dotards once did bow,
Upon our Engliſh ſtage are worſhipp'd now.
Witchcraft reigns there, and raiſes to renown
Macbeth, and Simon Magus of the town;
Fletcher's deſpis'd, your Johnſon's out of faſhion,
And wit the only drug in all the nation.
In this low ebb our wares to you are ſhown;
By you thoſe ſtaple authors worth is known;
For wit's a manufacture of your own.
When you, who only can, their ſcenes have prais'd,
We'll boldly back, and ſay, their price is rais'd.

EPILOGUE *ſpoken at* OXFORD,

By MRS MARSHALL.

OFT has our poet wiſh'd, this happy ſeat
Might prove his fading muſe's laſt retreat:
I wonder'd at his wiſh, but now I find
He ſought for quiet, and content of mind;
Which noiſeful towns and courts can never know,
And only in the ſhades like laurels grow.
Youth, ere it ſees the world, here ſtudies reſt,
And age returning thence concludes it beſt.
What wonder if we court that happineſs
Yearly to ſhare, which hourly you poſſeſs,
Teaching e'en you, while the vex'd world we ſhow,
Your peace to value more, and better know?
'Tis all we can return for favours paſt,
Whoſe holy memory ſhall ever laſt,
For patronage from him whoſe care preſides
O'er ev'ry noble art, and every ſcience guides:
Bathurſt, a name the learn'd with reverence know,
And ſcarcely more to his own Virgil owe;
Whoſe age enjoys but what his youth deſerv'd,
To rule thoſe Muſes whom before he ſerv'd.
His learning, and untainted manners too,
We find, Athenians, are deriv'd to you:
Such antient hoſpitality there reſts
In your's, as dwelt in the firſt Grecian breaſts,
Whoſe kindneſs was religion to their gueſts.
Such modeſty did to our ſex appear,
As, had there been no laws, we need not fear,
Since each of you was our protector here.
Converſe ſo chaſte, and ſo ſtrict virtue ſhown,
As might Apollo with the Muſes own.
Till our return, we muſt deſpair to find
Judges ſo juſt, ſo knowing, and ſo kind.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

UNIVERSITY of OXFORD.

DISCORD, and plots, which have undone our age,
With the ſame ruin have o'erwhelm'd the ſtage.
Our houſe has ſuffer'd in the common woe,
We have been troubled with Scotch rebels too.
Our brethren are from Thames to Tweed departed,
And of our ſiſters, all the kinder-hearted,
To Edinborough gone, or coach'd, or carted.
With bonny blewcap there they act all night
For Scotch half crown, in Engliſh three-pence hight.
One nymph, to whom fat Sir John Falſtaff's lean,
There with her ſingle perſon fills the ſcene.
Another, with long uſe and age decay'd,
Div'd here old woman, and roſe there a maid.
Our truſty door-keepers of former time
There ſtrut and ſwagger in heroick rhime.
Tack but a copper-lace to drugget ſuit,
And there's a hero made without diſpute:
And that, which was a capon's tail before,
Becomes a plume for Indian emperor.
But all his ſubjects, to expreſs the care
Of imitation, go, like Indians, bare:
Lac'd linen there would be a dangerous thing;
It might perhaps a new rebellion bring;
The Scot, who wore it, wou'd be choſen king.
But why ſhou'd I theſe renegades deſcribe,
When you yourſelves have ſeen a lewder tribe;
Teague has been here, and, to this learned pit,
With Iriſh action ſlander'd Engliſh wit;

You have beheld ſuch barb'rous Mac's appear,
As merited a ſecond maſſacre:
Such as, like Cain, were branded with diſgrace,
And had their country ſtamp'd upon their face.
When ſtrollers durſt preſume to pick your purſe,
We humbly thought our broken troop not worſe.
How ill ſoe'er our action may deſerve,
Oxford's a place where wit can never ſtarve.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

UNIVERSITY *of* OXFORD.

THO' actors cannot much of learning boaſt,
Of all who want it, we admire it moſt;
We love the praiſes of a learned pit,
As we remotely are ally'd to wit.
We ſpeak our poets wit, and trade in ore,
Like thoſe who touch upon the golden ſhore:
Betwixt our judges can diſtinction make,
Diſcern how much, and why, our poems take:
Mark if the fools, or men of ſenſe, rejoice;
Whether th' applauſe be only ſound or voice.
When our fop gallants, or our city folly,
Clap over-loud, it makes us melancholy:
We doubt that ſcene which does their wonder raiſe,
And, for their ignorance, contemn their praiſe.
Judge then, if we who act, and they who write,
Shou'd not be proud of giving you delight.
London likes groſsly; but this nicer pit
Examines, fathoms all the depths of wit;

The ready finger lays on every blot;
Knows what ſhou'd juſtly pleaſe, and what ſhou'd not.
Nature herſelf lies open to your view;
You judge by her, what draught of her is true.
Where out-lines falſe, and colours ſeem too faint,
Where bunglers dawb, and where true poets paint.
But by the ſacred genius of this place,
By ev'ry Muſe, by each domeſtick grace,
Be kind to wit, which but endeavours well,
And, where you judge, preſumes not to excell.
Our poets hither for adoption come,
As nations ſu'd to be made free of Rome:
Not in the ſuffragating tribes to ſtand,
But in your utmoſt, laſt, provincial band.
If his ambition may thoſe hopes purſue,
Who with religion loves your arts and you,
Oxford to him a dearer name ſhall be,
Than his own mother univerſity.
Thebes did his green, unknowing, youth engage;
He chooſes Athens in his riper age.

PROLOGUE *to* ALBUMAZAR.

TO ſay, this comedy pleas'd long ago,
Is not enough to make it paſs you now.
Yet, Gentlemen, your anceſtors had wit;
When few men cenſur'd, and when fewer writ.
And Johnſon, of thoſe few the beſt, choſe this,
As the beſt model of his maſter-piece:
Subtle was got by our Albumazar,
That alchymiſt by this aſtrologer;
Here he was faſhion'd, and we may ſuppoſe
He lik'd the faſhion well, who wore the cloaths.
But Ben made nobly *his* what he did mould;
What was another's lead, becomes his gold:

Like an unrighteous conqueror he reigns,
Yet rules that well, which he unjuſtly gains.
But this our age ſuch authors does afford,
As make whole plays, and yet ſcarce write one word:
Who, in this anarchy of wit, rob all,
And what's their plunder, their poſſeſſion call:
Who, like bold padders, ſcorn by night to prey,
But rob by ſun-ſhine, in the face of day:
Nay ſcarce the common ceremony uſe
Of, Stand, Sir, and deliver up your Muſe;
But knock the poet down, and, with a grace,
Mount Pegaſus before the owner's face.
Faith, if you have ſuch country *Toms* abroad,
'Tis time for all true men to leave that road.
Yet it were modeſt, could it but be ſaid,
They ſtrip the living, but theſe rob the dead;
Dare with the mummies of the Muſes play,
And make love to them the Ægyptian way;
Or, as a rhiming author would have ſaid,
Join the dead living to the living dead.
Such men in poetry may claim ſome part:
They have the licence, tho' they want the art;
And might, where theft was prais'd, for laureats ſtand,
Poets, not of the head, but of the hand.
They make the benefits of others ſtudying,
Much like the meals of politic *Jack-pudding*,
Whoſe diſh to challenge no man has the courage;
'Tis all his own when once h' has ſpit i' th' porridge.
But, Gentlemen, you're all concern'd in this;
You are in fault for what they do amiſs:
For they their thefts ſtill undiſcover'd think,
And durſt not ſteal, unleſs you pleaſe to wink.
Perhaps, you may award by your decree,
They ſhou'd refund; but that can never be.
For ſhould you letters of repriſal ſeal,
Theſe men write that which no man elſe would ſteal.

PROLOGUE *to* ARVIRAGUS *and* PHILICIA, *revived.*

By LODOWICK CARLELL, ESQ;

Spoken by Mr HART.

WITH ſickly actors, and an old houſe too,
We're match'd with glorious theatres and new,
And with our ale-houſe ſcenes, and cloaths bare worn,
Can neither raiſe old plays, nor new adorn.
If all theſe ills could not undo us quite,
A briſk French troop is grown your dear delight;
Who with broad bloody bills call you each day,
To laugh and break your buttons at their play;
Or ſee ſome ſerious piece, which we preſume
Is fall'n from ſome incomparable plume;
And therefore, Meſſieurs, if you'll do us grace,
Send lacquies early to preſerve your place.
We dare not on your privilege intrench,
Or aſk you why you like 'em? they are French.
Therefore ſome go with courteſy exceeding,
Neither to hear nor ſee, but ſhow their breeding:
Each lady ſtriving to out-laugh the reſt;
To make it ſeem they underſtood the jeſt.
Their countrymen come in, and nothing pay,
To teach us Engliſh where to clap the play:
Civil Igad! our hoſpitable land
Bears all the charge, for them to underſtand:
Mean time we languiſh, and neglected lye,
Like wives, while you keep better company;
And wiſh for your own ſakes, without a ſatire,
You'd leſs good breeding, or had more good-nature.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken the firſt day of the King's Houſe acting after the fire.

SO ſhipwreck'd paſſengers eſcape to land,
So look they, when on the bare beach they ſtand
Dropping and cold, and their firſt fear ſcarce o'er,
Expecting famine on a deſart ſhore.
From that hard climate we muſt wait for bread,
Whence e'en the natives, forc'd by hunger fled.
Our ſtage does human chance preſent to view,
But ne'er before was ſeen ſo ſadly true:
You are chang'd too, and your pretence to ſee
Is but a nobler name for charity.
Your own proviſions furniſh out our feaſts,
While you the founders make yourſelves the gueſts.
Of all mankind beſide fate had ſome care,
But for poor wit no portion did prepare,
'Tis left a rent-charge to the brave and fair.
You cheriſh'd it, and now its fall you mourn,
Which blind unmanner'd zealots make their ſcorn,
Who think that fire a judgment on the ſtage,
Which ſpar'd not temples in its furious rage.
But as our new-built city riſes higher,
So from old theatres may new aſpire,
Since fate contrives magnificence by fire.
Our great metropolis does far ſurpaſs
Whate'er is now, and equals all that was:
Our wit as far does foreign wit excell,
And, like a king, ſhou'd in a palace dwell.
But we with golden hopes are vainly fed,
Talk high, and entertain you in a ſhed:
Your preſence here (for which we humbly ſue)
Will grace old theatres, and build up new.

PROLOGUE *for the* WOMEN,

When they acted at the OLD THEATRE *in* Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

WERE none of you, Gallants, e'er driven ſo hard,
As when the poor kind ſoul was under guard,
And could not do't at home, in ſome by-ſtreet
To take a lodging, and in private meet?
Such is our caſe, we can't appoint our houſe,
The lovers old and wonted rendezvous;
But hither to this truſty nook remove;
The worſe the lodging is, the more the love.
For much good paſtime, many a dear ſweet hug,
Is ſtol'n in garrets on the humble rug.
Here's good accommodation in the pit,
The grave demurely in the midſt may ſit;
And ſo the hot Burgundian on the ſide
Ply vizard maſk, and o'er the benches ſtride:
Here are convenient upper boxes too,
For thoſe that make the moſt triumphant ſhow;
All that keep coaches muſt not ſit below.
There, Gallants, you betwixt the acts retire,
And at dull plays have ſomething to admire:
We, who look up, can your addreſſes mark;
And ſee the creatures coupled in the ark:
So we expect the lovers, braves, and wits;
The gaudy houſe with ſcenes will ſerve for cits.

EPILOGUE *for the King's Houſe.*

WE act by fits and ſtarts, like drowning men,
But juſt peep up, and then pop down again.
Let thoſe who call us wicked, change their ſenſe;
For never men liv'd more on Providence.
Not lott'ry cavaliers are half ſo poor,
Nor broken cits, nor a vacation whore.
Not courts, nor courtiers living on the rents
Of the three laſt ungiving parliaments:
So wretched, that, if Pharaoh could divine,
He might have ſpar'd his dream of ſeven lean kine,
And chang'd his viſion for the Muſes nine.
The *Comet*, that, they ſay, portends a dearth,
Was but a vapour drawn from *play-houſe* earth:
Pent there ſince our laſt fire, and, Lilly ſays,
Foreſhews our change of ſtate, and thin *third-days*.
'Tis not our want of wit that keeps us poor;
For then the Printer's preſs would ſuffer more.
Their pamphleteers each day their venom ſpit;
They thrive by treaſon, and we ſtarve by wit.
Confeſs the truth, which of you has not laid
Four farthings out to buy the Hatfield maid?
Or, which is duller yet, and more wou'd ſpite us,
Democritus his wars with Heraclitus?
Such are the authors, who have run us down,
And exercis'd you critics of the town.
Yet theſe are pearls to your lampooning rhimes,
Y' abuſe yourſelves more dully than the times.
Scandal, the glory of the Engliſh nation,
Is worn to rags, and ſcribbled out of faſhion.
Such harmleſs thruſts, as if, like fencers wiſe,
They had agreed their play before their prize.
Faith, they may hang their harps upon the willows;
'Tis juſt like children when they box with pillows.

Then put an end to civil wars for ſhame;
Let each knight-errant, who has wrong'd a dame,
Throw down his pen, and give her, as he can,
The ſatisfaction of a gentleman.

A PROLOGUE.

GALLANTS, a baſhful poet bids me ſay,
He's come to loſe his maidenhead to-day.
Be not too fierce; for he's but green of age
And ne'er, 'till now, debauch'd upon the ſtage.
He wants the ſuff'ring part of reſolution,
And comes with bluſhes to his execution.
Ere you deflow'r his muſe, he hopes the pit
Will make ſome ſettlement upon his wit.
Promiſe him well, before the play begin;
For he wou'd fain be cozen'd into ſin.
'Tis not but that he knows you mean to fail:
But, if you leave him after being frail,
He'll have, at leaſt, a fair pretence to rail;
To call you baſe, and ſwear you us'd him ill,
And put you in the new deſerters bill.
Lord, what a troop of perjur'd men we ſee;
Enow to fill another Mercury!
But this the ladies may with patience brook:
Theirs are not the firſt colours you forſook.
He wou'd be loth the *beauties* to offend;
But, if he ſhou'd, he's not too old to mend.
He's a young plant, in his firſt year of bearing;
But his friend ſwears, he will be worth the rearing.
His gloſs is ſtill upon him: Tho' 'tis true
He's yet unripe, yet take him for the blue.
You think an apricot half-green is beſt;
There's ſweet and ſour, and one ſide good at leaſt.

Mango's and limes, whoſe nouriſhment is little,
Tho' not for food, are yet preſerv'd for pickle.
So this green writer may pretend, at leaſt,
To whet your ſtomachs for a better feaſt.
He makes this difference in the ſexes too;
He ſells to men, he gives himſelf to you.
To both he wou'd contribute ſome delight;
A meer poetical hermaphrodite.
Thus he's equip'd, both to be woo'd, and woo;
With arms offenſive, and defenſive too;
'Tis hard, he thinks, if neither part will do.

ELEGIES AND EPITAPHS.

ELEONORA,

A

PANEGYRICAL POEM;

Dedicated to the memory of

The Late COUNTESS of ABINGDON.

ELEGIES AND EPITAPHS.

ELEONORA,

A

PANEGYRICAL POEM;

Dedicated to the memory of

The late COUNTESS of ABINGDON.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

The EARL of ABINGDON, &c.

MY LORD,

THE commands, with which you honoured me some months ago, are now performed: They had been sooner; but betwixt ill health, some business, and many troubles, I was forced to defer them till this time. Ovid going to his banishment, and writing from on shipboard to his friends, excused the faults of his poetry by his misfortunes; and told them, that good verses never flow, but from a serene and composed spirit. Wit, which is a kind of *Mercury*, with wings fastened to his head and heels, can fly but slowly in a damp air. I therefore chose rather to obey you late, than ill; if at least I am capable of writing any thing, at any time, which is worthy of your perusal and your patronage. I cannot say that I have escaped from a shipwreck: but I have only gained a rock by hard swimming; where I may pant a-while, and gather breath: For the doctors give me a sad assurance, that my disease never took its leave of any man, but with a purpose to return. However, my Lord, I have laid hold on the interval, and managed the small stock, which age has left me, to the best advantage, in performing this inconsiderable service to my Lady's memory. We, who are priests of Apollo, have not the inspiration when we please; but must wait 'till the God comes rushing on us, and invades us with a fury which we are not able to resist; which gives us double strength while the fit continues, and leaves us languishing and spent, at its departure. Let me not

ſeem to boaſt, my Lord; for I have really felt it on this occaſion, and propheſy'd beyond my natural power. Let me add, and hope to be believed, that the excellency of the ſubject contributed much to the happineſs of the execution; and that the weight of thirty years was taken off me, while I was writing. I ſwam with the tide, and the water under me was buoyant. The reader will eaſily obſerve, that I was tranſported by the multitude and variety of my ſimilitudes; which are generally the product of a luxuriant fancy, and the wantonneſs of wit. Had I called in my judgment to my aſſiſtance, I had certainly retrenched many of them. But I defend them not; let them paſs for beautiful faults amongſt the better ſort of critics: For the whole poem, though written in that which they call Heroic verſe, is of the Pindaric nature, as well in the thought as the expreſſion; and, as ſuch, requires the ſame grains of allowance for it. It was intended, as your Lordſhip ſees in the title, not for an elegy, but a panegyric: A kind of apotheoſis, indeed, if a Heathen word may be applied to a Chriſtian uſe. And on all occaſions of praiſe, if we may take the Ancients for our patterns, we are bound by preſcription to employ the magnificence of words, and the force of figures, to adorn the ſublimity of thoughts. Iſocrates amongſt the Grecian orators, and Cicero, and the younger Pliny, amongſt the Romans, have left us their precedents for our ſecurity: For I think I need not mention the inimitable Pindar, who ſtretches on theſe pinions out of ſight, and is carried upward, as it were, into another world.

This, at leaſt, my Lord, I may juſtly plead, that, if I have not performed ſo well as I think I have, yet I have uſed my beſt endeavours to excell myſelf. One diſadvantage I have had; which is, never to have known or ſeen my Lady: And to draw the lineaments of her mind, from the deſcription which I have received from others, is for a painter to ſet himſelf at work without the living

original before him: Which, the more beautiful it is, will be ſo much the more difficult for him to conceive, when he has only a relation given him of ſuch and ſuch features by an acquaintance or a friend, without the nice touches, which give the beſt reſemblance, and make the graces of the picture. Every artiſt is apt enough to flatter himſelf (and I amongſt the reſt) that their own ocular obſervations would have diſcovered more perfections, at leaſt others, than have been delivered to them: Though I have received mine from the beſt hands, that is, from perſons who neither want a juſt underſtanding of my Lady's worth, nor a due veneration for her memory.

Doctor Donne, the greateſt wit, though not the greateſt poet of our nation, acknowledges, that he had never ſeen Mrs Drury, whom he has made immortal in his admirable anniverſaries. I have had the ſame fortune, though I have not ſucceeded to the ſame genius. However I have followed his footſteps in the deſign of his panegyric; which was to raiſe an emulation in the living, to copy out the example of the dead. And therefore it was, that I once intended to have called this poem, *The Pattern:* And though, on a ſecond conſideration, I changed the title into the name of the illuſtrious perſon, yet the deſign continues, and *Eleonora* is ſtill the pattern of charity, devotion, and humility; of the beſt wife, the beſt mother, and the beſt of friends.

And now, my Lord, though I have endeavoured to anſwer your commands, yet I could not anſwer it to the world, nor to my conſcience, if I gave not your Lordſhip my teſtimony of being the beſt huſband now living: I ſay my teſtimony only; for the praiſe of it is given you by yourſelf. They who deſpiſe the rules of virtue, both in their practice and their morals, will think this a very trivial commendation. But I think it the peculiar happineſs of the Counteſs of Abingdon, to have been ſo truly loved by you while ſhe was living, and ſo gratefully ho-

noured after ſhe was dead. Few there are who have either had, or cou'd have, ſuch a loſs; and yet fewer, who carried their love and conſtancy beyond the grave. The exteriors of mourning, a decent funeral, and black habits, are the uſual ſtints of common huſbands: And perhaps their wives deſerve no better than to be mourned with hypocriſy, and forgot with eaſe. But you have diſtinguiſh'd yourſelf from ordinary lovers, by a real and laſting grief for the deceas'd; and by endeavouring to raiſe for her the moſt durable monument, which is that of verſe. And ſo it would have proved, if the workman had been equal to the work, and your choice of the artificer as happy as your deſign. Yet, as Phidias, when he had made the ſtatue of Minerva, could not forbear to ingrave his own name, as author of the piece; ſo, give me leave to hope, that, by ſubſcribing mine to this poem, I may live by the goddeſs, and tranſmit my name to poſterity, by the memory of her's. 'Tis no flattery to aſſure your Lordſhip, that ſhe is remembered in the preſent age, by all who have had the honour of her converſation and acquaintance; and that I have never been in any company, ſince the news of her death was firſt brought me, where they have not extolled her virtues, and even ſpoken the ſame things of her in proſe, which I have done in verſe.

I therefore think myſelf oblig'd, to thank your Lordſhip for the commiſſion which you have given me: How I have acquitted myſelf of it, muſt be left to the opinion of the world, in ſpite of any proteſtation which I can enter againſt the preſent age, as incompetent or corrupt judges. For my comfort, they are but Engliſhmen, and, as ſuch, if they think ill of me to-day, they are inconſtant enough to think well of me to-morrow. And after all, I have not much to thank my fortune, that I was born amongſt them. The good of both ſexes are ſo few, in England, that they ſtand like exceptions againſt general rules:

And though one of them has deſerv'd a greater commendation than I cou'd give her, they have taken care that I ſhould not tire my pen with frequent exerciſe on the like ſubjects; that praiſes, like taxes, ſhould be appropriated, and left almoſt as individual as the perſon. They ſay, my talent is ſatire: If it be ſo, 'tis a fruitful age, and there is an extraordinary crop to gather. But a ſingle hand is inſufficient for ſuch a harveſt: They have ſown the dragons teeth themſelves, and 'tis but juſt they ſhould reap each other in lampoons. You, my Lord, who have the character of honour, though 'tis not my happineſs to know you, may ſtand aſide, with the ſmall remainders of the Engliſh nobility, truly ſuch, and unhurt yourſelves, behold the mad combat. If I have pleas'd you, and ſome few others, I have obtain'd my end. You ſee I have diſabled myſelf, like an elected Speaker of the Houſe: Yet, like him, I have undertaken the charge, and find the burden ſufficiently recompens'd by the honour. Be pleas'd to accept of theſe my unworthy labours, this paper monument; and let her pious memory, which I am ſure is ſacred to you, not only plead the pardon of my many faults, but gain me your protection, which is ambitiouſly ſought by,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt Obedient Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

ELEONORA,

A PANEGYRICAL POEM;

Dedicated to the memory of the late Counteſs of ABINGDON.

AS when ſome great and gracious monarch dies,
Soft whiſpers, firſt, and mournful murmurs riſe
Among the ſad attendants; then the ſound
Soon gathers voice, and ſpreads the news around,
Through town and country, 'till the dreadful blaſt
Is blown to diſtant colonies at laſt;
Who, then, perhaps, were offering vows in vain,
For his long life, and for his happy reign:
So ſlowly, by degrees, unwilling fame
Did matchleſs Eleonora's fate proclaim,
'Till public as the loſs the news became.

The nation felt it in th' extremeſt parts,
With eyes o'erflowing, and with bleeding hearts:
But moſt the poor, whom daily ſhe ſupply'd,
Beginning to be ſuch, but when ſhe dy'd.
For, while ſhe liv'd, they ſlept in peace by night,
Secure of bread, as of returning light;
And with ſuch firm dependance on the day,
That need grew pamper'd, and forgot to pray:
So ſure the dole, ſo ready at their call,
They ſtood prepar'd to ſee the manna fall.

Such multitudes ſhe fed, ſhe cloth'd, ſhe nurſt,
That ſhe, herſelf, might fear her wanting firſt.
Of her five talents, other five ſhe made;
Heav'n, that had largely giv'n, was largely pay'd:

And in few lives, in wond'rous few, we find
A fortune better fitted to the mind.
Nor did her alms from oſtentation fall,
Or proud deſire of praiſe; the ſoul gave all:
Unbrib'd it gave; or, if a bribe appear,
No leſs than Heav'n; to heap huge treaſures there.
Want paſs'd for merit at her open door:
Heav'n ſaw, he ſafely might increaſe his poor,
And truſt their ſuſtenance with her ſo well,
As not to be at charge of miracle.
None cou'd be needy, whom ſhe ſaw, or knew;
All in the compaſs of her ſphere ſhe drew:
He, who could touch her garment, was as ſure,
As the firſt Chriſtians, of th' Apoſtles' cure.
The diſtant heard, by fame, her pious deeds,
And laid her up for their extremeſt needs;
A future cordial for a fainting mind;
For, what was ne'er refus'd, all hop'd to find,
Each in his turn: The rich might freely come,
As to a friend; but to the poor, 'twas home.
As to ſome holy houſe th' afflicted came,
The hunger-ſtarv'd, the naked and the lame;
Want and diſeaſes fled before her name.
For zeal like her's her ſervants were too ſlow;
She was the firſt, where need requir'd, to go;
Herſelf the foundreſs and attendant too.
Sure ſhe had gueſts ſometimes to entertain,
Gueſts in diſguiſe, of her great Maſter's train:
Her Lord himſelf might come, for ought we know;
Since in a ſervant's form he liv'd below:
Beneath her roof he might be pleas'd to ſtay;
Or ſome benighted Angel, in his way,
Might eaſe his wings, and, ſeeing Heav'n appear
In its beſt work of mercy, think it there:
Where all the deeds of charity and love
Were in as conſtant method, as above,

All carry'd on; all of a piece with theirs;
As free her alms, as diligent her cares;
As loud her praiſes, and as warm her pray'rs.
Yet was ſhe not profuſe; but fear'd to waſte,
And wiſely manag'd, that the ſtock might laſt;
That all might be ſupply'd, and ſhe not grieve,
When crouds appear'd, ſhe had not to relieve:
Which to prevent, ſhe ſtill increas'd her ſtore;
Laid up, and ſpar'd, that ſhe might give the more.
So Pharaoh, or ſome greater King than he,
Provided for the ſeventh neceſſity:
Taught from above his magazines to frame;
That famine was prevented ere it came.
Thus Heav'n, though all-ſufficient, ſhews a thrift
In his œconomy, and bounds his gift:
Creating, for our day, one ſingle light;
And his reflexion too ſupplies the night;
Perhaps a thouſand other worlds, that lie
Remote from us, and latent in the ſky,
Are lighten'd by his beams, and kindly nurſt;
Of which our earthly dunghill is the worſt.
Now, as all virtues keep the middle line,
Yet ſomewhat more to one extreme incline,
Such was her ſoul; abhorring avarice,
Bounteous, but almoſt bounteous to a vice:
Had ſhe giv'n more, it had profuſion been,
And turn'd th' exceſs of goodneſs into ſin.
Theſe virtues rais'd her fabrick to the ſky;
For that, which is next Heav'n, is charity.
But as high turrets, for their airy ſteep,
Require foundations, in proportion deep;
And lofty cedars as far upwards ſhoot,
As to the Nether Heav'ns they drive the root:
So low did her ſecure foundation lie,
She was not humble, but humility.

Scarcely ſhe knew that ſhe was great, or fair,
Or wiſe, beyond what other women are,
Or, which is better, knew, but never durſt compare.
For to be conſcious of what all admire,
And not be vain, advances virtue high'r.
But ſtill ſhe found, or rather thought ſhe found,
Her own worth wanting, others to abound;
Aſcrib'd above their due to ev'ry one,
Unjuſt and ſcanty to herſelf alone.
Such her devotion was, as might give rules
Of ſpeculation to diſputing ſchools,
And teach us equally the ſcales to hold
Betwixt the two extremes of hot and cold;
That pious heat may mod'rately prevail,
And we be warm'd, but not be ſcorch'd with zeal.
Buſineſs might ſhorten, not diſturb, her pray'r;
Heav'n had the beſt, if not the greater ſhare.
An active life long oraiſons forbids;
Yet ſtill ſhe pray'd, for ſtill ſhe pray'd by deeds.
Her every day was Sabbath; only free
From hours of pray'r, for hours of charity.
Such as the Jews from ſervile toil releaſt;
Where works of mercy were a part of reſt;
Such as bleſt Angels exerciſe above,
Vary'd with ſacred hymns and acts of love:
Such Sabbaths as that one ſhe now enjoys,
E'en that perpetual one, which ſhe employs,
(For ſuch viciſſitudes in Heav'n there are)
In praiſe alternate, and alternate pray'r.
All this ſhe practis'd here; that when ſhe ſprung
Amidſt the choirs, at the firſt ſight ſhe ſung:
Sung, and was ſung herſelf in Angels lays;
For, praiſing her, they did her Maker praiſe.
All offices of Heav'n ſo well ſhe knew,
Before ſhe came, that nothing there was new:

And ſhe was ſo familiarly receiv'd,
As one returning, not as one arriv'd.
Muſe, down again precipitate thy flight:
For how can mortal eyes ſuſtain immortal light?
But as the ſun in water we can bear,
Yet not the ſun, but his reflexion there,
So let us view her, here, in what ſhe was,
And take her image in this wat'ry glaſs:
Yet look not every lineament to ſee;
Some will be caſt in ſhades, and ſome will be
So lamely drawn, you'll ſcarcely know 'tis ſhe.
For where ſuch various virtues we recite,
'Tis like the milky-way, all over bright,
But ſown ſo thick with ſtars, 'tis undiſtinguiſh'd light.
Her virtue, not her virtues let us call;
For one heroic comprehends 'em all:
One, as a conſtellation is but one,
Though 'tis a train of ſtars, that, rolling on,
Riſe in their turn, and in the zodiack run:
Ever in motion; now 'tis faith aſcends,
Now hope, now charity, that upward tends,
And downwards with diffuſive good deſcends.
As in perfumes compos'd with art and coſt,
'Tis hard to ſay what ſcent is uppermoſt;
Nor this part muſk or civet can we call,
Or amber, but a rich reſult of all;
So ſhe was all a ſweet, whoſe ev'ry part,
In due proportion mix'd, proclaim'd the Maker's art.
No ſingle virtue we cou'd moſt commend,
Whether the wife, the mother, or the friend;
For ſhe was all, in that ſupreme degree,
That as no one prevail'd, ſo all was ſhe.
The ſev'ral parts lay hidden in the piece;
Th' occaſion but exerted that, or this.
A wife as tender, and as true withal,
As the firſt woman was before her fall;

Made for the man, of whom she was a part;
Made, to attract his eyes, and keep his heart.
A second Eve, but by no crime accurst;
As beauteous, not as brittle as the first.
Had she been first, still paradise had been,
And death had found no entrance by her sin.
So she not only had preserv'd from ill
Her sex and ours, but liv'd their pattern still.
Love and obedience to her Lord she bore;
She much obey'd him, but she lov'd him more:
Not aw'd to duty by superior sway,
But taught by his indulgence to obey.
Thus we love GOD, as author of our good;
So subjects love just Kings, or so they shou'd.
Nor was it with ingratitude return'd;
In equal fires the blissful couple burn'd;
One joy possess'd 'em both, and in one grief they mourn'd.
His passion still improv'd; he lov'd so fast,
As if he fear'd each day wou'd be her last.
Too true a prophet to foresee the fate
That shou'd so soon divide their happy state:
When he to Heav'n entirely must restore
That love, that heart, where he went halves before.
Yet as the soul is all in every part,
So God and he might each have all her heart.
So had her children too; for charity
Was not more fruitful, or more kind than she:
Each under other by degrees they grew;
A goodly perspective of distant view.
Anchises look'd not with so pleas'd a face,
In numb'ring o'er his future Roman race,
And marshalling the heroes of his name,
As, in their order, next to light they came.
Nor Cybele, with half so kind an eye,
Survey'd her sons and daughters of the sky;

Proud, ſhall I ſay, of her immortal fruit?
As far as pride with heav'nly minds may ſuit.
Her pious love excell'd to all ſhe bore;
New objects only multiply'd it more.
And as the choſen found the pearly grain
As much as ev'ry veſſel cou'd contain;
As in the bliſsful viſion each ſhall ſhare
As much of glory, as his ſoul can bear;
So did ſhe love, and ſo diſpenſe her care.
Her eldeſt thus, by conſequence, was beſt,
As longer cultivated than the reſt.
The babe had all that infant care beguiles,
And early knew his mother in her ſmiles:
But when dilated organs let in day
To the young ſoul, and gave it room to play,
At his firſt aptneſs, the maternal love
Thoſe rudiments of reaſon did improve:
The tender age was pliant to command;
Like wax it yielded to the forming hand:
True to th' Artificer, the labour'd mind
With eaſe was pious, generous, juſt and kind;
Soft for impreſſion, from the firſt prepar'd,
'Till virtue with long exerciſe grew hard:
With ev'ry act confirm'd, and made at laſt
So durable as not to be effac'd,
It turn'd to habit; and, from vices free,
Goodneſs reſolv'd into neceſſity.
Thus fix'd ſhe virtue's image, that's her own,
'Till the whole mother in the children ſhone;
For that was their perfection: She was ſuch,
They never cou'd expreſs her mind too much.
So unexhauſted her perfections were,
That, for more children, ſhe had more to ſpare;
For ſouls unborn, whom her untimely death
Depriv'd of bodies, and of mortal breath;

And (cou'd they take th' impreſſions of her mind)
Enough ſtill left to ſanctify her kind.
Then wonder not to ſee this ſoul extend
The bounds, and ſeek ſome other ſelf, a friend:
As ſwelling ſeas to gentle rivers glide,
To ſeek repoſe, and empty out the tide;
So this full ſoul, in narrow limits pent,
Unable to contain her, ſought a vent,
To iſſue out, and in ſome friendly breaſt
Diſcharge her treaſures, and ſecurely reſt:
T' unboſom all the ſecrets of her heart,
Take good advice, but better to impart.
For 'tis the bliſs of friendſhip's holy ſtate,
To mix their minds, and to communicate;
Though bodies cannot, ſouls can penetrate:
Fix'd to her choice, inviolably true,
And wiſely chooſing, for ſhe choſe but few.
Some ſhe muſt have; but in no one cou'd find
A tally fitted for ſo large a mind.
The ſouls of friends like kings in progreſs are;
Still in their own, though from the palace far:
Thus her friend's heart her country dwelling was,
A ſweet retirement to a coarſer place;
Where pomp and ceremonies enter'd not,
Where greatneſs was ſhut out, and bus'neſs well forgot.
This is th' imperfect draught; but ſhort as far
As the true height and bigneſs of a ſtar
Exceeds the meaſures of th' aſtronomer.
She ſhines above, we know; but in what place,
How near the throne, and Heav'n's imperial face,
By our weak optics is but vainly gueſt;
Diſtance and altitude conceal the reſt.
Though all theſe rare endowments of the mind
Were in a narrow ſpace of life confin'd;
The figure was with full perfection crown'd;
Though not ſo large an orb, as truly round.

As when in glory, through the public place,
The ſpoils of conquer'd nations were to paſs,
And but one day for triumph was allow'd,
The conſul was conſtrain'd his pomp to crowd;
And ſo the ſwift proceſſion hurry'd on,
That all, though not diſtinctly, might be ſhown:
So in the ſtraiten'd bounds of life confin'd,
She gave but glimpſes of her glorious mind:
And multitudes of virtues paſs'd along;
Each preſſing foremoſt in the mighty throng,
Ambitious to be ſeen, and then make room
For greater multitudes that were to come.
Yet unemploy'd no minute ſlip'd away;
Moments were precious in ſo ſhort a ſtay.
The haſte of Heav'n to have her was ſo great,
That ſome were ſingle acts, though each compleat:
But ev'ry act ſtood ready to repeat.
Her fellow-ſaints with buſy care will look
For her bleſt name in fate's eternal book;
And, pleas'd to be outdone, with joy will ſee
Numberleſs virtues, endleſs charity:
But more will wonder at ſo ſhort an age,
To find a blank beyond the thirti'th page:
And with a pious fear begin to doubt
The piece imperfect, and the reſt torn out.
But 'twas her SAVIOUR's time; and, cou'd there be
A copy near th' original, 'twas ſhe.
As precious gums are not for laſting fire,
They but perfume the temple, and expire:
So was ſhe ſoon exhal'd, and vaniſh'd hence;
A ſhort ſweet odour, of a vaſt expence.
She vaniſh'd, we can ſcarcely ſay ſhe dy'd;
For but a Now did heav'n and earth divide;
She paſs'd ſerenely with a ſingle breath;
This moment perfect health, the next was death:

One ſigh did her eternal bliſs aſſure;
So little penance needs, when ſouls are almoſt pure.
As gentle dreams our waking thoughts purſue;
Or, one dream paſs'd, we ſlide into a new;
So cloſe they follow, ſuch wild order keep,
We think ourſelves awake, and are aſleep:
So ſoftly death ſucceeded life in her,
She did but dream of Heav'n, and ſhe was there.
No pains ſhe ſuffer'd, nor expir'd with noiſe;
Her ſoul was whiſper'd out with GOD's ſtill voice;
As an old friend is beckon'd to a feaſt,
And treated like a long-familiar gueſt.
He took her as he found, but found her ſo,
As one in hourly readineſs to go:
E'en on that day, in all her trim prepar'd;
As early notice ſhe from Heav'n had heard,
And ſome deſcending courier from above
Had giv'n her timely warning to remove;
Or counſell'd her to dreſs the nuptial room
For on that night the Bridegroom was to come.
He kept his hour, and found her where ſhe lay
Cloth'd all in white, the liv'ry of the day:
Scarce had ſhe ſinn'd, in thought, or word, or act;
Unleſs omiſſions were to paſs for fact:
That hardly death a conſequence cou'd draw,
To make her liable to Nature's law.
And, that ſhe dy'd, we only have to ſhow
The mortal part of her ſhe left below;
The reſt (ſo ſmooth, ſo ſuddenly ſhe went)
Look'd lik'd tranſlation, through the firmament,
Or like the fiery car, on the third errand ſent.
O happy ſoul! if thou canſt view from high,
Where thou art all intelligence, all eye,
If looking up to GOD, or down to us,
Thou find'ſt, that any way be pervious,
Survey the ruins of thy houſe, and ſee
Thy widow'd, and thy orphan family;

Look on thy tender pledges left behind:
And, if thou canſt a vacant minute find
From heav'nly joys, that interval afford
To thy ſad children, and thy mourning Lord.
See how they grieve, miſtaken in their love,
And ſhed a beam of comfort from above;
Give 'em, as much as mortal eyes can bear,
A tranſient view of thy full glories there;
That they with mod'rate ſorrow may ſuſtain
And mollify their loſſes in thy gain.
Or elſe divide the grief; for ſuch thou wert,
That ſhou'd not all relations bear a part,
It were enough to break a ſingle heart.
Let this ſuffice: Nor thou, Great Saint! refuſe
This humble tribute of no vulgar muſe:
Who, not by cares, or wants, or age depreſt,
Stems a wild deluge with a dauntleſs breaſt;
And dares to ſing thy praiſes in a clime,
Where vice triumphs, and virtue is a crime;
Where e'en to draw the picture of thy mind,
Is ſatire on the moſt of human-kind:
Take it, while yet 'tis praiſe; before my rage,
Unſafely juſt, break looſe on this bad age;
So bad, that thou thyſelf hadſt no defence
From vice, but barely by departing hence.
Be what, and where thou art: To wiſh thy place,
Were, in the beſt, preſumption more than grace.
Thy relicks (ſuch thy works of mercy are)
Have, in this poem, been my holy care.
As earth thy body keeps, thy ſoul the ſky,
So ſhall this verſe preſerve thy memory;
For thou ſhalt make it live, becauſe it ſings of thee.

To the pious memory of the accompliſhed young Lady, MRS ANNE KILLIGREW, *excellent in the two ſiſter-arts of Poeſy and Painting. An* ODE.

I.

THOU youngeſt virgin daughter of the ſkies,
Made in the laſt promotion of the bleſt;
Whoſe palms, new pluck'd from paradiſe,
In ſpreading branches more ſublimely riſe,
Rich with immortal green above the reſt:
Whether, adopted to ſome neighb'ring ſtar,
Thou roll'ſt above us, in thy wand'ring race,
Or, in proceſſion fix'd and regular,
Mov'd with the Heav'n's majeſtic pace;
Or, call'd to more ſuperior bliſs,
Thou tread'ſt, with ſeraphims, the vaſt abyſs:
Whatever happy region is thy place,
Ceaſe thy celeſtial ſong a little ſpace;
Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
Since Heav'n's eternal year is thine.
Hear then a mortal muſe thy praiſe rehearſe,
In no ignoble verſe;
But ſuch as thy own voice did practiſe here,
When thy firſt fruits of poeſy were giv'n;
To make thyſelf a welcome inmate there:
While yet a young probationer,
And candidate of Heav'n.

II.

If by traduction came thy mind,
Our wonder is the leſs to find
A ſoul ſo charming from a ſtock ſo good:
Thy father was transfus'd into thy blood:

So wert thou born into a tuneful ſtrain,
An early, rich, and inexhauſted vein.
But, if thy pre-exiſting ſoul
Was form'd, at firſt, with myriads more,
It did through all the mighty poets roll,
Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,
And was that Sappho laſt, which once it was before.
If ſo, then ceaſe thy flight, O Heav'n-born mind!
Thou haſt no droſs to purge from thy rich ore:
Nor can thy ſoul a fairer manſion find,
Than was the beauteous frame ſhe left behind:
Return to fill or mend the choir of thy celeſtial kind.

III.

May we preſume to ſay, that, at thy birth,
New joy was ſprung in Heav'n, as well as here on earth.
For ſure the milder planets did combine
On thy auſpicious horoſcope to ſhine,
And e'en the moſt malicious were in trine.
Thy brother-angels at thy birth
Strung each his lyre, and tun'd it high,
That all the people of the ſky
Might know a poeteſs was born on earth.
And then, if ever, mortal ears
Had heard the muſick of the ſpheres.
And if no cluſt'ring ſwarm of bees
On thy ſweet mouth diſtill'd their golden dew,
'Twas that ſuch vulgar miracles
Heav'n had not leiſure to renew:
For all thy bleſt fraternity of love
Solemniz'd there thy birth, and kept thy holy-day above.

IV.

O Gracious God! how far have we
Prophan'd thy heav'nly gift of poeſy?
Made proſtitute and profligate the muſe,
Debas'd to each obſcene and impious uſe,

Whoſe harmony was firſt ordain'd above
For tongues of Angels, and for hymns of love?
O wretched we! why were we hurry'd down
This lubrique and adult'rate age,
(Nay added fat pollutions of our own)
T' increaſe the ſteaming ordures of the ſtage?
What can we ſay t'excuſe our ſecond fall:
Let this thy veſtal, Heav'n, atone for all:
Her Arethuſian ſtream remains unſoil'd,
Unmix'd with foreign filth, and undefil'd;
Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.

V.

Art ſhe had none, yet wanted none;
For Nature did that want ſupply:
So rich in treaſures of her own,
She might our boaſted ſtores defy:
Such noble vigour did her verſe adorn,
That it ſeem'd borrow'd, where 'twas only born.
Her morals too were in her boſom bred,
By great examples daily fed,
What in the beſt of books, her father's life, ſhe read.
And to be read herſelf ſhe need not fear;
Each teſt, and ev'ry light, her muſe will bear,
Though Epictetus with his lamp were there.
E'en love (for love ſometimes her muſe expreſt)
Was but a lambent flame which play'd about her breaſt:
Light as the vapours of a morning dream,
So cold herſelf, whilſt ſhe ſuch warmth expreſt,
'Twas Cupid bathing in Diana's ſtream.

VI.

Born to the ſpacious empire of the Nine,
One wou'd have thought, ſhe ſhou'd have been content
To manage well that mighty government;
But what can young ambitious ſouls confine?

To the next realm ſhe ſtretch'd her ſway,
For painture near adjoining lay,
A plenteous province, and alluring prey.
A chamber of dependencies was fram'd,
(As conquerors will never want pretence,
When arm'd, to juſtify th' offence)
And the whole fief, in right of poetry, ſhe claim'd.
The country open lay without defence:
For poets frequent inroads there had made,
And perfectly cou'd repreſent
The ſhape, the face, with ev'ry lineament;
And all the large domains which the *dumb ſiſter* ſway'd.
All bow'd beneath her government,
Receiv'd in triumph whereſoe'er ſhe went,
Her pencil drew, whate'er her ſoul deſign'd,
And oft the happy draught ſurpaſs'd the image in her mind.
The Sylvan ſcenes of herds and flocks,
And fruitful plains and barren rocks,
Of ſhallow brooks that flow'd ſo clear,
The bottom did the top appear;
Of deeper too and ampler floods,
Which, as in mirrours, ſhew'd the woods;
Of lofty trees, with ſacred ſhades
And perſpectives of pleaſant glades,
Where nymphs of brighteſt form appear,
And ſhaggy ſatyrs ſtanding near,
Which them at once admire and fear.
The ruins too of ſome majeſtic piece,
Boaſting the pow'r of ancient Rome or Greece,
Whoſe ſtatues, freezes, columns broken lye,
And, tho' defac'd, the wonder of the eye;
What Nature, Art, bold Fiction e'er durſt frame,
Her forming hand gave feature to the name.
So ſtrange a concourſe ne'er was ſeen before,
But when the peopl'd ark the whole creation bore.

VII.

The ſcene then chang'd, with bold erected look
Our martial king the ſight with rev'rence ſtrook:
For not content t' expreſs his outward part,
Her hand call'd out the image of his heart;
His warlike mind, his ſoul devoid of fear,
His high-deſigning thoughts were figur'd there,
As when, by magic, ghoſts are made appear.
Our Phœnix Queen was pourtray'd too ſo bright,
Beauty alone cou'd beauty take ſo right:
Her dreſs, her ſhape, her matchleſs grace,
Were all obſerv'd, as well as heav'nly face.
With ſuch a peerleſs majeſty ſhe ſtands,
As in that day ſhe took the crown from ſacred hands:
Before a train of heroines was ſeen,
In beauty foremoſt, as in rank, the Queen.
Thus nothing to her genius was deny'd,
But like a ball of fire the further thrown,
Still with a greater blaze ſhe ſhone,
And her bright ſoul broke out on ev'ry ſide.
What next ſhe had deſign'd, Heaven only knows:
To ſuch immod'rate growth her conqueſt roſe,
That fate alone its progreſs cou'd oppoſe.

VIII.

Now all thoſe charms, that blooming grace,
The well-proportion'd ſhape, and beauteous face,
Shall never more be ſeen by mortal eyes;
In earth the much-lamented virgin lyes.
Not wit, nor piety, cou'd fate prevent;
Nor was the cruel *deſtiny* content
To finiſh all the murder at a blow,
To ſweep at once her life, and beauty too;
But, like a harden'd felon, took a pride
To work more miſchievouſly ſlow,
And plunder'd firſt, and then deſtroy'd.

O double ſacrilege on things divine
To rob the relick, and deface the ſhrine!
But thus Orinda dy'd:
Heaven, by the ſame diſeaſe; did both tranſlate;
As equal were their ſouls, ſo equal was their fate.

IX.

Mean-time her warlike brother on the ſeas
His waving ſtreamers to the winds diſplays,
And vows for his return, with vain devotion, pays.
Ah generous youth, that wiſh forbear,
The winds too ſoon will waft thee here!
Slack all thy ſails, and fear to come,
Alas, thou know'ſt not, thou art wreck'd at home!
No more ſhalt thou behold thy ſiſter's face,
Thou haſt already had her laſt embrace.
But look aloft, and if thou ken'ſt from far
Among the Pleiads a new-kindled ſtar,
If any ſparkles, than the reſt more bright;
'Tis ſhe that ſhines in that propitious light.
When in mid-air the golden trump ſhall ſound,
To raiſe the nations under ground;
When, in the valley of Jehoſhaphat,
The Judging God ſhall cloſe the book of fate;
And there the laſt *aſſizes* keep,
For thoſe who wake, and thoſe who ſleep:
When rattling bones together fly,
From the four corners of the ſky;
When ſinews o'er the ſkeletons are ſpread,
Thoſe cloth'd with fleſh, and life inſpires the dead;
The ſacred poets firſt ſhall hear the ſound,
And foremoſt from the tomb ſhall bound,
For they are cover'd with the lighteſt ground;
And ſtraight, with in-born vigour, on the wing,
Like mounting larks, to the new morning ſing.
There thou, Sweet Saint, before the choir ſhall go,
As harbinger of Heav'n, the way to ſhow,
The way which thou ſo well haſt learnt below.

On the Death of AMYNTAS:
A Paſtoral ELEGY.

'TWAS on a joyleſs and a gloomy morn,
Wet was the graſs, and hung with pearls the thorn;
When Damon, who deſign'd to paſs the day
With hounds and horns, and chace the flying prey,
Roſe early from his bed; but ſoon he found
The welkin pitch'd with ſullen clouds around,
An eaſtern wind, and dew upon the ground.
Thus while he ſtood, and ſighing did ſurvey
The fields, and curſt th' ill omens of the day,
He ſaw Menalcas come with heavy pace;
Wet were his eyes, and chearleſs was his face:
He wrung his hands, diſtracted with his care.
And ſent his voice before him from afar.
Return, he cry'd, return, unhappy ſwain,
The ſpungy clouds are fill'd with gath'ring rain:
The promiſe of the day not only croſs'd,
But e'en the ſpring, the ſpring itſelf is loſt.
Amyntas—Oh!—he cou'd not ſpeak the reſt,
Nor needed, for preſaging Damon gueſs'd.
Equal with Heav'n young Damon lov'd the boy,
The boaſt of Nature, both his parents joy.
His graceful form revolving in his mind;
So great a genius, and a ſoul ſo kind,
Gave ſad aſſurance that his fears were true;
Too well the envy of the Gods he knew:
For when their gifts too laviſhly are plac'd,
Soon they repent, and will not make them laſt.
For ſure it was too bountiful a dole,
The mother's features, and the father's ſoul.

Then thus he cry'd: The morn beſpoke the news:
The morning did her chearful light diffuſe;
But ſee how ſuddenly ſhe chang'd her face,
And brought on clouds and rain, the day's diſgrace;
Juſt ſuch, Amyntas, was thy promis'd race.
What charms adorn'd thy youth, where Nature ſmil'd,
And more than man was giv'n us in a child!
His infancy was ripe: A ſoul ſublime
In years ſo tender that prevented time:
Heav'n gave him all at once; then ſnatch'd away,
Ere mortals all his beauties cou'd ſurvey:
Juſt like the flow'r that buds, and withers in a day.

MENALCAS.

The mother, lovely, tho' with grief oppreſt,
Reclin'd his dying head upon her breaſt.
The mournful family ſtood all around;
One groan was heard, one univerſal ſound:
All were in floods of tears and endleſs ſorrow drown'd.
So dire a ſadneſs ſat on ev'ry look,
E'en death repented he had giv'n the ſtroke.
He griev'd his fatal work had been ordain'd,
But promis'd length of life to thoſe who yet remain'd.
The mother's and her eldeſt daughter's grace,
It ſeems, had brib'd him to prolong their ſpace.
The father bore it with undaunted ſoul,
Like one who durſt his deſtiny controul:
Yet with becoming grief he bore his part,
Reſign'd his ſon, but not reſign'd his heart.
Patient as Job; and may he live to ſee,
Like him, a new increaſing family!

DAMON.

Such is my wiſh, and ſuch my propheſy.
For yet, my friend, the beauteous mould remains;
Long may ſhe exerciſe her fruitful pains!
But, ah! with better hap, and bring a race
More laſting, and endu'd with equal grace!

Equal she may, but farther none can go:
For he was all that was exact below.

MENALCAS.

Damon, behold yon breaking purple cloud;
Hear'st thou not hymns and songs divinely loud?
There mounts Amyntas; the young cherubs play
About their godlike mate, and sing him on his way.
He cleaves the liquid air, behold he flies,
And every moment gains upon the skies.
The new come guest admires th' ætherial state,
The *Saphir* portal, and the *golden* gate;
And now admitted in the shining throng,
He shows the passport which he brought along.
His passport is his innocence and grace,
Well known to all the natives of the place.
Now sing, ye joyful angels, and admire
Your brother's voice that comes to mend your choir:
Sing you, while endless tears our eyes bestow;
For like Amyntas none is left below.

On the Death of a very young Gentleman.

HE who cou'd view the book of destiny,
And read whatever there was writ of thee,
O charming youth! in the first op'ning page,
So many graces in so green an age,
Such wit, such modesty, such strength of mind,
A soul at once so manly, and so kind;
Wou'd wonder, when he turn'd the volume o'er,
And after some few leaves shou'd find no more,
Nought but a blank remain, a dead void space,
A step of life that promis'd such a race.

We muſt not, dare not think that Heav'n began
A child, and cou'd not finiſh him a man;
Reflecting what a mighty ſtore was laid
Of rich materials, and a model made:
The coſt already furniſh'd; ſo beſtow'd,
As more was never to one ſoul allow'd:
Yet after this profuſion ſpent in vain,
Nothing but mould'ring aſhes to remain.
I gueſs not, leſt I ſplit upon the ſhelf,
Yet durſt I gueſs, Heav'n kept it for himſelf;
And giving us the uſe, did ſoon recall,
Ere we cou'd ſpare, the mighty principal.
Thus then he diſappear'd, was rarify'd;
For 'tis improper ſpeech to ſay he dy'd:
He was exhal'd; his great Creator drew
His ſpirit, as the ſun the morning dew.
'Tis ſin produces death; and he had none
But the taint Adam left on ev'ry ſon.
He added not, he was ſo pure, ſo good,
'Twas but th' original forfeit of his blood:
And that ſo little, that the river ran
More clear than the corrupted fount began.
Nothing remain'd of the firſt muddy clay;
The length of courſe had waſh'd it in the way:
So deep, and yet ſo clear, we might behold
The gravel bottom, and that bottom gold.
As ſuch we lov'd, admir'd, almoſt ador'd,
Gave all the tribute mortals cou'd afford.
Perhaps we gave ſo much, the Pow'rs above
Grew angry at our ſuperſtitious love:
For when we more than human homage pay,
The charming cauſe is juſtly ſnatch'd away.
Thus was the crime not his, but ours alone:
And yet we murmur that he went ſo ſoon:
Though miracles are ſhort and rarely ſhown.

Hear then, ye mournful parents, and divide
That love in many, which in one was ty'd.
That individual bleſſing is no more,
But multiply'd in your remaining ſtore.
The flame's diſpers'd, but does not all expire;
The ſparkles blaze, though not the globe of fire.
Love him by parts, in all your num'rous race,
And from thoſe parts from one collected grace;
Then, when you have refin'd to that degree,
Imagine all in one, and think that one is he.

Upon the Death of the EARL *of* DUNDEE.

OH! laſt and beſt of Scots, who didſt maintain
Thy country's freedom from a foreign reign;
New people fill the land now thou art gone,
New Gods the temples, and new Kings the throne.
Scotland and thee did each in other live:
Nor wou'dſt thou her, nor cou'd ſhe thee ſurvive.
Farewel, who dying didſt ſupport the ſtate,
And cou'dſt not fall but with thy country's fate.

Upon young MR ROGERS *of Glouceſterſhire.*

OF gentle blood, his parents only treaſure,
Their laſting ſorrow, and their vaniſh'd pleaſure,
Adorn'd with features, virtues, wit and grace,
A large proviſion for ſo ſhort a race;
More mod'rate gifts might have prolong'd his date,
Too early fitted for a better ſtate;
But, knowing Heav'n his home, to ſhun delay,
He leap'd o'er age, and took the ſhorteſt way.

To the memory of MR OLDHAM.

FAREWELL! too little, and too lately known,
Whom I began to think, and call my own:
For ſure our ſouls were near allied, and thine
Caſt in the ſame poetic mould with mine.
One common note on either lyre did ſtrike,
And knaves and fools we both abhor'd alike.
To the ſame goal did both our ſtudies drive;
The laſt ſet out, the ſooneſt did arrive.
Thus Niſus fell upon the ſlipp'ry place,
Whilſt his young friend perform'd, and won the race.
O early ripe! to thy abundant ſtore
What cou'd advancing age have added more?
It might (what Nature never gives the young)
Have taught the ſmoothneſs of thy native tongue.
But ſatire needs not thoſe, and wit will ſhine
Through the harſh cadence of a rugged line.
A noble error, and but ſeldom made,
When poets are by too much force betray'd.
Thy gen'rous fruits, though gather'd ere their prime,
Still ſhew'd a quickneſs; and maturing time
But mellows what we write, to the dull ſweets of rhime.
Once more, hail! and farewel; farewell, thou young,
But ah too ſhort, Marcellus of our tongue!
Thy brows with ivy, and with laurels bound;
But fate and gloomy night encompaſs thee around.

On the Death of MR PURCELL.

Set to Muſic by DR BLOW.

I.

MARK how the lark and linnet ſing;
With rival notes
They ſtrain their warbling throats,
To welcome in the Spring.
But in the cloſe of night,
When Philomel begins her heav'nly lay,
They ceaſe their mutual ſpite,
Drink in her muſic with delight,
And liſt'ning ſilently obey.

II.

So ceas'd the rival crew, when Purcell came;
They ſung no more, or only ſung his fame:
Struck dumb, they all admir'd the godlike man:
The godlike man,
Alas! too ſoon retir'd,
As he too late began.
We beg not hell our Orpheus to reſtore:
Had he been there,
Their ſovereign's fear
Had ſent him back before.
The power of harmony too well they knew:
He long ere this had tun'd their jarring ſphere,
And left no hell below.

III.

The heav'nly choir, who heard his notes from high,
Let down the ſcale of muſic from the ſky:
They handed him along,
And all the way he taught, and all the way they ſung.

Ye breth'ren of the lyre, and tuneful voice,
Lament his lot; but at your own rejoice:
Now live ſecure, and linger out your days;
The Gods are pleas'd alone with Purcell's lays,
Nor know to mend their choice.

EPITAPH *on the* LADY WHITMORE.

FAIR, kind, and true, a treaſure each alone,
A wife, a miſtreſs, and a friend in one,
Reſt in this tomb, rais'd at thy huſband's coſt,
Here ſadly ſumming, what he had, and loſt.
Come, virgins, ere in equal bands ye join,
Come firſt, and offer at her ſacred ſhrine;
Pray but for half the virtues of this wife,
Compound for all the reſt, with longer life;
And wiſh your vows, like her's, may be return'd,
So lov'd when living, and when dead ſo mourn'd.

EPITAPH

On SIR PALMES FAIRBONE'S *Tomb in Weſtminiſter-Abbey.*

Sacred to the immortal memory of SIR PALMES FAIRBONE, *Knight, Governor of Tangier; in execution of which command, he was mortally wounded by a ſhot from the Moors, then beſieging the town, in the forty-ſixth year of his age. October* 24, 1680.

YE ſacred relicks, which your marble keep,
Here, undiſturb'd by wars, in quiet ſleep:

Diſcharge the truſt, which, when it was below,
Fairbone's undaunted ſoul did undergo,
And be the town's palladium from the foe.
Alive and dead theſe walls he will defend:
Great actions great examples muſt attend.
The Candian ſiege his early valour knew,
Where Turkiſh blood did his young hands imbrue.
From thence returning with deſerv'd applauſe,
Againſt the Moors his well-fleſh'd ſword he draws:
The ſame the courage, and the ſame the cauſe.
His youth and age, his life and death, combine,
As in ſome great and regular deſign,
All of a piece throughout, and all divine.
Still nearer Heav'n his virtues ſhone more bright,
Like riſing flames expanding in their height;
The martyr's glory crown'd the ſoldier's fight.
More bravely Britiſh general never fell,
Nor general's death was e'er reveng'd ſo well;
Which his pleas'd eyes beheld before their cloſe,
Follow'd by thouſand victims of his foes.
To his lamented loſs for time to come
His pious widow conſecrates this tomb.

Under MR MILTON'S *picture, before his* Paradiſe Loſt.

THREE poets, in three diſtant *ages* born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The *firſt* in loftineſs of thought ſurpaſs'd;
The *next* in majeſty; in both the *laſt*.
The force of *Nature* cou'd no further go;
To make a *third* ſhe join'd the former two.

SONGS.

A SONG FOR ST CECILIA'S DAY, 1687.

I.

FROM harmony, from heav'nly harmony
This univerſal frame began:
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And cou'd not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Ariſe, ye more than dead.
Then cold, and hot, and moiſt, and dry,
In order to their ſtations leap,
And muſick's power obey.
From harmony, from heav'nly harmony
This univerſal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compaſs of the notes it ran,
The diapaſon cloſing full in man.

II.

What paſſion cannot muſick raiſe and quell!
When Jubal ſtruck the corded ſhell,
His liſt'ning brethren ſtood around,
And, wond'ring, on their faces fell
To worſhip that celeſtial ſound.
Leſs than a God they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that ſhell,
That ſpoke ſo ſweetly and ſo well
What paſſion cannot muſick raiſe and quell!

III.

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms,
With ſhrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms.
The double double double beat
Of the thund'ring drum
Cries, Hark! the foes come;
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

IV.

The ſoft complaining flute
In dying notes diſcovers
The woes of hopeleſs lovers,
Whoſe dirge is whiſper'd by the warbling lute.

V.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs, and deſperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of paſſion,
For the fair, diſdainful, dame.

VI.

But oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
The ſacred organ's praiſe?
Notes inſpiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heav'nly ways
To mend the choirs above.

VII.

Orpheus cou'd lead the ſavage race;
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre:
But bright Cecilia rais'd the wonder higher:
When to her organ vocal breath was giv'n,
An Angel heard, and ſtraight appear'd,
Miſtaking earth for heav'n.

GRAND CHORUS.

As from the pow'r of ſacred lays
The ſpheres began to move,
And ſung the Great Creator's praiſe
To all the bleſs'd above;
So when the laſt and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant ſhall devour,
The trumpet ſhall be heard on high,
The dead ſhall live, the living die,
And muſick ſhall untune the ſky.

On the YOUNG STATESMEN.

CLARENDON had law and ſenſe,
Clifford was fierce and brave;
Bennet's grave look was a pretence,
And D——y's matchleſs impudence
Help'd to ſupport the knave.

But Sun—d, God—n, L——y,
Theſe will appear ſuch chits in ſtory,
'Twill turn all politics to jeſts,
To be repeated like John Dory,
When fidlers ſing at feaſts.

Protect us, mighty Providence!
What wou'd theſe madmen have?
Firſt, they wou'd bribe us without pence,
Deceive us without common ſenſe,
And without pow'r enſlave.

Shall free-born men, in humble awe,
Submit to ſervile ſhame;
Who from conſent and cuſtom draw
The ſame right to be rul'd by law,
Which kings pretend to reign?

The Duke ſhall wield his conq'ring ſword,
The Chanc'lor make a ſpeech,
The King ſhall paſs his honeſt word,
The pawn'd revenue ſums afford,
And then, come kiſs my breech.

So have I ſeen a King on cheſs
(His rooks and knights withdrawn,
His Queen and Biſhops in diſtreſs)
Shifting about, grow leſs and leſs,
With here and there a pawn.

The TEARS *of* AMYNTA, *for the Death of* DAMON.

SONG.

I.

ON a bank, beſide a willow,
Heav'n her cov'ring, earth her pillow,
Sad Amynta ſigh'd alone:
From the chearleſs dawn of morning
'Till the dews of night returning,
Singing thus ſhe made her moan:
Hope is baniſh'd,
Joys are vaniſh'd,
Damon, my belov'd, is gone!

II.

Time I dare thee to diſcover
Such a youth, and ſuch a lover;
Oh ſo true, ſo kind was he!

Damon was the pride of Nature,
Charming in his every feature;
Damon liv'd alone for me;
Melting kiſſes,
Murmuring bliſſes:
Who ſo liv'd and lov'd as we!

III.

Never ſhall we curſe the morning,
Never bleſs the night returning,
Sweet embraces to reſtore:
Never ſhall we both lie dying
Nature failing, love ſupplying
All the joys he drain'd before:
Death come end me
To befriend me;
Love and Damon are no more.

SONG.

I.

SYLVIA the fair, in the bloom of fifteen,
Felt an innocent warmth, as ſhe lay on the green:
She had heard of a pleaſure, and ſomething ſhe gueſt
By the towzing, and tumbling, and touching her breaſt;
She ſaw the men eager, but was at a loſs,
What they meant by their ſighing, and kiſſing ſo cloſe;
By their praying and whining,
And claſping and twining,
And panting and wiſhing,
And ſighing and kiſſing,
And ſighing and kiſſing ſo cloſe.

II.

Ah! ſhe cry'd; ah for a languiſhing maid,
In a country of chriſtians, to die without aid?
Not a whig, or a tory, or trimmer at leaſt,
Or a proteſtant parſon, or catholick prieſt,
To inſtruct a young virgin, that is at a loſs,
What they meant by their ſighing, and kiſſing ſo cloſe!
By their praying and whining,
And claſping and twining,
And panting and wiſhing,
And ſighing and kiſſing,
And ſighing and kiſſing ſo cloſe.

III.

Cupid in ſhape of a ſwain did appear,
He ſaw the ſad wound, and in pity drew near;
Then ſhow'd her his arrow, and bid her not fear;
For the pain was no more than a maiden may bear:
When the balm was infus'd, ſhe was not at a loſs,
What they meant by their ſighing, and kiſſing ſo cloſe:
By their praying and whining,
And claſping and twining,
And panting and wiſhing,
And ſighing and kiſſing,
And ſighing and kiſſing ſo cloſe.

The LADY's SONG.

I.

A Choir of bright beauties in ſpring did appear,
To chooſe a May-lady to govern the year;
All the nymphs were in white, and the ſhepherds in green;
The garland was giv'n, and Phyllis was queen:

But Phyllis refus'd it, and ſighing did ſay,
I'll not wear a garland while Pan is away.

II.

While Pan, and fair Syrinx, are fled from our ſhore,
The graces are baniſh'd, and love is no more:
The ſoft God of pleaſure, that warm'd our deſires,
Has broken his bow, and extinguiſh'd his fires:
And vows that himſelf, and his mother, will mourn,
'Till Pan and fair Syrinx in triumph return.

III.

Forbear your addreſſes, and court us no more;
For we will perform what the Deity ſwore:
But if you dare think of deſerving our charms,
Away with your ſheep-hooks, and take to your arms:
Then laurels and myrtles your brows ſhall adorn,
When Pan, and his ſon, and fair Syrinx, return.

SONG.

I.

FAIR, ſweet and young, receive a prize
Reſerv'd for your victorious eyes:
From crouds, whom at your feet you ſee,
O pity, and diſtinguiſh me;
As I from thouſand beauties more
Diſtinguiſh you, and only you adore.

II.

Your face for conqueſt was deſign'd,
Your ev'ry motion charms my mind;
Angels, when you your ſilence break,
For get their hymns, to hear you ſpeak;

But when at once they hear and view,
Are loth to mount, and long to ſtay with you.

III.

No graces can your form improve,
But all are loſt, unleſs you love;
While that ſweet paſſion you diſdain,
Your veil and beauty are in vain:
In pity then prevent my fate,
For after dying all reprieve's too late.

SONG.

HIGH ſtate and honours to others impart,
But give me your heart:
That treaſure, that treaſure alone,
I beg for my own.
So gentle a love, ſo fervent a fire,
My ſoul does inſpire:
That treaſure, that treaſure alone,
I beg for my own.
Your love let me crave;
Give me in poſſeſſing
So matchleſs a bleſſing;
That empire is all I wou'd have.
Love's my petition,
All my ambition;
If e'er you diſcover
So faithful a lover,
So real a flame,
I'll die, I'll die,
So give up my game.

RONDELAY.

CHLOE found Amyntas lying,
All in tears, upon the plain;
Sighing to himſelf, and crying,
Wretched I, to love in vain!
Kiſs me, dear, before my dying;
Kiſs me once, and eaſe my pain!

II.

Sighing to himſelf, and crying,
Wretched I, to love in vain!
Ever ſcorning and denying
To reward your faithful ſwain:
Kiſs me, dear, before my dying;
Kiſs me once, and eaſe my pain!

III.

Ever ſcorning, and denying
To reward your faithful ſwain.
Chloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him that he lov'd in vain:
Kiſs me, dear, before my dying;
Kiſs me once, and eaſe my pain!

IV.

Chloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him, that he lov'd in vain:
But repenting, and complying,
When he kiſs'd, ſhe kiſs'd again:
Kiſs'd him up before his dying;
Kiſs'd him up, and eas'd his pain.

SONG.

I.

GO tell Amynta, gentle ſwain,
I wou'd not die, nor dare complain:
Thy tuneful voice with numbers join,
Thy words will more prevail than mine.
To ſouls oppreſs'd, and dumb with grief,
The Gods ordain this kind relief;
That muſic ſhould in ſounds convey,
What dying lovers dare not ſay.

II.

A ſigh or tear, perhaps, ſhe'll give,
But love on pity cannot live.
Tell her that hearts for hearts were made,
And love with love is only paid.
Tell her my pains ſo faſt increaſe
That ſoon they will be paſt redreſs;
But ah! the wretch, that ſpeechleſs lyes
Attends but death to cloſe his eyes.

A SONG, *to a fair young Lady going out of the town in the Spring.*

I.

ASK not the cauſe, why ſullen Spring
So long delays her flow'rs to bear;
Why warbling birds forget to ſing,
And Winter ſtorms invert the year:

Chloris is gone, and fate provides
To make it Spring where ſhe reſides.

II.

Chloris is gone, the cruel fair;
She caſt not back a pitying eye:
But left her lover in deſpair,
To ſigh, to languiſh, and to die:
Ah, how can thoſe fair eyes endure
To give the wounds they will not cure!

III.

Great God of love! why haſt thou made
A face that can all hearts command,
That all religions can invade,
And change the laws of ev'ry land?
Where thou hadſt plac'd ſuch power before,
Thou ſhould'ſt have made her mercy more.

IV.

When Chloris to the temple comes,
Adoring crowds before her fall:
She can reſtore the dead from tombs,
And every life but mine recall.
I only am by love deſign'd
To be the victim for mankind.

FINIS.